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WOOD ANEMONES.

When Night's blue curtains veil from weary eyes
The gleaming of the sun's rich jewelries,
The amethystine glow of the mid-air,
The diamond necklaces that chain the seas,
Then stealing to my sight from out the blue
I see the wood anemones that grew
In every springtime of my childhood's days
Down country ways.

Oh never in this land of garish lights
Of sun and pageantries and starlit nights
Could grow a flower so dreamlike, daintily
Coloured beyond all art of pageantry.

Cool coral stems, sweet fairy modesty
Of drooping petals nurtured in the shade,
Here in this land of passing phantasies,
Where shadows lurk and run as if afraid
And silent footsteps ceaselessly pursue,
Keep thou my heart at peace that, when the blue
Of night shrouds all, with quietude I may
Have power to pray!

OLIVE H. COVERNTON.

Bombay.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF GAUR.

PRE-MOHAMMEDAN PERIOD.

GRÜNWEDEL, in his *Buddhist Art in India* (page 1) writes : " The Art of ancient India has always been purely a religious one ; its architecture, as well as the sculpture, which has always been intimately connected therewith, was never and nowhere employed for secular purposes." The veracity of this remark is at once brought home to us, when for a moment we thoughtfully survey the field of Bengali architecture. Its religious tendency is the only point in which the Western architects differ from the Oriental. This prominent feature of the Indian, and therefore also of the Bengali architecture, never exhibited itself more prominently than during that period of our history when Buddhism put an everlasting impress upon our learning and culture.

Even before the reign of the Pâlas, architecture had its day in Bengal. The only noteworthy reference to this pre-Pâla architecture of Gaur is to be found in the accounts left by the Chinese travellers. The period which opens with the advent of the Chinese pilgrims into India will ever be remembered in the history of the architecture of Bengal. Hiuen Tsang, the most prominent among them, came to this country during the first half of the seventh century, A.D., when the Gupta power was on the decline. His account furnishes us with a graphic picture of the cult of Buddhism, which was prevailing in Bengal at that time. The Chinese pilgrim found the whole of the country dotted with myriads of temples and monasteries. These must have been the outcome of Buddhism. If Gaur made any progress in the domain of architecture, Buddhism must have been at its

back. The whole question of the age and origin of Bengali architecture pivots round this point.

Hsuen Tsang found twenty Buddhist monasteries and a hundred Deva temples in Pundravardhan, thirty Buddhist monasteries and a hundred Deva temples in Samatata, and over ten monasteries and more than fifty temples in both Tamralipti and Karnasuvarna.¹ It must be noted, however, that when the traveller describes the temples and monasteries, he refers to the chief cities of Bengal,² then divided into four sections, respectively called Pundravardhan, Samatata, Tamralipti and Karnasuvarna.

Amongst the pre-Pāla remains, which we still have, may be mentioned those large brick mounds visible to this day in the vicinity of the village of Bhāsu Vihar, on the east bank of the river Nagor, in the district of Dinajpur. During the seventh century A.D. the Chinese traveller Hsuen Tsang found the Posi-po-Vihar in Pundravardhan, or North Bengal, having "spacious halls and tall-storied chambers."³ The extensiveness of the monastery may be well conjectured from the traveller's remark about the large congregations that used to assemble there. The Chinese traveller informs us that the monastery had to accommodate seven hundred Buddhist monks.⁴ The site of the grand monastery has been identified by Sir Alexander Cunningham with the modern village of Bhāsu Vihar, in the Dinajpur District.⁵

At Paharpur, in North Bengal, a large Buddhist tope is even yet traceable.⁶ It drew the attention of scholars like Dr. Buchanan Hamilton, Sir Alexander Cunningham and others, long long ago. It has lately become one of the chief objects of investigations of the ardent workers of the Varendra Research Society, who have come to understand that King Deva Pāla, the glorious scion of the Pala dynasty of Bengal, used to put up here; but the mystery of the Paharpur tope still remains unsolved. The Varendra Research Society is, however, bent upon removing the veil of obscurity by excavating the place, as it is calculated to throw some new light on a dark period of our history. As Varendra, or North Bengal, was at one time the chief seat of

1. Watters, "On Yuan Chwang," Vol. II, pp. 184, 187, 190, 191.

2. H. P. Sastri: "Living Buddhism in Bengal," p. 2.

3. Watters, Vol. II, p. 184.

4. Op. Cit.

5. Arch. Surv. Rep., Vol. XV, pp. 102-3.

6. Op. Cit., p. 117; Hamilton's "Eastern India," Vol. II, p. 669.

Buddhism in north-eastern India, the district is still strewn over with numerous relics of Buddhism. Thus Westmacott found them extant in almost the whole of Dinajpur and Bogra Districts. He identified the modern Vardhana Kuti with the Pundravardhan of Hiuen Tsang¹, visited by him as early as the seventh century A.D.

The age and origin of the architecture of Gaur are not known. We find that about the eighth century of the Christian era the famous temple called the Draupadi's Ratha² was erected in Mahavalipuram, in the Madras Presidency, perhaps after the Bengali style of temple architecture. The temple is cut out of rock with a four-sided roof, similar to that of a Bengali *chauchala* hut.³ Of the Bengali architecture during the reign of the Gupta Kings, we know nothing. During the subsequent reign of the Pâlas, the fine arts reached their zenith of development in Bengal. The Pâla kings were great builders. Of their buildings we read much, but have no remains worth the name. The Pâla inscriptions discovered up to the present time contain in some of them indirect references to the impulse which was given to Bengali architecture by the kings of the Pâla dynasty. Thus the Bân-gad copper-plate grant of Mahipâla I. tells us that Rajya Pâla, the son and successor of Narayan Pâla, built during his incumbency a large number of temples, "the walls of which equal the noblest mountains."⁴

तोयाशयैर्जलमूल-गभीरगर्भैः । देवालयैश्च कुलभूधरतुल्यकक्षैः ॥

विख्यातकीर्तिरभवत्तनयश्च तस्य । श्रीराज्यपाल इति मध्यमलोकपालः ॥ - १५-१६

Ruins of such big temples, as have been described in the above inscription, still exist in many parts of Varendra, but no date can possibly be ascribed to them. From the time of Dharma Pâla, the second king of the line, up to the end of the reign of Deva Pâla, his illustrious successor, there was one uninterrupted series of progress in arts.

After the death of Deva Pâla, the decline of the Pâla kingdom began, followed by, as a result, the deterioration of architecture and sculpture. But this state of things did not go on for a long

1. "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal," Vol. XLIV, p. 188.

2. "Cave-temples of India," pp. 116-7; Woodcut No. 27.

3. J. A. S. B., New Series, 1909, p. 147.

4. Op. Cit., Vol. LXI, pp. 80, 83.

time. During the middle of the tenth century, architecture again revived. Fine pillars were used in constructions for their permanence and the enhancement of their grandeur and beauty. An artistically carved monolithic pillar of black sandstone, eight feet four inches high, was discovered amidst the extensive ruins of Bān-gad, in the District of Dinājpur, in the early part of the eighteenth century. From Bān-gad, where the pillar was *in situ*, it was removed to the garden of the Dinajpur Raj, where it has now been placed. At the foot of the pillar is incised the following inscription¹:

दुर्व्वीकारि-वरूथिनीप्रमथने दाने च विद्याधरैः । सानन्दं दिवि यस्य मार्गण-गुण-ग्रामग्रही गीयते ॥
काम्बोजान्वयजेन गौडपतिना तेनेन्दुमौलेरयम् । प्रासादो निरमायि कुञ्जरघटावर्षेण भूमूषणः ॥

The above inscription records a beautiful temple of the god Siva [‘इन्दुमौलि’] erected by a man of Kamboja origin, who had made himself King of Gaur [‘गौडपति’]. The date of the inscription is contained in ‘कुञ्जरघटावर्षेण’, which has been read differently by different scholars. But, according to the interpretation which is now commonly accepted, the date of the inscription would be 966 A.D., as would further appear from the evidences adduced in its favour by Mr. Rakhal Das Banerjee and Mr. Ramaprasad Chanda.² This pillar shows that columns of such superb shape and structure were in vogue early in the tenth century. How stately and artistic must have been the sanctum which rested on such columns, of which the Bān-gad pillar is a specimen! Soon after the Kamboja occupation of Gaur, Mahipāla I. was on the throne. His long reign saw a great revival in the Gaur architecture. Over and above his memorable achievements at Sarnath, the foundation of three large towns in Bengal, which are now in ruins, is attributed to him. These are Mahipur in Bogra, Mahisantosh in Dinajpur, and Mahipal in the District of Murshidabad.³ That King Mahipāla was really a great patron of architecture may be well guessed from his Sarnath inscription dated 1026 A.D.⁴ Further light is thrown

1. J. and B. A. S. B., New Series, 1911, p. 619; “Indian Antiquary,” Vol. I, p. 127.

2. *Bagglar Itihasa* (History of Bengal), Vol. I, pp. 215-16; J. and P. A. S. B., New Series, 1911, pp. 618-9.

3. *Gaura-rajāmala*, by Ramaprasad Chanda, pp. 41-2.

4. Arch. Surv. Rep., 1903-4, p. 222.

on the history of contemporary architecture from a Buddhist Sanscrit work called the *Astasahasrika Pragnaparamita*, a manuscript now in the possession of the University of Cambridge. The M.S. is dated 1015 A.D.,¹ when it was first copied. The work contains a large number of miniature pictures of the Buddhist temples and the images therein of those places of Bengal which were held particularly sacred by the Buddhist community of northern India. From the miniatures of the work we may form some idea of the structure as well as of the shape of the temples that were erected during the reign of the Pâla kings. The miniature painting of the temple of Lokanath, situate at Champitala in Samatata, shows that the temple had a round roof with a verandah surrounding it. The Buddhist temple at Tulakshetra in Varendra had a cupola over it. Another miniature painting shows that there stood a temple with its roof elevated by degrees as that of a Chinese pagoda, in Pundravardhan.² Several miniatures also show that pillars were very much the fashion during the reign of the Pâla kings. Three pillars of Varendra have been up till now brought to our notice, *viz.*, the Badal pillar of Mangalbari of the time of Narayana Pâla, the Kamboja pillar of Ban-nagar of the year 966 and the pillar raised by Kaivarta King Bhima, a contemporary of Rama Pâla. The Badal pillar was erected by Bhatta Gurava Misra, the prime minister of King Narayana Pâla, during the tenth century, A.D. It is called a Garuda pillar, which formerly had on its top the figure of Garuda, but the upper part is now missing.³ In a miniature picture of the *Astasahasrika*, we find that a pillar surmounted by a figure of Garuda also stood in the country of Radha.⁴ The Kamboja pillar of Bân-gad has already been noticed. The pillar of the Kaivarta King Bhima may still be seen raising its head majestically over the waters of Sagar-dighi in Varendra.⁵ The pillar was erected when Rama Pâla was still ruling the destinies of Bengal. Like his illustrious predecessor Mahipala I, Rama Pâla was also a great builder. The reign of

1. A. Foucher: "Etude Sur. l'Iconographie Bouddhique de l'Inde," Part II, p. 16.

2. *Op. Cit.*, pp. 192, 199, 190, Pl. III, fig. 4.

3. "Epigraphia Indica," Vol. II, pp. 160-1.

4. "Iconographie Bouddhique," Part II, p. 195

5. *Gaura-rajamala*, p. 49, plate.

Manipāla gave, as it were, a new lease of life to the Bengali architecture, while a further impetus to it came from Rama Pāla. At the confluence of the Karatoya and the Ganges he founded the great city of Ramavati,¹ effulgent with architectural beauty. Sandhyakara Nandi, who lived at the court of his grandson Madan Pāla, in his work, the *Ramacharita*,² is lavish in his praise of the city of Ramavati. Rama Pāla built the grand monastery of Jagaddala near his capital city. A temple of Buddha, as well as three temples of the god Siva, was built by him, according to the account of Sandhyakara Nandi.³ The existence of the Jagaddala Vihara is further corroborated by the colophons of many Sanskrit manuscripts, which were catalogued by Bendall and Cordier.⁴ From the *Ramacharita* we gather that glazed tiles were used in constructions during the reign of Rama Pāla. He erected a temple at his magnificent city, which is described in *Ramacharita* as *Karburamaya*,⁵ or made of gold. A *Karburamaya* temple possibly means a temple, the bricks of which were so glazed as to appear golden. It is remarkable that glazed tiles were also used in the subsequent Pathan architecture of Gaur; whether the idea of glazed tiles was original with the Pathan kings, or was borrowed from the previous Pāla architects, cannot be said with precision.

Contemporary history will show that the country of Varendra was not only the centre of politics during the suzerainty of the Pālas, but also the great fountainhead of culture and the development of arts and letters. The country remained so up to the middle of the twelfth century, when the dynasty of the Pāla kings ceased to exercise its authority, giving place to a new—that of the Śenas. The latter dynasty was founded by Bejoy Sena, the first independent king of his family.⁶ The whole of Radha was under his sway. Gradually, after the fall of the Pāla kingdom, he pushed his conquests as far as the country of Varendra or North Bengal. He enjoyed for over thirty years his kingly

1. "Memoirs of the Asiatic Society of Bengal," Vol. V., No. 3, p. 91.

2. Edited by M. M. Haraprashad Sastri, Mem. A. S. B., Vol. III, No. 1, pp. 1-56.

3. Op. Cit., pp. 47-50; Ch. 3, V, 7, 40, 41.

4. P. Cordier: "Catalogue du Fonds Tibétain De La Bibliothèque Nationale," Part II, p. 122, etc.

5. "Ramacharita," Ch. 3, V. 40.

6. *Banglar Itihasa* (History of Bengal) by Rakhaladas Banerji, p. 288.

power,¹ but his reign is not marked by any great progress in the domain of architecture. The only instance of architecture of his time that we come to know of was the temple of Pradyumneswara, the ruins of which still exist in the village of Deopara in the District of Rajshahi. The Deopara inscription² of Bejoy Sena records that a temple of Pradumneswara, besides a number of high temples and palaces in various parts of the country, was erected by him at the modern site of Deopara :

उत्तुङ्गे : सुरसद्मभिश्च विततैस्तल्लैश्च शेषीकृतम् । चक्रे येन परस्परस्यच समं द्यावापृथिव्योर्वपुः ॥

The ruins of the temple traceable in the locality are, however, insignificant and were looked upon as such by Dr. Rajendralala Mitra, who inferred from these that "the edifice was by no means a very extraordinary one."³ From this single instance of architecture no inference may possibly be drawn as to the nature of the architecture of the time of Bejoy Sena as a whole ; but stress must be laid upon the fact that with the decline of the Pāla kingdom and the gradual dying away of Buddhism which was one of the concomitant effects of the former, the development of architecture and sculpture in the kingdom of Gaur came almost to a standstill. A new era in the architecture of Gaur had begun which was to sweep away almost all its former glory. The Sena kings were orthodox Hindus ; though some very fine images and several other artistic productions of their reign have been discovered within the country, they are, as it were, echoes of the forgotten past ; no new improvement was now forthcoming.

From Bejoy Sena down to Lakshmana Sena there is a large gap in point of the progress of architecture ; for we have no testimony of it in the reign of the intermediate King Ballala Sena. The reign of Lakshmana Sena was singularly remarkable for a great upheaval in the arts,⁴ especially in architecture and sculpture. The copper-plate grants of Bisvarupa Sena and Kesava Sena show that Lakshman Sena raised four triumphal columns—one on the shore of the southern sea, one in Benares, one in Allahabad, and one in Triveni.⁵ The most eventful

1. Op. Cit., pp. 290-292.

2. "Epi. Ind.," Vol. I, pp. 310-314.

3. "Indo-Aryans," Vol. II, p. 240.

4. *Banglar Itihasa*, Vol. I, p. 299.

5. J. A. S. B., 1896, Pt. I, p. 11.

period of the short-lived Sena dynasty was almost over before 1200 A. D.¹ It was about this date that Bakhtiyar Khilji conquered Gaur¹. The scene of activities suddenly changed. Arts suffered terribly under the pressure of the foreign yoke, and the trend of the architecture of Gaur came almost to an end.

Calcutta.

NANIGOPAL MAJUMDAR.

THE DAWN.

Upon a mound I stood and viewed the east
 All bathed in soft and glitt'ring dewy light,
 With fleecy clouds o'erspread that now were white
 And now a pearly grey ; but never ceased
 Their colours still to change ; a glorious feast
 For mortal eyes : as yet dark-suited night
 Her sway had not giv'n o'er ; so potent quite
 The spell of beauty dressed in e'en the least
 Of Nature's charms. A faint and rose-pink flush
 Now gently stole and touched the clouds which bright
 And brighter grew : the world in the last hush
 Of stillness wrapt, knew not the joy-filled sight
 It lost : The silence crept into my soul
 Which by the glory caught absorbed the whole.

Calcutta.

REGINA GUHA.

1. Smith's " Early History of India," 3rd edition, p. 405.

STRAY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP TO INDIA.

(Continued from our last number.)

NAUSARI.

OUR next halting place was Nausari, the "Rome of Parseeism," as it is called. We were received there by the late lamented Jamshedji Tata, and I must say the kind welcome we received there was in a large measure due to him.

Once more, I open our note-book.

"30 Dec.—Lunsiqui.—Arrived this morning by an early train; station full of priests in their white garments; among them some of our Bombay friends who have come to spend the Xmas holidays with their family. Mr.——, the Avesta scholar, took us in his comfortable *shigram* to Mr. J. Tata's place in Dasturvada; but instead of keeping us in town, Mr. Tata has accommodated us in a charming summer house at Lunsiqui, close to the beautiful park where he has built his modern villa. We spent the day in a most delightful *far niente* under the cocoa trees, mango trees, palm trees and tamarinds, among which the gardener has smuggled some foreign species. The whole country seems to be fertile and to deserve the surname of the "Garden of Gujarat." It is commonly said that a stone planted at Nausari bears fruit!

We enjoyed our afternoon nap in these shady orchards which Anquetil Duperron has described as being infested with troops of monkeys. Those mischievous animals have vanished, thank God, but the charm of the refreshing verdure still subsists. Our bungalow is built after a plan quite different from that of the houses of Dasturvada, with their clay walls and old-fashioned verandah. It is preceded by an avenue of cocoa trees, and hidden among shrubberies of palm trees, on the left stands a large dining-room, in the Persian style, its roof supported by light columns. It is the place where the family meets on holidays to drink toddy, one of the attractions of Nausari. People say it is very palatable. I have tasted it at Umbargaon, and I am obliged to confess—I hope my Parsi friends will excuse me—that I do not share Lord Rosebery's opinion, and am not an appreciator of toddy.

“Under the trees, the temperature is exquisite, and I am quite convinced that the climate of Nausari is healthy and invigorating. We have taken our evening meal with Mr. Tata and some friends in his big pavilion, and have come back on a lovely moonlit night, servants holding lanterns, which reminded us of the old regulations of the Parsis, obliging ladies after sunset to be always accompanied by torch or lantern-bearers. Now we go to bed in complete security and happiness.”

The day after, early in the morning, friends came to fetch us for sight-seeing. I have nothing to say of Nausari,—the Mahratta town—neither of the palace of the Gaekwar, nor of the bustle of the streets and local industries. I have scarcely cast a glance at them. All our interest was centred in Motafalia, the Parsi head-quarters, the place where a small colony coming from Sanjan settled, let us say, in the XIIth century, and found it so good,

so much like one of their best Mazenderan localities, known as Sari, that they gave it its name, and called the new place *Nav-sari* (New Sari); at least this is the Parsi tradition. From that time, they have continued to reside there, keeping faithfully their social customs and priestly organisation. It is even said that as early as the XVIth century, Nausari was a sort of Parsi fief, the head of the community enjoying considerable power; neither the Mohammedan nor the Mahratta rule has altered its character. The streets and houses have retained their archaic aspect, and the stranger feels really impressed by it. The priestly class still continues to acknowledge as leader a descendant of the famous Meherji Rana, the learned Dastur who explained to Emperor Akbar the tenets of the Zoroastrian faith.* The Head Dastur then was the respected Darabji Mahiarji† a real personage even at the Durbar, for he was allowed such old-fashioned honours as the parasol and other Oriental distinctions. He received us in rooms on the ground floor of his antique residence in Dasturvada, surrounded by his son, his son's young fiancée and a bevy of young priests. According to the usual etiquette, he garlanded us with those delightful strings of scented flowers, so soft and elegant, from which issued small gold and silver threads, and before leaving we were besprinkled with rose water contained in a chiselled *gulabdan*. We had met him in the morning at a most peculiar ceremony, the "Navar" procession, the only part of the initiation of a Zoroastrian priest, in which *Juddins*, or unbelievers, are allowed to share. The young man after having submitted to the prescribed purifications and retreat, had returned

* This fact was ascertained by our clever friend, Dr. J. J. Modi, at the earnest request of my daughter, who even before her voyage to India had taken a deep interest in the question and exchanged views with Dr. Modi.

† The Dastur died in January, 1907.

to his parent's home, and on that very day he was to be taken to the temple, where he had to be admitted to the final ceremonies.

We went to his house; the guests were already seated on long rows of benches placed in the streets; we were invited to sit on a sofa in a verandah opposite. Yards of white cloth covered the ground on which a host of priests, like true Orientals, were comfortably squatting, while flowers, *attar* and *pan-supari* were distributed. The scene was extremely animated; yet everything went on beautifully, in perfect order and with great respect for the protocol. Not a single European dress marred the effect; nothing reminded us of the date nor destroyed the illusion that we, modern *memsahibs*, were present at a ceremony which for so many centuries had been conducted in these same narrow thoroughfares of Nausari. At last, the Dastur came, in state, looking very grand in his white garments, a shawl thrown over his shoulder. The candidate, in pure white also, issued from the inner apartment escorted by his family. Friendly and smiling faces were seen peeping out from the small windows of the neighbouring houses. The bright-coloured *saris* of the ladies threw, here and there, a bright radiance on that mass of dazzling whiteness. Then the Dastur beckoned with great dignity the procession to move; we obediently followed; but, arrived at the temple, the door was shut upon us, poor unbelievers!

It is certainly one of the most striking ceremonies which it has ever been my good luck to witness. I let my daughter see many others, and did not accompany her to the libraries, or to the compound of the Towers of Silence, Barashnum-gah, etc. She was so deeply interested that she looked absent-minded and even cross, and did not want me at all. It is just so when people are realizing

a long-anticipated joy; so that I took a well-earned rest in my cool bungalow and felt extremely happy for her sake, and more grateful than I can say for the kind reception offered by such excellent and obliging friends.

Next day, 1st of January, was well employed. I have to note especially the art of weaving the *kusti* or sacred thread, on Mr. Tata's *otla*. It is the chief industry of the women of Nausari with that of the making of the *taroon* (sacred cakes). Mrs. Jamshedji Tata kindly explained to us the process, while some nice-looking and clever girls were working under her guidance; then, good-humouredly, remembering that she also was a priest's daughter, she sat before the archaic loom and swiftly set the shuttle in motion. Dear lady, how well I remember her sweet face and kind welcome! She gave me a *kusti*, an exquisite one, so white and so fine! I treasure it among my most precious souvenirs.

The purity of type of the Nausari population is most remarkable, but it did not surprise us. Travellers have always spoken very highly of the beauty of the Parsi ladies and extolled the whiteness of their complexion. We had been already impressed by the sturdy appearance of our good villagers, contrasting with the rather sickly air of the Bombay Parsis. At Nausari, the race is still more vigorous; it can be easily explained by the fact that the bulk of the colony belongs to the priestly class among which marriages with foreigners are strictly forbidden but only consanguineous unions prescribed, and the custom is still followed. We had the unique opportunity of attending a social gathering which allowed us to make comparisons, the distribution of prizes at the girls' schools established by the ladies of the Tata family in Mr. Tata's park. The pupils took their places in the shady avenues, the guests round a large table loaded with books, which I had the

pleasure of handing conjointly with the Dastur to the dear little "laureates." When the list was exhausted and little pieces of music performed, the young people dispersed in the park, while servants unrolled yards of cotton cloth on the ground and disposed the lunch on plantain leaves.

The gathering broke up at last, a small group of friends only remained and disported themselves. Of course our Western customs were totally discarded, for my part I thoroughly enjoyed the charming popular dance of Gujarat, accompanied by *garbas*, so much indeed that I could not help beating time and joining in the burden. When dusk came, lamps and torches were lighted in the bungalow and on the verandah, and the ladies continued to turn round and round, clapping hands and singing. Meanwhile, along the avenues and the clusters of trees, gracious forms were moving, enveloped in the golden light spread on the whole scene by a glorious sunset, and late in the night our ears were still rejoiced by far-away and sweet strains!

BROACH AND SURAT

"Dullness is the prevailing characteristic of most Gujarat towns," and I must confess that, of them all, Broach seemed to me the dullest, in spite of its beautiful sacred river and the picturesque view of the buildings grouped on the slope of the hill, commanded by the crumbling walls of the citadel. I have enjoyed immensely the charm of the scenery from the ramparts. At our feet, the course of the beautiful Nerbudda and the green clusters of trees enveloping the suburb of Vejalpur; on the north, the profile of distant mountains, while to the east, long rows of tamarinds marked the place of the

Nawab's gardens, and far beyond the river stood the shrine of the revered Bhragu, who gave his name to the ancient Bhragapur.

Broach, compared to the sunny beach of Umbargaon and the cool and shady orchards of Nausari, looked certainly gloomy. Perhaps that impression was due to the weather which was uncertain and to the sky which was unwontedly cloudy. Yet with all its drawbacks, Broach is cherished by its inhabitants, especially the Parsis, "who cannot help loving the dear old town." (*Malabari*.) Well may they love it, indeed, with a filial reverence as it was one of their first settlements and, in bygone times, the seat of a flourishing sphere of Zoroastrian ecclesiastical influence. Alas! the community is now much reduced, and the long line of the learned Dasturs extinct, at least, none of their descendants ever claimed the honour of the Dasturship.

We spent one night and a whole day in the suburb of Vejalpur, given over to the kind care of Khan Bahadur Our interest was concentrated in *Parsivada*, as it had been in Nausari in *Motafalia*. We did our best to revive again the social and religious life of the Broach Zoroastrians, who, for so many centuries, had displayed such a religious zeal, sending messengers to Persia, glorying in the best *ustads* and taking a leading part in the discussion of the famous *Kabisah*. We went in quest of the souvenirs of the bloody riots and the murder of the old priest, and did not forget the brave martyr Homji. We also paid a visit to the crumbling Tower of Silence. Then we admired the mosque with its Jain pillars, the big *Idgah* and the tombs of the Dutch factors. Upon the whole the country around Broach struck us for its dreary aspect, probably on account of the cotton fields, the shrub in itself having nothing particularly picturesque. The crops had not yet been gathered in. Scarcely had we time

for shopping, so that we had no opportunity to verify if there are still many "prudes" of the type so humorously sketched in *Gujarat and the Gujaratis* and if the science of henpeckery is really carried on there to perfection, having not had the advantage of an introduction to any members of the fair sex ; in fact, Broach is the only place in India where we did not meet ladies belonging to the native communities. As regards the ginning factories and *mowra* business, I have nothing to say, though our amiable and well-informed host gave us every explanation. But who cares for the honest grumbles of a good citizen lamenting over the decline of a place, once "the proud emporium" of trade in Gujarat, with numberless vessels loaded with wealthy cargoes anchored in the Nerbudda, and realizing that Bombay has drained the trade of the sea coast ?

Broach is not the only victim of the big modern city ; the fate of Surat is, if possible, still more melancholy. I have made several sojourns to that place, and I must confess I had taken a real liking for it. Our first home was the *dak bungalow* near the Tapti, where my Bandora host had arranged, through friends, to make us as comfortable as possible in spite of the Mohammedan *khansama*, a queer old man, looking very cunning and always quarrelling with our servant. The other was a hospital in Bhaga Talao, where we stayed for a few weeks under the care of Dr. Rukhmabai, on account of a tonga accident that occurred to my daughter at Baroda. A very sympathetic personality is Dr. Rukhmabai ! Her energetic attitude and noble example had made her known not only in India, but also to the well-wishers of social reform at large. We had taken a real interest in the discussion of her celebrated case, without imagining that some day we were to become her guests and patients.

The hospital had been recently built by a generous Hindu gentleman for the use of Indian women. At the time we were residents there it was a brick building erected in a big compound ; on the right, the staircase gave access to Dr. Rukhmabai's private apartments wherein the dear lady kindly accommodated us. The ground floor was occupied by the dispensary, the Doctor's consultation room, and a large ward. There the Lady-Doctor and a clever assistant, Mrs. Godubai, were occupied during the whole morning, preparing drugs, performing operations and training nurses. The two wings were connected by a spacious verandah, the same repeated on the first floor in front of our windows. The hospital was an excellent field for my observations, and I was thus enabled to understand how much the help of women is needed in India, and how right my noble friend was when, talking in private, he explained to me his contemplated project of the *Seva Sadan*, and how heartily I approved of his wish of placing it exclusively in the hands of Indian ladies of position and sound judgment.

On account of my daughter's casual indisposition, which condemned her to absolute rest, I led for some time a life quite independent from her. The Collector and Mrs. W. did their best to make it less monotonous. Every evening I used to enjoy with them before sunset a long drive in and around the town, or we visited together places of interest. The city, with its crumbling walls, ruined *chaklas* and *puras*, first engrossed my attention. In fact, the old *killa* is the only monument worthy of that name, and I often contemplated from its battlements the beautiful Tapti river, now void of vessels, and her quays of ~~were~~ blocked up by heaps of merchandize. The beautiful Tapti, so smooth yet so murderous on her days of ire when she swept whole parts of that same city to whom for

so many years she had conveyed wealth and prosperity ! Though dilapidated, how curious and interesting some old *chaklas* are, the *Mulla Chakla* for instance, and especially *Saudogarvar*, where the remains of the European factories are still to be seen ! It is hardly possible to revive the bustle and traffic of those days, when the factors led that gorgeous existence intended to impress the Oriental population. The visit to our own factory had been an item on our programme when first we stopped at Surat. For French people it is a melancholy sight, and the garden on the Tapti, dry and waste, covered with *bambul*, is no less so. Now our colonial activity is being more and more drawn to Africa ! Such changes seem, at first, quite unaccountable ; yet they have their *raison d'être* which the future historians of the European colonizing powers will no doubt explain.

The chief attraction of Surat for ordinary tourists consists in the tombs of the English and Dutch factors. I went there several times, alone or with my daughter and a party of friends. I will always remember one of my visits : the melancholy of the place was still entranced partly by the fading light of the day, and the filing off of the marriage procession of villagers hieing towards their poor homes at the sound of a mournful native band, and by the preparation of the hurried funerals of plague-stricken people. The magnificent tombs, formerly the pride of Surat, are in bad repair. " Their large extent and beautiful architecture and aspiring heads " have greatly suffered from the indifference and neglect of the present generation. We admired, as it deserves, the mausoleum of George Oxenden *Anglorum in India, Persia, Arabia præses*, very grand with its cupolas and pillars. We visited it, carefully ascended the stairs and walked round the galleries. In the immediate neighbourhood is a tomb, bearing no

name, supposed to be that of Gerald Aungier. That great man—the real founder of Bombay—has not yet obtained the honour of a monument in the town, which is in fact of his own making, a town where—God forbid if I attempt a criticism!—so many officials, very deserving, of course, have enjoyed the public recognition of their services. The chief feature of the whole place is the contrast of the Saracenic architecture of the tombs and the tropical foliage in which they are embosomed. As for the Dutch cemetery, it is no less magnificent. By the way, my daughter was greatly surprised and certainly pleased to see the passage concerning it in the account of her visit to India carefully noted in a Rotterdam paper. She wrote to the Editor, hoping to arouse a permanent interest among the cultured classes; but nothing special ensued. Baron Van Rede's mausoleum with its double cupola or galleries supported by handsome columns is really splendid. It was evidently built in order to surpass that of Sir George Oxenden's. Nothing subsists of the frescoes, escutcheons and passages from Scripture, nor of the wood carving which filled the windows. But the names and titles of the Baron are recorded in three inscriptions. Quite different is the fate of a famous tomb of a jovial Commander, a great anonymous drinker! After having been for long years the *rendezvous* of drinking parties—at least tradition says so—it is completely destroyed, and has left no trace.

Tombs and cemeteries are so numerous in Surat that I will not attempt to mention them, though I saw many, from the graves of the nine Syeds to the Armenian and Portuguese mouldering slabs and monuments. One of these places of rest is very peculiar in style and keeping: it is the small compound which encompasses the mausolea of the Mullahs, the religious heads of the Borahs, and their wooden mosque. My daughter had a preference for

this quiet enclosure ; she liked to sit there musing on a cool morning. On Fridays women used to come and put flowers on the graves ; they did not appear to be hurt by the presence of a *Firangi* ; even the old gate-keeper never failed to welcome the intruder. This part of Surat, Jhampa, had greatly suffered from the fire of 1837, which did as much harm as the flood. Its traces are still visible everywhere, it left a scar on the whole city, and no one can say that the municipality has taken much trouble to make the necessary repairs. It is really painful to see large tracts of land totally neglected as if the owners themselves did not care even to lay claim to them.

Thanks to my friends, Mr and Mrs. W and my Lady-Doctor, I was able to see much of native life and obtain access to the homes, both of humble shop-keepers and well-to-do gentle folks, and I paid visits to Borah ladies at Rander as well as to the descendants of the Nawabs of Surat. The Begum, a very sweet lady, gave us a kind welcome, and I could converse with her through my dear Rukhmabai. Of course, considering the rules of Mohammedan etiquette and strict *pardah*, I cannot give any description of the *Znana* rooms and their inmates. It would be a breach of courtesy to do so. Yet I cannot refrain from mentioning my constant intercourse with a charming Borah lady, who had partly discarded the *pardah* and had been several times to Europe. We often drove together, on our return home we had long chats, and it was a rare and unexpected privilege to sit with Rukhmabai at our well-laid tea-table, ensconced in a comfortable rocking chair, listening to my two well-informed companions—Mohammedan and Maratha—who both knew Europe and could discuss questions relating to Indian social reform and education, and criticize our Western ways and manners.

In the Bania caste, so largely represented in Surat, there are no restrictions of *purdah* ; women are allowed to move freely, and how many lovely girls and brides have I seen, some of them so tastefully dressed, without the least mixture of our Paris or London fashions, bravely wearing the antique *choli* ; and how lightly the folds of their *sari* were falling around the little living "statuette," instead of sticking heavily on the ornamented bodice, however smartly the European tailor may have designed it ! I had the opportunity of seeing all the castes represented at a meeting on the occasion of the address of condolence sent to the Bombay Government after the Queen's demise, and it enabled me to realize that, in the mofussil, Indian womanhood can hold her own as well as in Bombay. It was at Surat that the news of the passing away of the first Kaiser-i-Hind reached us, and that the *Maharani Victoria Sahib* had entered *Swarga* !

The hospital being situated in the principal thoroughfare of the town, and as it was the season for marriages, we could see the processions passing in state, as well as the display of the *Bakri-Id* solemnity and gorgeous *tamashas* ; for, though Surat is a fallen city, its people are still fond of good life and merry-making. On our arrival the streets, as if by enchantment, were crowded with *mandaps* erected in front of the brides' houses. After sunset we could hear the noise of the *tom-toms* coming from all sides, and processions blocked up the narrow streets. Each marriage ceremony was performed according to the customs of the caste. It was for us a great privilege to be invited to many, some of them were conducted according to the pure Brahmanical ritual, others to that of our different sects. God knows how numerous they are ! It so happened that we were able to be present at a marriage of the followers of the Maharajah,

or religious Chief of the Vallabhachariyas. I need not dwell upon the tenets of that strange sect ; Karsandas Mulji, the reformer, has done justice to the former Maharajah. A great magistrate at the time of the case declared that he would not touch any Maharajah with a pair of tongs. Things, I am sure, have altered for the best ; at least, I hope so, and no doubt my amiable friends were no more visitors of any *mandir* ; let us throw a veil on the rest, and revert to the very curious sight.

The Maharajah we saw (there are several) was at that time a child of three or four years. Though the parents of the girl were wealthy jewellers, whose bungalow was situated on the banks of the Tapti, they had deemed it a point of honour to celebrate the wedding in the family house hidden, according to the old custom, in one of the most retired wards of the city. We arrived in a big landau at about nine o'clock. The endless rites of the marriage were being performed by the light of torches which enveloped the whole scene in a blaze ; the young couple were almost suffocating under the pavilion erected in the narrow lane full of male guests and lovely Banya ladies, smiling and diamond-bedecked. Soon came at full gallop the four-horse big coach of the Maharaja escorted by a native band and a troop of torch-bearers. How could I depict the eagerness of the women at the sight of the puny babe dressed in green satin, fast asleep on a cushion carried in the arms of a servant ? The rush was indescribable, the rupees were falling in abundance into the bags of the priests, who beckoned the worshippers to kneel and kiss the border of the gown of the infant Maharaja, the *Madan Murti* !

The final blessing was hastily given to the consorts in placing the cushion and its precious load upon their heads, and the procession left, as it had come, environed by

a luminous halo of Bengal lights and cheered by a symphony of jangling tunes. Needless to say the priests had made a goodly collection, and it was the third marriage ceremony to which the Maharaja was invited, and the evening tour was not yet finished !

As soon as my daughter was convalescent and allowed to move about, we were introduced to a quite different class of people, our friends the Parsis. We had come to Surat purposely in quest of the old souvenir of their community. It is at Surat that their great social evolution towards the West began, as they appeared in the rôle of middlemen of the European merchants, at first jointly with the Banias, then, more or less dislodging these last from the market, acting alone in that capacity. People can still find traces of their wealth and importance during the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries. Thus their wards and *pols* became the objects of our morning constitutional. We tramped along Rastampura, Nanpura and other puras, visiting houses, those which were judged typical, the larger ones of Mahomedan style, built round an open court, with a fountain in the centre, the others in the Hindu fashion, with *otlas*, carved pillars and cornices of wood. One of these, in Machhlipith (Wanki Bordi) was still in the hands of the great-grand-children of the first owner, the *hakim* (doctor) of the Nawabs (XVIIIth century). You could see the staircase, steep and ladder-like, the cellar or underground strong room, containing the treasures or safes for keeping articles of value, and the famous well or cistern for holding rain water, reserved for drinking throughout the year ; the water of almost all the wells in the city can be used only for bathing and cleaning on account of their brackishness. The importance of this Moslem element is easily imagined when you walk along the endless mazes of lanes closed by huge doors, where the

inmates led a quasi-independent life, managing their affairs according to their own laws under the rule of the elders of their nation, an authority now devoid of power. The descendant of the *Modi* of Surat, their *Davar* or judge at the time of our visit, was a wealthy and respectable gentleman to whom we paid a long visit in his antique residence.

This population of Persian refugees, so carefully noticed by European travellers, was formed at first by the inhabitants of the surrounding villages who had been attracted by the resources and openings of a commercial seaport; but its decline induced them to follow the English to Bombay, where we find representatives of the Surti Parsis among the prominent members of the community. Yet it is quite correct to say that the family house, hidden in the *pols*, is still dear to the most fashionable "millionaires." Have we not, we, French people of the old stock, exactly the same feeling towards the picturesque manor or the quaint XVIIIth century house totally deprived of what is called "modern comfort," but wherein the most sacred associations of our childhood are enshrined?

How grateful I am for the untiring kindness of our friends who accompanied us to these places! I have just perused with emotion the pages, now turned yellow, of our diary, and read over again the account of our walks or drives in our *dumni*, illustrated with faithful sketches. How courteous all the people were! The doors were always wide open to the visitors, and everywhere we had a sympathetic admittance. New houses were also no less hospitable; we were invited to nice tea-parties, especially by Mr. and Mrs. B. V. who introduced us to distinguished guests. It was a charming social gathering, and it was difficult to imagine that this elegant home was at a stone's throw

from the crumbling walls of Saudagarwar. Of course, such a contrast is frequent in India.

We had also the great pleasure of being present at a Parsi wedding, quite different in style from the Bombay pomp, though the religious rites were absolutely similar. It proved of real interest as it gave us an insight into the refined feelings of some Parsis, who still entertain the same regard for their ancestral home as we do. The parties had purposely come from their residence in the Baroda State. The street was so narrow that it would have been possible to shake hands with the neighbours opposite, who were curiously peeping through the little windows to enjoy the sight.

The true Mofussil simplicity was reigning. The guests were seated on benches in the street, and the meal was served on plantain leaves. According to the old custom, a little before sunset, we had repaired to the bride's house, in company of mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. D. H., all of us huddled up in our *dumni*. The rites were performed in a room on the first floor where the young pair were seated behind a sort of screen of sweet-scented flowers. And, by degrees, a beautiful moonlit night enveloped us, contrasting with the brilliancy of the nuptial illuminations and the noise of the *tamasha* raging in the lane. On our way back, we were almost overthrown by a Hindu marriage procession. The bridegroom's horse, a wilful animal, could not be managed; so that it created a great confusion: the guests, the torch-bearers, and the band blocking our poor *dumni*! At last we succeeded in forcing our way and moved on. We always wanted to see much of native life; so be sure, we had the height of our wishes! We met only in the deserted streets a few lazy oxen wandering in quest of a shed, or goats fast asleep under deserted *ollas*, just as in our villages.

It was during our rambles in the suburbs that we were able to collect some of Mr. Malabari's *souvenirs d'enfance*. One of our excellent guides was precisely his first English teacher, Mr. D. H., who was "mighty proud of his pupil" to be sure. Since long ago Mr. Malabari's house in Sabawalla Street had been demolished, and the place where he had spent the innocent years of his childhood was razed to the ground. Left an orphan at the age of nine, he never forgot the religious teachings and precepts of charity that his admirable mother had inculcated in him. "We see," says Florence Nightingale, "how much he owes to her, a remarkable woman of strong will, masterful mind and irresistible energy." He himself has beautifully depicted this early part of his career. Whoever reads Dayaram's charming book is drawn towards the boy. How delightful then, when, hand in hand, in full confidence, we were able to hear from the lips of the illustrious reformer the pathetic account of his youthful struggles?

Dayaram's book is equally invaluable as it contains numerous sidelights on the Surti popular life, so intimately associated with our friend's early experiences. We found still alive many of the Hindu superstitions and local customs so cleverly sketched, "but the old singers or *khia'is* who proved so very important in the moulding of Behramji's poetical inclination," have disappeared, and not even did one itinerant minstrel come to our door, striking his one-stringed guitar!

We were no less eager to know something about the sojourn of our countryman Anquetil Duperron, the first European who had the honour of bringing to Europe the copies of the sacred books of the Parsis. He spent at Surat three years of unceasing labour, studying the Zoroastrian religion and translating the holy books under the tuition of a clever Dastur. Darab by name. Up to,

that time, the scholars had totally neglected to inquire about the personality of this devoted teacher ; a brief mention, quoted from the *Discours Préliminaire* was considered more than sufficient. As far back as 1896, my daughter had been greatly interested in the two Dasturs, Darab and his cousin Kaus—whom we cannot pass over—and obtained through friends a bit of valuable information. Hence her wish to bring to light these respectable men to whom the savants are so indebted, and without whose help they would have been obliged to content themselves with Hyde's elucidations. We had already met Dastur Kaus's descendants in Bombay ; we found Dastur Darab's family still living in their old house near the remains of the first *Kadimi* Fire Temple. One of our earlier visits was paid to them , Dastur Sorabji gave us a kind welcome and introduced us to Ervad Erachsha B. D. Coomana, who became our faithful correspondent and informant. If I am not mistaken, full justice is now done to Anquetil's teacher, who no doubt was a superior man. It led us to seek also the house of Dastur Darab's great adversary, Mancherji Sett ; it no longer exists, but we frequented his *godown* in . . . , now the habitat of the *Parsi Benevolent Institution*, a large house in the Mahomedan style, with an open court and a big *diwan-khana*, where, on the 1st of February, (*Behram roz*, I think ?) my daughter was invited to be present at the distribution of alms to the poor of the community. We had also to find out the English factory, now a private dwelling, where Anquetil received genial hospitality and efficient protection, and again the Dutch factory whose head, M. Vaillefer, worked for the young traveller and influenced broker Mancherji in his behalf. The only relics of the former splendour of the Lodge (in Bareh Khan Chakla) are the underground chamber and the basin of a fountain. No

need to speak of our French factory ; the readers of Anquetil's *Discours Préliminaire* know too well how inhospitable its walls were to the young man, till his brother Briancourt was appointed to fill M. Leverrier's place

And now I suppose that no one in reading these few pages will wonder at the great interest we took in Surat, past and present, and how loth we were to leave it.

Thanks to the letters of introduction given by Dr. J. J. Modi, the Zoroastrian clergy were very sympathetic to my daughter and gave her explanations of certain ceremonies which were celebrated in her presence, outside the temples, as a sort of teaching I will never forget their courtesy.

(To be continued)

Senlis, France

I M NANT.

THE THREE MUSLIM QUEENS:

THE thirteenth century A.D. is regarded by historians with a certain amount of fancy. It was this century which gave birth to many of the political institutions of which Europe has been proud. Every country of Europe, from the pompous Holy Roman Empire to the humble canton of Switzerland, has had its own share of administrative construction in this period. In France the spirit of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" which culminated in the French Revolution, is to be traced to this century. Though at this time popular government did not take a definite form in France any more than it did in England, yet one has to go back to this period if its origin were to be known. Under the able government of Louis IX and Philip IV, France received the famous institutions of "States-General" and the "Parlement." The case of England needs no mention. The Magna Charta commenced the century by laying the foundation-stone of the mighty edifice of English Constitution which before the close of the century attained a splendid shape so far as the development of democracy was concerned.

In Asia, during this period, one could not expect to find any democratic elements in the government of a country. While Europe, under the influence of her Christian civilisation, was tending towards democracy, Asia, in her oriental grandeur, was content with the despotic rule of her monarchs. Feuds and quarrels there were, but that was the order of the day. At this time a number of countries—Arabia, Egypt, Turkey, Persia, and Northern India—were under the suzerainty of the Mussulman rulers. Though the courts of the Mussulman rulers of this period displayed remarkable splendour and magnificence, and though they gave to the world many an illustrious poet like Sa'adi and

Omar Khyyam, what really attracts the eye of the historian is obscure as compared with these events.

The simultaneous rule in the thirteenth century of three Mussulman queens appears to be a very interesting mystery. One is not able to understand the nature of the strange coincidence which brought the three Muslim queens—the only three who were ever elected to wear the crown in the Mohammedan world—to rule in one century. In spite of the old-fangled ideas of the people as reflected in the work of the Persian historian, Minhaj-as-Siraj, who points out how the prophet had said, "The people that makes a woman its ruler will not find salvation," three queens, Razia, Abish and Shajar-ad-durr ruled magnificently over the countries of India, Persia and Egypt.

RAZIA.

After the death of the slave-king, Altamish, in 1236, India had for a period of three-and-a-half years the reign of the gifted queen Razia-at-din. Our country at this time was the scene of internecine strife. But it was in many respects better than most of the European countries—England under Henry III, France under Philip II, and the Empire under Frederick II of the Hohenstaufen House. The tide of feudalism was at its highest, and the arrogance of the nobles being too strong for the monarchs to check, the countries of Europe were in a constant blaze. In spite of the fact that the condition of Northern India was all but peaceful, our queen managed the situation with skill and diplomacy. Her qualities were rightly discerned by her father when he said—"Foolishness and vanities of youth have overtaken my sons. They are unfit to rule over this land. You will see that nobody possesses more ability to rule than my daughter." The expectations of the father turned out to be true. Himself a slave and a "survival of the fittest," he was able to anticipate things in a way which very few can be expected to do.

During her brief rule, Sultana Razia did all she could to improve the situation of the country and ameliorate the condition of the people. She was able to check the disintegrating forces of our country at a time when the rulers of European countries found it convenient to succumb under the overwhelming power of the nobles. In fact, the anarchy-born nobles of India were

not so unruly as the feudalism-born nobles of Europe. Though a woman, Razia possessed the vigour and indefatigable energy which are mainly characteristic of the masculine sex. She tried to be a man. She wore the dress of a warrior, and without exhibiting any shyness and timidity which are so natural to an oriental Mussulman lady of the thirteenth century, sat in her *howdah* on the elephant at the head of her army. She led her troops to many battles, and accounts are given of how she herself fought against the enemies. Her manliness and heroism, together with the courage and fervent spirit which she inspired into her troops, indicate a partial resemblance with Joan of Arc. She was the only independent Mussulman queen who ruled over India, and her rule is not without interest to us.

It was her singular misfortune that she was a woman. The people saw where she was weak. Three years after she had been their queen, the people began to think that it would be difficult to carry on the administration of the country with a woman at their head. So the masses with their desire for variety and the nobility with their thirst for power soon found out a cause why Razia should not be their queen. The cause is said to have consisted in the idea that she favoured the Abyssinian slave, Yakut, more than the nobles themselves. The spark soon produced a conflagration and decided the fate of Razia.

The events which brought about the ending of the Indian queen's brilliant career were intensely tragic. At first, the nobility rose in rebellion against her. And though she fought with unabated courage and suppressed them, another coil entangled her in a more severe manner. Altuniya, a nobleman, made her prisoner. The panic-stricken queen could not do anything. The prisoner captivated her suzerain even as the Egyptian queen, Cleopatra, had done centuries before. The Indian Altuniya is a prototype of the Roman Anthony in the fact that he sacrificed the more important cares to the witchcraft of the queen and in consequence met almost the same tragic death with Razia as Anthony and Cleopatra. The chronicler, Hasan Nizami, gives an interesting account of the unfortunate queen and extols her by saying—"Sultana Razia was a great monarch: wise, just, generous, a benefactor of her realm, a dispenser of equity, the protector of her people, and the leader of her armies; she had all the qualities of a man except sex, and this exception made all her

virtues of no effect in the eyes of men : may God have mercy upon her."*

ABISH.

The Persian queen, Abish, who ruled over the province of Fars in the same century, was more fortunate than the Indian queen. The condition of Persia at this time was so chaotic that even the Slav settlements of Europe during the early days cannot strike a fitting parallel to it. And in an article like this, it is not possible to give a comprehensive account of the circumstances under which Abish was chosen to rule. The crown of Persia was more or less a toy in the hands of the nobles, and they were able to toss it in any way they liked. There was a quick succession of kings, for the principle which guided them was—"He shall conquer who hath the power, and he shall keep who can." In such a short period as from the fall of the Samanids to the Mongol invasion, six important dynasties ruled over Persia and about forty small dynasties enjoyed local autonomy. The Samanids, the Buyids, the Ghaznavids, the Seljuks, the Salagharids, and the Khwarizm Shas, one followed another in quick succession, until they were all swallowed up by the Mongol invaders.†

It was at this time of the Mongol supremacy that the Princess Abish was seated on the throne of Fars. She belonged to the Salagharid dynasty and was the last ruling member of the House. This dynasty was founded by the descendants of the Turkish General, Salaghar, who subsequently became the chamberlain of Toghrul Beg. Except the first ruler, Sonkor-bin-Modud, no ruler possessed any sort of independence. Abish, though clever and politic in the management of her affairs, was obliged to recognise the suzerainty of the Mongols; and this she did by marrying Mangu Timur, the son of Hulagu, the then sovereign of Persia. It was under Hulagu (1256-1265) that Persia attained unity and organisation to a certain extent. Soon after his accession he began to destroy a number of independent local dynasties which had given much trouble in the centralisation of monarchical power. Mostasim, the last of the Abbasid Caliphs, who had been nominally ruling over the Mussulman world for three-and-a-half

* Translation as found in Sir H. M. Elliott and Stanley Lane Poole.

† John Malcolm Mitchell's *History of Persia in the Transition Period*.

centuries, was cruelly murdered, and thus the Caliphate ceased to exist even as an emasculated pontificate.*

Under the able but unscrupulous rule of her father-in-law, Queen Abish had nothing to fear so far as the integrity of her dominion was concerned. She ruled over the kingdom of Fars in the most befitting manner, and in spite of the rough-and-ready habits of her Mongol husband she was able to handle the helm of the State with the utmost skill and diplomacy. She ruled for about 25 years. Even after the death of her powerful father-in-law who had for sometime been the power behind her throne, she went on in her own splendid manner. She was still the queen of Fars when Abaka was ruling over Persia with his illustrious wife, the daughter of Michael Paleologus, the Byzantine ruler. She also saw the conversion to Islam of Nicholas Ahmed Khan, and his accession to the throne of Persia was an event of great rejoicing in Fars and other provinces (1281). After embracing Islam he became so devoted to his religion and so fanatical in his ideas that he began to persecute the Christians. This brought about a compact alliance between the Christians and the Mongols who hated Islam, and Nicholas Ahmed Khan was murdered in 1284. Abish did not survive him long. In the cool shade of her bowers at Fars she quietly passed away amidst the lamentations of her subjects (1287).

SHAJAR-AD-DURR.

After the conquest of Egypt by the Mussulman rulers in 639 A.D., a number of dynasties sat on the throne. The country was under the sway of the Eastern Caliphate from 639 to 868 A.D. And before the Ottoman conquest, in 1517, about half-a-dozen quasi-independent dynasties established themselves on the throne. The Tulunids from 868 to 905, the Ikshidids from 935 to 969, the Fatimite Caliphs from 969 to 1171, all ruled over the country in their own ways. In 1171, however, came a great change. Egypt was again embodied in the Abbasid Caliphate by the illustrious and time-renowned monarch, Malik-an-Nasir Salahuddin Yusuf (Saladin). After the extinction in 1250 of the Ayyubite dynasty founded by Salahuddin, the Bahri and the Burji Mameluks sat successively on the throne.

* See Genl. Sir Frederick John Goldsmith's article in the *Encyclopædia*

Shajar-ad-durr was the first ruler of the Bahri Mameluks. The Egyptian queen resembled the Indian queen in many respects. She was brave and courageous and fought her enemies just as Razia did. And on occasions she made herself very fearful. That was only due to the fact that the blood of the Mameluks ran through her veins. Her sudden fits of anger were immensely counter-balanced by her magnificent generosity which she displayed in many critical situations. She was the wife of Najmuddin, Salahuddin's grand-nephew, and through all her life tried to inculcate the principles which immortalised the Musalman warrior. Najmuddin died after a short reign and Turansha succeeded him. After the death of Sultan Turansha, Shajar-ad-durr took the reins of her government into her own hands. Though she had delegated all the executive powers to Aibek, the captain of the retainers, the people of Egypt were not quite content with the rule of a woman. To escape the misconstructions of the people she decided to marry Aibek and to confer upon him the title of Sultan. And so she did. But in course of time she found out what a difficult man she had to deal with. Aibek was so uncompromising that without considering how he owed his crown to his wife, proposed to marry another princess. This so much enraged the queen that she had him murdered.†

During the thirteenth century about four important crusades were fought. This was pre-eminently an age of faith. It was an age of war also. The Christian Church was at the zenith of its power. When the Church spoke through its great representative, the Pope, all Europe listened and thought it a duty to obey. What concerns us in this article is the Crusade of Louis IX, the Seventh Crusade. The saintly king of France led the crusade at the time when the Egyptian queen was at the height of her power. At this critical moment when the invading host of Louis was marching into Egypt, King Najmuddin, Shajar-ad-durr's first husband, died. But the queen with remarkable zeal and energy rose equal to the occasion. She met the army of Louis at Fariskur on the 6th April 1250, and inflicted an overwhelming defeat on the invaders. The saintly crusader, who like many other princes of Christendom proceeded so far with the object of winning renown, was made a prisoner. The life of the

French king was in the hands of the Egyptian queen. And during these days a display of cruelty between the crusading parties was admired rather than condemned. At this time it is remarkable to find that Shajar-ad-durr displayed such nobility of spirit and spared the life of the Christian king.†

After all her glorious achievements, there came upon her a period of darkness. Like Razia and Abish, she experienced both the height of glory and the depth of despair. Her last years were quiet, and in quietness did she pass away.

MOHAMMAD HYATH.

/aniambadi.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

POET AND PATRIOT.

Italia ! Italia ! Non fu mai tuo maggio,
Ne la città del Fiore e del Leone,
Quando ogui fiato era d'amor messaggio.

Si bella come questa tua stagione
Maravighiosa, in cui per te si canta,
Con la bocca rotonda del canone.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

IN the whole range of modern literature there stands no figure more pre-eminent than the one which to-day is guiding the destinies of Italy and, in part, of the world's struggle against all that stands for barbarism. Gabriele D'Annunzio, the apostle of art, could not but impel his country of Renaissance and classicism to defend the civilization which, mistaken for "kultur," sought expansion by the mouth of the cannon. He is the soul of Italy, that bursting through the fetters of the Triple Alliance, is now striving after glory and greatness. His very name indicated a prophecy and a promise. When Italy, after an age of stupor and stagnation, was struggling for independence and Carducci was prophesying "I prepare what is to come," the genius of D'Annunzio shone in *Primo Vere*, his first volume of verses. It was the first message of the *Annunciator* for his country. Some

of the verses were unveiled imitations of Lorenzo Stecchati, the fashionable poet of the time, but still there were in them such germs of greatness that Giuseppe Chiarini hailed Gabriele in an article as a poet of great promise. His name was made, he awoke himself famous. He was then a boy of sixteen studying in Tuscany, and at this early age he showed that his first radiant vision was a glorious Italy like her glorious sun. From that time till now, he has produced works in prose and poetry as great in merit as they are large in number. His burning spirit has manifested itself in a thousand directions. He is a poet, novelist, dramatist, short-story writer, journalist, politician, critic of music, and a student of mediæval history. There is no control on his activities. He will sometimes descend from his Olympian heights to any depths, and as quickly rise again. Till lately he—perhaps the greatest modern poet—spent his life in Paris producing plays in French for the delectation of a Russian ballerina. To-day he—the author of *Canto Nuovo*, of the *Laudi*, and of *Il Piacere*—is the “eye-witness” of the army at the Italian headquarters.

That D’Annunzio would spare no effort until he had convinced Italy that without shattering the Triple Alliance and crossing swords with Austria her dreams of greatness were hard to realize, could long be foreseen. Four years ago when the army of Italy was battling in the Libyan desert, and her navy bombarding the Tripolitan coast for the conquest of “quarta sponda” or the fourth Mediterranean shore, he appeared before the world with his *Merope* (the seventh of the Pleiades) which forms the fourth part of his lyrical poems entitled *Laudi del Cielo, del Mare, della Terra e degli Eroi*. It contained a poem dedicated to the Dardanelles, in which he poured a delicate sarcasm all the hatred he bore for Austria.

The Italian Government even went so far as to confiscate the poem, and in the next edition had five triplets in it replaced by dots so as not to offend Austria. From *Canto Nuovo*, which he published when 19 years old, to the last of his *Laudi*, he wept in intense patriotism on his unprogressive country, a prey to Teuton lordliness and the worst type of Radicalism. There is no doubt that the literature of the times built his national soul. Alfieri had shown that there was no better way to bring about political reform than by letters. Foscolo, who followed close upon him, had awakened the nation's consciousness by his verses. Leopardi and Manzoni had also indulged in patriotic poetry. Carducci, last of all, had exalted Garibaldi and the heroes of the independence. These influences gathered together in D'Annunzio with ever-increasing force. Compared with the fire of his heroic poetry, the national sentiment of a host of less known Italian poets resolves itself into vapourings of sentimentalism and patriotic doggerel. The war with Turkey was to D'Annunzio the dawn of something brighter to come. To stimulate the valour of his countrymen, he glorified all the heroic exploits of the ancient Italians. He even ventured into epic poetry, and in the highest patriotic vein sang of the wars between Turkey and the Italian maritime powers, Venice, Genoa, Pisa and Amalfi, which defended the European shores against the Moorish avalanche. He evoked the whole past when Guglielmo Embriaco took by force the walls of Jerusalem, and Biaggio Asserto held out Panza, when Zoaccaria Grioni with four galleys defeated the whole fleet of Mahomet II, and Marco Sanuto was created Duke of the Aegean Sea after conquering Sporades and Cyclades. After Italy emerged victorious in the Turkish war he sang of the heroes of Lybia and Tripoli—Umberto Cagni, Duk D'Abruzzi, Gus-

tave Farra and Captain Pietro Verri, who before his death impelled his few sailors to victory with these immortal words: "Avanti! avanti! Garibaldini del Mare." Yet a vein of melancholy ran through all the *canzoni* that form the *Merope*. Obviously, for him Italy's *resurgimento* could not be complete until Austria was humiliated and her influence crippled once for all. To-day his dream is beginning to be realized. His poems and his stirring speeches have done their work. When this great war will be over and its object achieved, when old institutions will crumble and new spring up, when from the very ruins of old civilization a new one will rise, when, in fine, out of the present discord will spring up a harmony between power and peace and a great regeneration begin, Gabriele D'Annunzio will stand on the highest pinnacle of fame as the aureoled god of war and literature.

After leaving school in Tuscany he went to Rome to seek for a larger field for his activities. It was like that impulse of genius which drove Shakespeare to the vaster horizon of London. In Rome his genius immediately met with due recognition. Angelo Sommaruga had started here a famous journal *La Cronaca Byzantina* and had gathered a group of writers whose works he published. D'Annunzio was admitted into this galaxy of literateurs among whom Carducci was the monarch. Here he published his first great poem *Canto Nuovo* and *Terra Virgine* which is a collection of short stories depicting the life of the peasants of Dalmatia and Pescara, his native village. Before he was 21, *L'Intermezzo* and *Il Libro delle Virgine* appeared. *La Cronaca Byzantina* did not however live long and this band of writers broke up. Some became professors, others, like D'Annunzio, turned to journalism. *La Tribuna* boasts of no brighter styles than those which D'Annunzio then contributed to

its pages. Journalism still is the passion of the poet, and to this tendency which never fostered pure literature, may be ascribed some of the blemishes in the finest of his writings.

A student of contemporaneous literature cannot but find in D'Annunzio a creator of a newer form of Art, a leader in a revolution. After an age of neo-classic and romantic predominance in Art, a fresh wind of inspiration was blowing from the side of Scandinavia and the steppes of Russia. D'Annunzio took advantage of this double influence of philosophy and dream. But he combined these with the classic spirit, and created a harmony between Russian psychology and Ibsenian symbolism, between the Latin genius and the Gothic soul. As a true son of the Mediterranean he turned towards Greece, the cradle of art and civilization. He burnt with fever in Argos, opened the tomb of Agamemnon and stirred the ashes of Atrides. This fever not only burnt in his veins, but rose to his mind and intoxicated him with an inebriety which he himself calls dyonisiac. "Cosi natura mi dispone," Leonardo da Vinci had exclaimed. D'Annunzio caught the pertinent phrase to make it the title of one of his delightful romances.

It cannot but strike even the casual reader of D'Annunzio that no poet since Shakespeare, if the limitation is at all necessary, has either felt or possessed the power of communicating those intensest psychic, philosophic, intellectual and sentimental emotions which form the mainsprings of his poetry. His rhythm, his sense of music, his vividness of perception have rarely been excelled. Seldom have the magic of his style, its richness and splendour, been equalled.

In his *Canto Nuovo* he displayed the fire of his temperament, the splendour of his imagination and the loves

and hates of his throbbing youth. In *L'Intermezzo de Rime* he set no bounds to his emotions and fearlessly expressed in grander thought and style the subtlest emotions of a life vibrating with refined and objective sensualism. The result was that he scandalized even his admirers, and Chiarini himself condemned him as a perverter of public morals. But he never allowed himself to be swayed either by the censures of his critics or the encomiums of the public. He worships art for art's sake, and never wrote but to please himself. When the reaction against him was most violent he worked with greater ardour and decided to fight the battle on the stage itself, where he would meet face to face the public that judges. Though he cannot rank among the greatest dramatists, invariable success attended his plays. Among the most important of them are *La Gioconda*, *Gloria*, *Più che l'Amore* and *La Città Morta* written for Sarah Bernhardt, more or less after the Greek tragedies. His *Francesca de Rimini*, which appeared in 1901, is declared by the great Italian critic, Edoardo Brodet, as "the first real, though not perfect, tragedy which has ever been given to the Italian stage."

As he revealed himself nowhere more than in his novels which are the creations of his maturer years, we can study him more closely as a man and as a writer in his prose works. If it were any other man, it would be incomprehensible how a poet of such power and extraordinary genius could take to prose in order to unburden the sentiments of his burning soul. For D'Annunzio there is nothing which will set limits on his powers. As has been already stated, on every form of literature he has left the imprint of his individuality. Had he attempted everything, even with moderate success, he would be a mere dabbler, and would betray the gropings of a

powerful but obscure mind. But his indisputable merit is that in poetry as well as in prose he has achieved a greatness which is the gift of few mortals.

It must be stated that D'Annunzio cannot be appreciated in translations. For his art, the sweetness of the liquid Italian tongue, which, in his hands is so wonderfully plastic to every conception, is indispensable. To suit the modern requirements he has moreover created a new style, a new prose for Italy, thus achieving what the great classics did before him by welding the different dialects into one fixed language.

As in his poetry so in his novels, D'Annunzio has revelled in beauty, pure, sensuous and perceptible. There is not one emotion of the sublime or the beautiful which he has not touched upon in a highly artistic way by combining colour, rhythm, grand imagery and picturesque images, and welding them all in an enchanting style. It is impossible to convey an idea how he looks upon the beauties of the Italian sky, how he revels in the gorgeousness and the gay feasts of middle ages, how he intensifies some dramatic situations when he makes the sounds of Aldo's violincello or Maria's gavottes or the haunting strains of Vana, float on those stirring scenes. D'Annunzio resembles those waters of Italy that, falling from the clouds on a bright day, dash down her hills to the sea reflecting the splendours of heaven and earth. His mission in the world is to mirror beauty in his books and cast its spell on the five senses. Quite often he had to build his structures of beauty on emotion that rises to passion. When a young boy, he had already in his *Canto Nuovo* and in *Il Libro d'Isotta* revealed these subtle vibrations of sense and shocked even the moderate ascetics. Poem after poem, novel after novel unearthed subtler emotions and showed the inexhaustible treasure of sense.

till at last the critics agreed that he, whom they condemned, was after all infusing a spirit of vitality in the drab and lifeless work of his times. If public morals suffered, the fault lay with the society not with the writer.

D'Annunzio's works are a revelation of his own self. Alfredo Gargiolo, undoubtedly his best critic, calls his fiery spirit *temperamento visivo-sensuale*, that is to say, he possesses a vivid perception and the keenest sensory apprehensions. The sources of his writings are, therefore, not only his refined physical joys and pains and his exuberance of spirits. His exquisite æsthetic feeling receives impressions from beauty without. And to this blend of both, what can lend a greater enchantment than the Italian scene and the Italian language?

Considering D'Annunzio in the light of his *visivo sensuale* temperament, the characters in his novels, especially Andrea Sperelli in *Il Piacere*, his first and perhaps the best novel, and Giorgio Aurispa in *Il Triumfo della Morte* are his own representations. Only he who has felt like D'Annunzio could thus describe the encounter of Andrea Sperelli with the lady of his passion, ". . . Each felt the presence of the other flow and mingle with his own, with her own blood, till it was *her* blood at last that seemed to have become his life, and *his* that seemed to have become hers." His characters lead the same life of tense and overstrung emotions which is his ideal. There is in them the same craving for intellect, the same delight in sensuous beauty. He was conscious, however, that his type of beauty and sense was quite uncommon. Neither from his own soul he could draw unlimited personalities. At this time the Nietzschean doctrine was stirring the world. D'Annunzio caught its shedding influence and saw his ideal of life could only be found "*in via del superhomo*." He created these supermen and women

in *Le Virgini del Rocce* and in *Il Fuoco*. The adventure was in a way disastrous. Were it not for their wonderful luxuriance of pictorial image and dazzling rhetorical splendour, these novels would have been sheer failures, for the characters have no human counterparts and possess highly magnified qualities found in extraordinary men. That he sometimes sacrificed characterization for beauty and feeling, is a fault that cannot be overlooked.

A writer who brought in a new innovation in literature could not indeed be entirely free from some blemishes, which after all serve to display his merits in a higher degree. When the spell of his novel is over, the reader may wonder at times whether he has really given a life-picture and sustained a living personality right throughout. The blame is levelled at him that his glimpses of beauty are snatched though varied, and that he has not been capable of fusing them into one harmonious whole. It is true he betrays sometimes a weakness in the sense of values and has not always been able to keep his dramatic sense right through each character. Yet it can be said of few writers that they have shown deeper psychological insight than he has in *Il Piacere* or *Triumpho della Morte*. Where could be found such throbbing, pulsating, living personalities like Giorgio Aurispa and La Foscarina? Even in the case of his supermen and women, it cannot be doubted that in calmer moments he has galvanized them into life and breathed into them the living spirit as no writer has. That D'Annunzio lacks the sense of proportion can be discerned in many passages where the predominance of emotion has been carried beyond human limits. In his poetry this over-emotional attitude is tolerable and even desirable for the highest purposes of Art. Our own Shelley utilized it with great effect, though at times emotion in him blunts

the play of intellect. But in novels the disequilibrium between thought and feeling is never felicitous. This is particularly noticeable in D'Annunzio when the reader recovers from the bewilderment of his novels. In touching on the highest sensibilities he is sometimes exasperatingly erotic. The incests, the illegitimate births he introduces, are too naked expositions not to be revolting. Some may even be shocked that he should make Andrea Sperelli become, in the course of a few weeks in Rome, the lover of about thirty women of fashion. However erotic D'Annunzio may be, it cannot be denied he is always erudite, elevated and refined. Above all, his delineation of passion is a wonderful product of all the forces of poetry, drama and tragedy.

He is in his 53rd year and unlike the poets of old who remained unknown to fame till long after their death, he has already gained an undying literary glory. He is in the prime of manhood, and literature may well await for better fruits of his maturer years. The times were never so propitious. The war has caused a revolution in every department of human knowledge and is but the precursor of a great regeneration. The Periclean age had followed when the Persian wars had ended at Marathon and Salamis. The Roman civil wars, which had ended in Pharsalia and Phillipi, had given birth to the Augustan age. In north Italy itself, when Florence had given out the despôt Duke of Athens and was echoing the cry "Popolo, Popolo, Liberta!" there had a group of artists and poets who marked one of the brightest epochs in the history of art and literature. The finest product of this age was the *Divina Comedia*. The last age before had produced *The Æneid*. A later age after produced the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. The modern age is even more momentous. If the past

is a lesson for the future, the close of the world's greatest war cannot but be the dawn of the brightest era in history, the commencement of a Renaissance that shall have no equal. In this great Renaissance who will hesitate to give D'Annunzio the glory of being the leader? It is a curious fact that every road to greatness leads to Greece or Rome and every upheaval in letters originates in Italy. The era of the Renaissance of the 15th century began with Dante, and like D'Annunzio he was at first a poet of lyrics, of *Vita Nuova* and *Canzonieri*. With greater propriety can we say, therefore, that the new Renaissance will begin with D'Annunzio. Well may we look forward to him for an heroic poem, an epic that will immortalize this century. As Tasso and Carducci were in different times, the poets of Italian independence, D'Annunzio will be the poet of the world's liberties. Whether or not, the prophecy has in it any glimmerings of truth, when the history of modern times will be written one fact will remain in letters of gold, that seldom has any nation found a worthier patriot, or war a worthier minstrel.

Calcutta.

J. J. CAMPOS.

THE INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION.

[“But there shall be no gloom to her that was in anguish. In the former time he brought into contempt the land, but in the latter time hath he made it glorious.. The people that worked in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined”—ISAIAH.]

AT last light seems to have risen in the darkness, and the weary watcher on the mountain-top, sick with hope deferred and weary with waiting, may at last rejoice that day is at hand. For about a century and a half—ever since the development of the disruptive tendencies of a decaying dynasty—thick gloom has overhung this distressful land. And it is indeed high time that light did arise from some quarter to illumine the Cimmerian darkness which has been steadily settling upon India. The blessings of British rule have not been in vain in the country. Order has been restored, peace established, a system of government evolved and the sanctity of life and property recognised. All this has been done. But with the changed state of affairs has come the crushing competition of foreign industries—well-established and strong—resulting in the decay and death of most of India's ancient and once-prosperous industries which had enriched her in the past. She has fallen from the high condition of a supplier of finished products to the low condition of a supplier of raw materials for the mills and factories of the West and the dumping ground of their goods. She had cried aloud for industries

other than the universal but insecure industry of agriculture, depending on the caprice of clouds; famines recurring with the periodicity of climatic changes had depopulated vast tracts, once busy hives of human life and labour, and poverty had become the chronic condition of her peasants; but Protection had been denied her by England trained in the traditions of the Manchester School and oblivious of the disadvantages of Free Trade in times of trouble. The changed conditions have forced the population into entire dependence on the soil, and reduced the country to that economic condition in which famines become chronic.

But out of evil cometh good. And the war in the West has been a rude awakening to many countries—England not excepted. In her passage through terror to triumph she shall have “some lessons to learn, some frailties to forget.” The war will bring about undreamt of changes. Mr. Lloyd George in a memorable speech at Glasgow (Christmas day, 1915) truly said—“I wonder how many people realize the magnitude of the war, and the tremendous issues that depend upon it. Sometimes I fear that they treat it as a passing shower—heavy, drenching perhaps, but transient—soon the sun will shine again and quickly dry up the puddles and we can once more walk along the same old roads in the same old stumbling way. But this is not a passing shower—it is not a spell of bad weather—it is the deluge, it is a convulsion of Nature. If you will carefully watch what is going on in the belligerent lands you will find that this war is bringing unheard-of changes in the social and industrial fabric. It is a cyclone which is tearing up by the roots the ornamental plants of modern society and wrecking some of the flimsy trestle-bridges of modern civilisation. It is an earthquake which is upheaving the very rocks of European life.”

Symptoms of the change are growing apparent and Free Trade will certainly undergo modification if not suffer utter shipwreck after the war. Sir George Reid, presiding at a meeting of the Royal Humane Society (February 9, 1916), said—"I am one of the old Free Traders who passed the shortest tariff ever known, but after what we learned of war methods of Germany, for me there will be no more free trade for Germany."

The first indication of the change came in the proposal to establish a dye factory in England with State help—a proposal which would have at once been rejected in England before the war.

Next, we have the recommendations of the Board of Trade. The report and recommendations of the Commercial Intelligence Committee have been issued by the President—Mr. Runciman. Sir Algernon Firth was Chairman of the Committee, and its enquiry was largely the result of Sir Thomas Mackenzie's representation. The Committee had since July, 1915, been investigating trade with a view to providing a basis for a comprehensive treatment of post-war problems especially concerning the Dominions and the Allies. The Committee recommends Government assistance in scientific research in industry. Evidence disclosed a widespread dissatisfaction in British railways. Germany's system was advancing her export trade. The German Government had subsidised firms, enabling them to carry out big engineering works in the British Dominions, which British firms, if similarly assisted, would easily be able to undertake. German potteries received Devon and Cornwall clays three shillings a ton cheaper than the rate at which they transported the clays to British potteries! Tariff protection was the most important question investigated. It is generally feared that after the war Britain will be flooded by Austro-German

goods at any price, accentuating previous competition and involving disaster to British manufacturers who had been encouraged to extend their operations with the view of capturing enemy trade. Tariff protection ought to be afforded so that Britishers may be ready to manufacture goods of vital importance to the national safety, the manufacture of which has fallen into hands alien, and may be enabled to maintain that production. After the war a strong desire would exist to respond to the feeling of the Dominions to favour Imperial trade preference with the Allies. A large proportion of revenue ought to be derived from import duties.

These recommendations exhibit a strong leaning towards Protection. The remarks of Mr. Harold Cox on the report show clearly what a change of opinion the war has created in economic writers committed to Free Trade for Great Britain and the Dominions. We quote below portions of an article by Mr. Harold Cox published in the *Sunday Times*—"That it may be necessary after the war for many of us to cancel our pre-war convictions, we are all agreed. Speaking as a Free Trader, I have no hesitation in saying that we have learnt by the war that it is impossible to assume that other countries will look upon trade as Free Traders look upon it, namely, as a form of peaceful intercourse for mutual benefit. It is now perfectly clear that the Germans have utilised their commercial enterprise for the purpose of securing military advantages. We are bound to take this fact into account in any future arrangements we may make. Defence, in the oft-quoted phrase of Adam Smith, is greater than opulence, and we must be prepared to sacrifice the economic advantages that our open door has brought us lest our enemy should squeeze through the door to our future danger." This is a general principle. "The practical application of this general

principle is that as regards our home industries we must be careful as far as possible to prevent doubtful friends from obtaining control of any industry that is vital to our national safety. For example, we discovered at an early stage of the war that we had allowed ourselves to become dependent upon Germany for aniline dyes, and that without these dyes our textile industries were in danger of considerable interruption. . . . No doubt it is difficult to decide what industries are vital and what are unimportant, but the principle may safely be accepted that where it is clear that any particular commodity is required either for the needs of the Navy or of the Army or for those of any commercially important group of home industries, then steps should be taken to prevent the supply of this commodity being cut off by a possibly hostile nation. To that end the best means may conceivably be the imposition of a tariff so as to encourage the home production of the commodity in question." "Broadly speaking," he concludes, "we shall increase our national strength by leaving the foreigner to supply us with luxuries and superfluities, so as to enable us to concentrate our industrial activities upon vital commodities. The idea that this little island could ever produce within its own borders all the things it requires is an absurdity. Our business is to concentrate on the things we can produce best and on the things we want most, always bearing in mind the proviso that we must take precautions against the demonstrated danger that certain foreign countries may continue to treat commerce as a method of war."

Mr. McKenna, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, expressed a similar opinion (February 29, 1916)—"We must learn by the experience of the past. We have seen a nation which in profound peace planned, prepared for, and eventually provoked war. We have found ourselves

dependent on that nation for many essential matters of our own trade. I do not think that as a nation, whether by the individual efforts of our traders or with the necessary assistance of the Government, we ought ever to allow ourselves to be placed in that position again.”

Thus in England—a little island which depends for much of its food on foreign supply—the demonstrated danger of the policy of open door has changed the views held about Free Trade. And in India where the idea of the country—vast as a continent—producing within its borders all the things it requires is neither absurd nor ridiculous, a country with its old industries dead or decaying—it is only in the fitness of things that Protection should be taken recourse to for the purpose of fostering nascent industries. Students of, and writers on, Indian economics, like the late Mr. Justice Ranade and the late Mr. G. S. Iyer, have always advocated Protection for Indian industries. And foreigners, who have studied Indian economic problems carefully, have held the same opinion. Mr. Thorburn, late Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, wrote in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* (1905)—Regarding India “we first tried Protection; that failing we closed our ports against the textiles of India, whilst compelling her to admit ours almost duty free.”

At a meeting of the Imperial Legislative Council (March 21, 1916) Sir Ibrahim Rahimtulla moved the following resolution—“That this Council recommends the Governor-General in Council to appoint a Committee of officials and non-officials to consider and report what measures should be adopted for the growth and development of industries in India.” In moving this resolution Sir Ibrahim said—“I wish to make it perfectly clear that in moving this resolution I have not the least feeling of jealousy against British enterprise in India. Provided that

the factories are established and worked in India, I would warmly welcome British enterprise and wish it every success. The establishment of successful industrial undertakings in India by Englishmen is, to my mind, to the present and ultimate advantage of this country." But Lord Curzon went further and advocated European help only where the resources of the State were not sufficient to establish indigenous industries. Speaking at Jaipur, Lord Curzon said—"Englishmen are often required to start some public undertaking or to introduce some essential reform. In industrial and mineral development, and in scientific work in general, outside enterprise is in many cases absolutely indispensable, since the resources of the State might otherwise remain unutilised and unexplored." But "there is no spectacle which finds less favour in my eyes, or which I have done more to discourage than that of a cluster of Europeans settling down upon a Native State and sucking from it the moisture which ought to give sustenance to its own people."

But though students of Indian economic problems and statesmen in India have held that Indian industries should be made to flourish, the policy of the open door to which England was committed made it impossible for the Government of India to have recourse to Protection—the only means of developing industries in India.

A change of English public opinion has been brought about by the effects of the war on British trade and industries. And in India the change in the policy of the Government has been rapid, especially under the guidance of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who said, in his introduction to Sir Roper Lethbridge's *Indian Offer of Preference*—"No tariff reformer need dispute that, left to themselves, Indian representatives would establish a system of pure

protection directed as much against Great Britain as against the rest of the world."

The move in the direction was the prohibition of the export of food-grain during famine or scarcity. A suggestion of such prohibition was considered a sacrilege some forty years back when it made Sir George Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, incur the displeasure of the then Viceroy, Lord Northbrook. Sir George thus wrote of the matter—"I strongly recommended the prohibition. . . . His Excellency the Viceroy, on the other hand, seemed to look on the matter as one not admitting of argument. On all other subjects connected with the threatened famine His Excellency invited free discussion with the Government of Bengal and its principal officers. On this one subject he precluded discussion. I can well imagine that to a man bred in the inner sanctum of that great modern commercial school, which has done so much to benefit the world, but the doctrines of which may, I think, like other things, be pushed to extremes, the proposition which I made may have seemed like a rude assault on the fundamental doctrines of religion—a thing not to be argued."

But on the 28th December, 1914, the Government of India (Department of Commerce and Industry) issued the following press communique—"It will be remembered that the Government of India recently summoned a conference at Delhi to discuss the situation arising out of the abnormally high prices at which wheat is selling in northern India. Prior to summoning the conference, powers had been taken by the Government of India under Ordinance IX of 1914 to enable them and the Local Governments to ascertain the amounts of, and if necessary to acquire, stocks of any article unreasonably withheld from the market. In connection with this Ordinance, it appeared necessary also to deal with the question of future exports,

to be considered then, in connection with the general fiscal policy which may be thought best for the Empire, and the share, military and financial, that has been taken by India in the present struggle. His Majesty's Government are aware of the great interest taken in this question in India and of the impossibility of avoiding some reference to it when new taxation has to be raised, but they are confident that their decision is in the best interests of India and that premature discussion of this particular issue could only be harmful. We fully realise the force of these arguments at the present juncture, and consequently we are reluctantly compelled not to propose any modification in respect of the cotton duties."

This assurance was repeated in the discussion on Sir Ibrahim Rahimtulla's proposal when we were told that His Majesty's Government felt that the fiscal relationship of all parts of the Empire, as between one another and the rest of the world, must be reconsidered after the war, and in that re-examination the economic claims and interests of India would be fully considered. And the Hon. Mr. Dadabhoy hailed the Budget "not so much for its revenue as for the evidence it contained of a decided change in the fiscal policy of the Government."

The steps to which we have referred amount to an admission by the Government that though there is no subject to which they have given closer attention recently than to the problem of industrial development in India, they have fallen short of the part which they ought to have played in a country where the industrial classes are singularly unfitted for meeting the powerful rivalry of organised foreign competition. And Sir Michael O'Dwyer, speaking at Changa Manga Silk Camp (19th March, 1916), admitted the "necessity of Government encouraging industries in this country." "Government," he said,

“ have hitherto been so occupied in developing the primary industry of this country—agriculture—by means of railways and canals, that it has to a large extent overlooked, and perhaps even neglected so to speak, some of the subsidiary industries.”

Add to this admission the conviction that—as Lord Hardinge put it—“ from the moment peace is declared our present enemies will devote their utmost energies to regain the throttling grip that, before the war began, they were tightening upon the commerce of the world ”—and we shall be able to understand the significance of the announcement of the appointment of a Commission whose duty it will be to consider and report upon the possibility of further industrial development in this country.

We are not a little surprised at the luke-warm reception given to the announcement of the appointment of this Commission in some quarters. Perhaps past experience of the meagre result of Commissions has made some of us look upon them as merely unproductive investigations. But we are sure the changed circumstances will not disappoint us when we hope that this Commission will do for India what the Recess Committee on the establishment of a Department of Agriculture and Industries for Ireland did for Ireland. This Committee arrived at the conclusion that Great Britain “ forced the population (of Ireland) into entire dependence on the land, and reduced the country to that economic condition in which famines become chronic.” Let us quote from the Report how the Committee proceeded to work—“ We first devoted our attention to the present economic condition of Ireland, and sought to trace our industrial shortcomings and commercial disadvantages to their more direct causes.” Then they sent Special Commissioners to several countries. “ They were asked to enquire into the development, in each

country, of its industrial resources through the agency of State and the active co-operation of the inhabitants." Having obtained these Reports they proceeded to evolve from a careful study of them all a scheme upon which they could agree as embodying that which was most likely to heal the "ill of which Ireland complains." Let us hope the Industrial Commission will be able to find a remedy for the ill of which India complains.

HEMENDRA PRASAD GHOSE.

Calcutta.

A SONNET.

Above—the curlew's wings, their poise in flight,
 A peewit's mournful cry : Around—the glow
 Of that lost sun, now drifting out of sight,
 Save one red drop upon the tarn below,
 Bright as a ruby in such blood-stained dye :
 Yet ere I reach it, cold, and weirdly pale
 With the soft lustre of a tear-dimm'd eye,
 Smiling behind the misty bridal-veil
 Which Night draws up towards yon starry crest,
 Reflecting then new beauties in its place.
 The dancing winds speed forth on eager quest
 And kiss the rippling corn through which they race.
 Men fight and toil ; amid the multitude
 They sigh for peace, but fear Thy solitude.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

BROWNING AND MEREDITH.

(Concluded from our last number.)

WE have said that the basis of our authors' philosophy is the belief that *nature is good*. Let us see how it is worked out in their art. In their plot it takes the form of a belief in moral law—a law as inexorable as the most terrible God, as inexorable as the laws of physics and biology, for its foundation is the same. It is natural law carried out in all its intricacies. Follow truth, and beauty will follow you, is its formula. Forsake truth, and nemesis, tragic or comic, will overtake you. There is absolutely no escape. "We are marked to get back what we give," says Meredith, "even from what we call inanimate nature."

A valuable thing about this psychological nemesis, which we find among the pagans, and which has a bracing advantage over much so-called Christian theology, is that it demands spiritual clarity as well as moral probity. "Ignorance is not innocence, but sin," says Browning in *The Inn Album*. Violate a law of health and you suffer, whether it was done in ignorance or in knowledge. The same is true in the moral realm, and the only ethical training which fits one for life is that which teaches this truth; for, as a greater philosophy has said, all sin is, in reality, ignorance.

"Why are the innocent tempted to ruin, and the darker natures allowed to escape?" says Meredith. "She had

not learned that those innocent, pushed by an excessive love of pleasure, are for the term lower in the scale than their wary darker cousins, and must come to the divine light of intelligence through suffering."

The moral value of a clear vision of life, no one will, probably, deny. From Socrates down, it has been admitted in various degrees. In a world where law is paramount, you must *know* the truth, that it may make you free. Most of the tragedy of life does not come from wilful wrongdoing. Self-deception and stupidity are accountable for quite as much or more. On the other hand, spiritual clarity makes certain faults impossible. Really wise people are never prigs or prudes. Meredith would add that really witty people cannot be vile, "since the well of true wit is truth itself." Spiritual clarity and moral vileness cannot live long together; for truth is one, and its law is unfailing.

Depart from truth but by a hair's breadth, and the comic imps will have you with their lurking smile, as in *The Egoist* and *Evan Harrington*; or the tragic fates with their relentless frown, as in *The Return of the Druses* and *The Ring and the Book*. The way in which a character is hunted down in these writers is worthy of the Greeks. It shows a tremendous grasp of human life. Some one has said that only by comparing Meredith with the Greeks can we understand him; for with him, as with them, it is the main outlines that count first. He is strong in architectonics. Perfection of detail may be wanting at times. His work may be like "a colossal sphinx, not fully extricated from the desert sands," yet the strength and surety of design is there. Both he and Browning have a task much less simple than the Greeks. To have been as great as they they must have been greater philosophers. They ray the complexity of modern life. They voice its

unrest. Yet beneath it there is a great calm, born of their fundamental belief that *truth leads to beauty, and that every form of untruth has its unfailing nemesis.*

But the nemesis is always a psychological nemesis. The fate is in character rather than in events. We do not have an Oedipus or a Macbeth cast down from temporal heights by his faults. The outward state of the hero often remains much the same. Yet we do not feel the nemesis the less, but even more.

"You will find all you seek and perish so," says Michel to Paracelsus; and is not that the saddest of all dooms—a doom which, though brought about by action, yet begins and ends in character? "Action in character, rather than character in action," is what we find in both Browning and Meredith. The development of the soul is the one thing worth study, according to Browning; and Meredith declares his subject-matter to be "the soul wind-beaten but ascending." Both writers are subjective in that they portray thoughts and feelings, objective in that they portray them in others. Their method is different according to the different art-forms they use. Browning has the lyric concentration; Meredith the epic breadth. Meredith works much in comedy; Browning chiefly in tragedy. Both are essentially dramatic. Their subject is "Men and Women."

They are deep lovers of nature. They bring her to us with a vivid freshness which is enchanting. They have *lived* with her. To treat this side of their work with any degree of justice would require a paper by itself. Yet nature is with them always a background for character. So with plot and style. They are means of developing character. Men and women are their first interest; and men and women in some particular situation which is their ordeal.

And what are their men and women like? Just what we should expect from their philosophy. They have the beauty of truth; they have strength. That is the first thing. Not the sham strength, which is selfish harshness with a fine name, but *the true strength, which has infinite gentleness at the core*. Their ideal hero has balance of mind and heart; the complexity of our time with a fundamental simplicity of nature; complexity of mind-power and singleness of devotion; depth of thought and intensity of feeling. Typical characters are Caponsacchi and Dartrey Fenellan, knight-errants both. Loyalty is the virtue *par excellence*. Whatever else their heroes are, they are men you can depend on every time. "I like him," says the boy Crossjay of Vernon Whitford, "because he is always the same, and you're not positive about some people. If you look on at cricket, in comes a safe man for ten runs. He may get more, and he never gets less—that's just my feeling about Mr. Whitford." Negative virtues and people without backbone, they have small patience with. Wilfred Pole, the sentimentalist, is nailed in a sentence: "He could pledge himself to eternity, but he shrank from being bound to eleven o'clock on the morrow morning."

If we could choose but two words to characterise our authors' heroes, they would be Strength and Purity. But the strength is never harsh, and the purity is never weak. It is not the purity of innocence, but a kind of high-mindedness and depth of view which makes anything low and mean impossible. It is the purity of fire, not of snow. It is purity in the sense that Meredith uses it when he says of a play, "It is deeply conceived, in the first place, and therefore it cannot be impure."

Strength means courage and sincerity. "Her courage is of the kind that may knit up every other virtue worth having," says the Princess Ottilia of Janet in *Harry*

Richmond. "So I envy and admire, even if I have to blame her; for I know that this possession of hers would bear the ordeal of fire."

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward," is Browning's hero always.

The test of courage is often sincerity. "A complete exposure of past meanness is the deed of present courage, certain of its reward without as well as within," says Meredith; and Browning expresses the same thought:

"So absolutely good is truth, truth never hurts

The teller, whose worst crime gets somehow grace avowed."

As the root of character is strength, so is purity the crown. As strength implies courage and sincerity, so purity implies gentleness and magnanimity. "It should be a spotless world which is thus ruthless," says Meredith in *Diana of the Crossways*. "But were the world impeccable, it would behave more generously. The world is ruthless, dear friends, because the world is hypocrite. The world cannot afford to be magnanimous, or even just." The man who is always pulling the mote out of his brother's eye, is pretty sure to have a beam in his own. It is only those who fear for themselves who must needs be harsh to others. The truly great and good are generous and kind.

"The great man knows the power of gentleness."

The true hero is Browning's Heracles, whose very voice brought strength and help.

"The irresistible, sound, wholesome heart
O' the hero,—

This drove back, dried up sorrow at its source."

Heracles—

Had flung into the presence, frank and free,
Out from the labor into the repose,

Making the most of the minute that the soul
 And body, strained to height a minute since,
 Might lie relaxed in joy this breathing space,
 For man's sake more than ever.

Such are Browning's and Meredith's heroes strong, great of heart, using their strength for love of mankind, and joyful in so doing. Here again we strike the note of joy as the sign of health in man and God. Such joy is possible only to those who in a deep sense are pure in heart. They have a transparent simplicity of nature which "drinks sunlight," and transforms all into its own purity and strength.

And what is true of their heroes is true of their heroines. It could hardly be otherwise from their point of view. But their point of view differs so widely from the majority of writers, that their women deserve separate consideration. They are, indeed, one of their first claims to greatness. "Browning," says one writer, "had no use for either of the pet modern shibboleths the innate superiority of man or the innate superiority of woman. They lead to superficial intelligence and sentimental morality. Meredith agrees with the boy Richard that 'girls are very much like boys,' and with the Baronet that the 'subsequent immense distinction is one of education.' If balance of head and heart is a striking characteristic of the heroes of our authors, it is still more noticeable in their heroines, since less often found—in books. It is taken for granted in Browning; developed at length in Meredith. Both writers have a deep-seated conviction that women have minds, when they are allowed to use them; and that with minds they are neither angels nor devils, as is the tradition in a large body of literature, but suffering human souls like men in the world, neither throned above it, nor trodden under foot. They believe in the 'heroical feminine,' in

women who are "men's mates," in whom the "gift of strength" is "above ornamental whiteness." But strength comes only through knowledge; therefore give them knowledge, "the right use of the brain," and the opportunity for action. Enforced passivity for women means sentimentalism for the weak, recklessness for the strong. Only through knowledge comes poise. Knowledge gives courage, and courage and frankness are as much a part of their ideal woman as tenderness and sympathy. They do not divide the virtues into masculine and feminine—the sterner ones for the men, the gentler for the women.

"Get you something of our punity
And we will of your strength,"

say the *Fair Ladies in Revolt*. "She is brave of heart," is the praise given to Sandra Belloni. "All her life she had been frank." "I like—what do I like?—his kindness," says Sandra of Merthyr Powys. "He has a heart, as they call it. Whatever it is, it's as strong as a cable. He is a knight of the antique," says Lady Charlotte. They do not seem to think that hearts are any more the exclusive property of women than brains are of men. Meredith expresses the ideal in the *Tragic Comedians*: "You meet now and then men who have the woman in them without being womanized; they are the pick of men. And the choicest of women are those who yield not a feather of their womanliness for some amount of man-like strength." Their men and women are like the broad sword of Richard and the scimitar of Saladin, which were equally effective in battle, though one could cut through an iron mace and the other a cushion of down.

If Thackeray had only had a conception of this, his women would not have been so distressingly good, or so fatally clever. As an unlettered reader put it: "Oh, I like Becky best. Of course Becky was bad and Amelia

was good. But then it always seemed to me Amelia just *happened* to be good. She didn't *decide* to be." Meredith's women and Browning's decide to be whatever they are. "She was pure of will," says Meredith of one of his heroines, "fire, not ice"

One thing more—and this is of course the *sine qua non* of heroines—they are fascinating. We defy the most hard-headed opponent of brains in women not to come under the spell of Clara or Diana, Nesta or Sandra, Otillia or Renee, Pompilia, Anacl, Eulaha, the Duchesses, or some other of the group. These women are intellectual, even "brainy." They are strong of will, and yet—the "yet" is in deference to the philistine—they are delightfully feminine. Perhaps this little poem of Meredith's to his daughter best sums up the complex charm of their personality :

"She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes,
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes,
She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers

"Match her ye across the sea,
Natures fond and fiery,
Ye who zest the turtle's nest
With the eagle's eyrie
Soft and loving in her soul,
Swift and lofty soaring;
Mixing with its dove-like dole
Passionate adoring.

"Such as she who'll match with me,
In flying or pursuing;

Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing.
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden ;
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden."

This is the type, and when we really see it, we do not wonder that it inspires the finest chivalry in men. Browning and Meredith are unlike most writers we know, in that they portray at the same time the strongest women and the knightliest men.

This combination of strength and sweetness, great mind-power and passionate feeling in both men and women, makes their characters decidedly exceptional. In one sense, of course—at least if Aristotle be true—all great dramatic characters are exceptional. Some trait, intensified, places them above or below the average. In the former case we have the basis for tragedy, in the latter for comedy. Yet we feel that the characters of Browning and Meredith are exceptional in a sense that Sophocles' and Shakespeare's are not. We must remember that we said, in Browning and Meredith the main interest is in character, while in the drama proper it is in action. If the chief dramatic interest is in the course of events, it is only necessary that the characters be raised above the average in one particular point, to give a place of attack, a revolving point for the plot. If the interest is in the soul-development, the more unusual points, the more interesting, within limits, is the character. In *Macbeth* and *Lear* and *Othello* we have an excess of one emotion: ambition, vanity, jealousy. In *Hamlet*, on the other hand, the excess of intellect is the trouble. In *Paracelsus*, *Djabal*, *Anael*, *Pompilia*, *Caponsacchi*, *Carinthia*, *Diana*, *Redworth*, *Alvan*, *Sandra*, and the rest, the interest is in the unusual combination of mind and feeling struggling to develop itself. Such characters need

exceptional circumstances to bring them out, and it is almost always true that we find them in some crucial position.

As the development of the individual is the chief concern of both authors, and most conventional laws are framed to subordinate the individual to society, their characters are often in rebellion against established forms. This is a ground of objection to some good people, the sort of people who will not read George Eliot's books because they do not approve of her character. One has the picture of a pigmy standing on a giant's toe, shaking its fist at him and shouting, "You bad wicked man! I will trample on you." To fit our authors to philistine ethics might give us trouble sometimes, but they are in truth profoundly moral; as moral as James' chapter on *Habit*; as spiritual as truth itself. To give, we must first have something to give; and progress toward beauty and idealism comes from a greatness of spirit that dares go afresh to nature for fundamental principles, instead of submitting to rules of authority simply because they are established. It is this that gives a refreshing quality to Browning and Meredith. To read them is like going from the hot-house atmosphere of a drawing-room into the pure air of nature. It is a "broad plain open to boundless heaven," after prison-walls. The same principle of truth which we found at the base of their writing comes out here: the desire to search to the foundation of things, and seek the real right and wrong, rather than accept the conventional standards which may or may not be right. Their ideal characters have the finest flower of moral courage. They are not afraid to do right because it *looks* wrong. There is a pitfall here. "Yes, you have courage," says Weyburn to Aminta, "and that comes of a great heart and therein lies the danger." The only safety is in a clearness of vision

which distinguishes between what is *above* convention and what is *below* it. The trouble is most people do not make this distinction. Perhaps it is safer for them not to try. If one is colour blind, it is better to keep to black and white. No one has discriminated more surely between the above and below of conventionalities than Browning and Meredith. The question of the individual versus society may be an open one, but from the individual point of view there can be no question of the purity of their types. They deal with the soul "wind-beaten," but always *ascending*.

As we have the exceptional characters in exceptional circumstances, so we have them developed through an exceptional style. In their style, as in their philosophy, our authors' first aim is truth rather than beauty. They strike at the meaning of things, pierce to the heart, "spring imagination with a word." They endeavour to express not only thought but the emotion which goes with thought; that which on the stage would be expressed by gesture; the inner workings of the spirit. As Meredith says of one of his characters, "She had not uttered words, she had shed meanings." The difficulty of this method makes success in details very uncertain, but when it does succeed, it gives peculiar beauty, a vibrant atmosphere which expresses feeling as well as thought, in something the manner of music. One is reminded of Wagner and his theory of the relation of the two arts. Their ideal touches, consciously or unconsciously, the Oriental tradition of art which cares for "the inner and informing spirit" rather than "the outward semblance," and consequently has been able to give us *the soul of the thing itself* in a way that Western art has not.

Some of the figures of speech in our authors which have been seized on for sarcasm by the critics, when one under-

stands the emotional state of mind they portray, are seen to be strokes of art, and deeply true. The description of Pompilia's approach may be foolishness to the philistine who does not comprehend its meaning :

" till at last "

Began a whiteness in the distance, waxed
Whiter and whiter, near grew and more near,
Till it was she, then did Pompilia come ;
The white I saw shine through her was her soul's
Certainly, for the body was one black,
Black from head down to foot "

So in Meredith " The gulf of a caress hove in sight like an enormous billow She stooped to a buttercup. The wave passed by " This exactly expresses Clara's state of mind, and her attitude toward the lover's rights of the man she was beginning to loathe " She seized her languor like a curling snake " is a perfect expression of her psychological condition. And the psychology of smiles is in the two following descriptions Pompilia's of Guido,

" And when he took my hand and made a smile, "

and Caponsacchi's of Pompilia —

" How when the page of the Summa' preached its best
Her smile kept glowing out of it

The style of these writers is so closely bound up with their general psychological attitude, that before we can understand it, it is necessary to get at the heart of their thought. Like some people

" You must love them ere to you
They will seem worthy of your love, "

and it is also true that like some people, they have the faculty of making us love them for their faults. One real response into them is such an illumination that every part

is transfigured. As one writer says, "The world is so cleanly divided into people who do and who do not care for Browning. The public which loves him is made up of people who have been through certain spiritual experiences, to which he is the antidote. To some he is a strong, rare, precious elixir, which nothing else will replace. To others, who do not need him, he is a boisterous and eccentric person—a Heracles in the house of mourning." All this is quite as true of Meredith, and my experience would lead me not to try to make anyone like these authors. One friend who tried Meredith, told me she really couldn't read *Choctaw*; another that he liked some things of Browning's when he had blasted out a small part of their meaning. Another was shocked by *Lord Ormont*, and would read no further. She sent me the following clipping "An American traveller asked an English bookseller whether he had a sixpenny Meredith. 'Oh dear, no, miss,' the man replied, protestingly, 'Meredith's altogether too choky to go into sixpenny, miss, and that *Egoist's* the chokiester of them all.'" The comment was added: "'Choky' in connection with Meredith seems an inspired utterance." Yet "choky" can hardly be applied to the following:

"The tide of colour has ebbed from the upper sky. In the West the sea of sunken fire draws back; and the stars leap forth and tremble, and retire before the advancing moon, who slips the silver train of clouds from her shoulders, and with her foot upon the pine-tops, surveys heaven." Or to this: "The shadow of the cypress was lessening on the lake. The moon was climbing high. As Richard rowed the boat, Lucy sang to him softly. She sang to him a bit of one of those old Gregorian chants that, wherever you may hear them, seem to build up cathedral walls about you. The young man dropped the sculls. The strange, solemn notes gave a religious tone to his love."

and wafted him into the knightly ages and the reverential heart of chivalry."

Nor are these lines particularly "obscure" or "rough:"

"May's warm, slow, yellow moonlit summer nights,
Gone are they, but I have them in my soul."

"She must be grown, with her blue eyes upturned
As if life were one long and sweet surprise."

We do not deny that obscurity is a fault of both these writers, at times. But with neither is the obscurity an obscurity of thought. They know what they mean always, but a new art language is needed to express it at times. In the East they might have found it. Life is to them so rich, so full of meaning, that in their endeavour to express its inner spirit they sometimes burst the bounds of art, as commonly accepted. Their work is like some great, unfinished cathedral, grand in design, exquisitely worked out in parts, but open to the outer world. It has not the perfect cathedral air of Dante's work. But it has a charm and inspiration of its own, and we begin to wonder if there was not "method in the madness" of the builder. The winds blow through it, the sunlight and moonlight, the blue sky and the stars look in, and the beauty of art is penetrated with the freshness of nature.

There is one point so fundamental in our authors that we have not ventured to treat it in the compass of this paper, yet it is the touchstone of their work—their treatment of the passion of Love. All the critics without exception, bitterest enemies and staunchest friends, unite in praising the love scene between Richard and Lucy, in *Richard Feverel*, as one of the most beautiful in all literature, and it would not be difficult to find passages in

Browning's love poems on which people could be equally unanimous.

"By no one," says one writer, "has love been depicted with at once a profounder passion, a more absolute purity of touch, than by our author. Mr. Meredith has the gift of the poets. There is more than one novelist of eminence who stiffens, as it were, into self-consciousness at the mere approach of love-making. He has the sense of intrusion, perhaps the sense of absurdity; or in the effort to overcome his shyness, he strains his effects and touches a false note. Hence, the novels in which the love scenes can be read with pleasure, might almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. But Mr. Meredith has the higher gift. His vision of the moment is too sure for self-consciousness, his conception of it too pure and exquisite, too removed from common things, to raise any emotion in the reader commoner than itself. He no more feels intrusive than he would feel it intrusive to walk in a garden among flowers glowing at each other in the evening light."

All this is true of both Meredith and Browning. Love is to them the promise of immortality, the deepest and purest thing in nature. All we have found true in their philosophy and their art we may see reflected, as it were in their treatment of love. "By our manner of loving we are known," says Meredith; and the truth of the words may be seen in these writers.

Whatever else our authors were, they were great-hearted men, and great imaginative thinkers; great artists in design if not always in detail. In their faults, as in their virtues, they are much alike. Their main fault—if it be a fault—is an overflow of Titanic energy, not perfectly moulded into art form. Life is to them more than

art. Truth is their first thought. Nature is their guide.
Love their inspiration.

In their philosophy they are lovers of the Truth which
is Beauty.

In their work they are Realists and Idealists.
In their hearts they were Orientals.

MARY WINCHESTER ABDOTT.

London.

GOVERNMENT DEFEATS.

LORD MORLEY, when he enlarged the size and the powers of the Indian legislative councils, declared that he was creating a breach in the official wall. In those days he was credited with much political insight, though his executive vigour was not equally admired. Since the outbreak of the war the reputation of his school for insight, too, has suffered a great deal. After his resignation he has seldom opened his mouth, and if he breaks his silence after the war, it is doubtful whether the philosopher will be heard by his countrymen with all the respect which he at one time commanded. To return to his metaphor, a breached wall is an ugly sight : it may commemorate hostilities, but not necessarily either victory or peace. It cannot stand in its disintegrated condition : it must either be restored or knocked down altogether.

It is not the mere freedom of criticism of official doings that has created the breach in the wall, for that freedom existed to a certain extent before the reforms sanctioned by Lord Morley. Boldness in criticism may have become more common with the larger numbers and the greater privileges. When in the Bombay Legislative Council an honourable member criticised the cost of the Governor's tours, an Indo-British journal—*Anglo-Indian*, as it would have been at one time called—expressed the fear that the heads of Governments may preside at the councils less and less

frequently hereafter if they are exposed to personal criticism in the debates. The particular piece of criticism which suggested this fear seems to have been misunderstood : it was not the Governor's policy of touring that was condemned, but the cost of the tours, as compared with the same item of expenditure in other parts of India, which raised the question whether the disparity was not due to some laxity of control somewhere. Such criticism is not likely to be taken in a personal light, nor does it appear to have been so understood in the particular instance. However bold, or even virulent, the denunciation of official doings may be, the wall would remain practically intact under the bombardment if the council could put no definite resolution on record, or if the officials could always count on a majority. The wall is not firm and impervious, because the councils can pass resolutions, though in theory they have the force only of recommendations, and in the provincial councils the officials are not in a majority. Excluding experts, in the Bengal Legislative Council the non-official members are in a majority of 12 ; in Bombay, of 10 ; in Madras, the United Provinces, and Bihar and Orissa, of 6 ; in Assam, of 5 ; in the Punjab and the Central Provinces, of 3 ; and in Burma, of 2.

The majority does not indeed consist of elected members. In varying proportions some of the non-official members are nominated by Government, but though they are popularly believed to be ready to show their appreciation of the honour by voting with officials, that prejudice is not borne out by experience. Though not frequently, the provincial Governments are now and then defeated in the legislative councils. And I am not at all sure that if Lord Morley had to take one of these defeats he would not have resigned. As the Government is invariably supported by the official members, and as some of the

non-official members are its own nominees, in whose impartial judgment, if not in their uniform support, it must have confidence, Lord Morley and others thought that a tactful Government ought to avoid defeats. Somehow, they have not been avoided. In the first place it is not fair to expect non-official nominees to vote with Government in all cases. They are as independent as the elected members: the reason of their presence in the councils is to supply those deficiencies in a representative assembly which the elective system leaves unremedied in the present circumstances of the country. They represent different interests, different sympathies, and different schools of thought: the mere fact of nomination by Government does not cast upon them any obligation to support a particular side. When they have to decide between two opposite contentions and their personal knowledge does not enable them to take an independent view, they may, as jurymen in a given case, be impressed more with the strength of the arguments of experienced officials than by the opinions of those who lack administrative experience. But they live in closer contact with the people than most high officials; their thoughts are largely moulded by the popular opinion around them; and they cannot be supposed to be so far wanting in self-respect as to surrender their independence as a price for their nomination. Secondly, if tact consists in withdrawing a proposition which is likely to be thrown out, how is the Government to find out beforehand the chances of a proposition being adopted or rejected by a council which is not divided into a number of recognised parties, where the members do not recognise party leaders, and where no whips are employed? Every non-official member is not bound to speak; the silent members are not the followers of those that do speak and support one side or the other; they,

may form their independent judgments after hearing all sides. It may not be possible, therefore, to divine how exactly they will vote. British statesmen, who expect tact to be shown by reading the barometer beforehand, may know how things are managed in the British Parliament, where the speeches of the party leaders indicate with sufficient clearness how the House is likely to vote. The conditions in an Indian legislative council are entirely different. The members do not all express their opinions in public even on large questions of policy, the subjects debated do not always involve large questions of policy, and the difference of opinion between the elected and the official members is often on points of detail. Take, for example, the question of using text-books in schools, on which the Bombay Government was recently defeated. It was admitted on all hands that the Education Department must exercise a check upon the kind of literature read, or the books used, in schools. The elected members did not ask for absolute or uncontrolled liberty to schoolmasters. The question was whether the headmasters might not, in the first instance, select their own books, and discontinue their use if prohibited by the Department, instead of the present practice of the Department laying down from the very beginning what books may or may not be read as text-books, or placed in the libraries, so that the headmasters can make no choice at all, except, perhaps, by recommending a book and waiting for the departmental sanction. As no objection was raised against the departmental control and veto, the question discussed was one of detail, and how could a Government presage the view that would commend itself to the majority of the non-official members on such a trivial question of detail when only a very small number opened their mouths at all? To rely on tact and insight in such cases is to ignore

the nature of the questions debated, the conditions under which the debates take place, and the constitution of the councils.

The idea underlying the present constitution of the councils is unexceptionable and worthy of the highest British statesmanship. If officials can entrench themselves behind an impenetrable wall, they may be tempted to scout popular opinion, and unpopularity is a source of disquietude of mind to administrators, as it is also a disturbing factor in the smooth progress of the country. When a majority of non-official members, nominated as well as elected, condemn a practice or a measure, the Government should take a hint and desist from exasperating public opinion by persisting in an opposite course. That, indeed, may be accepted as the essence of prudent statesmanship. But the question is whether wisdom cannot be learnt without a defeat—whether the procedure intended to teach prudence to a Government should necessarily undermine its dignity. Under the current procedure a Government may oppose a certain recommendation when it is discussed, and declare its inability to accept it; when it is passed by the council, the Government is placed in a dilemma. To disregard the resolution is to court unpopularity; to give effect to it is to “eat the humble pie,” or to swallow what was pronounced to be unwholesome. In England a Government may remain in office if defeated on some unimportant question. But if such defeats are repeated, the Government is taunted with want of convictions and with love of office. The officials in India cannot be taunted with love of power and salary: they are permanent officials and their continuance in Government is not dependent on a permanent majority in the legislative council. But they must be credited with certain convictions, and the sacrifice of convictions is not conducive to the dignity of a Govern-

ment. What is more, a sacrifice of *expressed* convictions reduces Government to the position of subordinate officials. If Lord Morley's intention was really to reduce it to that position, why should any resolutions be called recommendations, which the Government is at liberty to reject, but which it must reject at the cost of its popularity? Why should the Government be bound to say in the first instance, "We cannot accept this recommendation," and when defeated, change the tune and say, "We do not approve of this recommendation, but inasmuch as the Council has passed it, and none of us remains in office for more than five years, we shall give effect to it and think no more of the defeat"? That is not what a Cabinet Minister would say in England, and why should the procedure adopted in this country place what is called "Government" in a less dignified position?

The object in view may be excellent, but the procedure does not appear to be very happy. Is it difficult to change it without prejudice to the main object? It may be possible to suggest more ways than one of preserving the dignity of Government and at the same time safeguarding the rights and moral weight attached to the voice of the non-official members. Let me suggest one. Suppose no opinion is expressed on a recommendation in the name of Government, but the officials, including the members of the executive council concerned, express their individual views, and the members of the executive council do not vote; the other members, official and non-official, may vote, but the resolution need be considered to be passed by the council if supported by a majority of the persons voting. In consideration of the abstention of a certain number of officials from voting, a resolution may be treated as passed if supported by a majority of those *present*. Such a plan would be arithmetically too simple to cause any

complications in counting, and it would not weaken the non-official voice. If, in any circumstances, the rule I have suggested will place the non-official voters at a disadvantage, it may be altered so that no advantage at present available may be lost. It is a matter of arithmetic. The main consideration is that the procedure should not require a member of Government to say first of all in the name of Government that a certain proposition cannot be accepted, and then place the Government in a dilemma if the Government members are found to be in a minority.

“ POLITICS ’

Bombay.

TUKARAM.

(Continued from our last number)

BUT there was very little chance of Tukaram enjoying domestic peace and comfort in all its 'pure serenity,' seeing that his wife Abalanga was a little too boisterous and abusive and sometimes made his home too hot for him. But with all her faults and foibles that woman was in reality not so bad as she has been represented by Malupati. Surely, one ought not to judge her by the high standard of her husband's character. Tukaram had inherited some property of his father, and Abalanga, too, had brought something from her father's abode, but through Tukaram's indiscretion and ignorance of worldly affairs, they lost everything and were reduced to a state between which and absolute poverty there was not much to choose. Tukaram was charitable to a fault. He would sometimes give away even the very clothing and *kanchuli* (bodice) of his wife to anyone who stood in need. The husband and the wife were not only opposed in their line of conduct, they also differed in their mode of worship. Abalanga was accustomed to adore Bhabani while at her father's house, the worship of Vithoba which had taken such firm hold in her husband's mind was altogether new to her, and it was not surprising that it did not much engage her attention or regard. But in spite of this difference they had a tender regard for each other. Abalanga, though hard of tongue and bad-tempered, was deeply devoted to her husband. She would never dine before him and if he happened to be absent from home at dinner time, would go in search of him. When Tukaram taken up his abode on Vambonath hill, she would take over pots and other edibles to that lonely retreat and feed him to her heart's content. This moved the heart of Tukaram and to

save the trouble to his wife returned to Dehu and resumed his residence at home.

By his sublime simplicity, sincere devotional spirit and love of all created beings Tukaram gained the hearts of almost all who came in contact with him. Even Brahmans and other high-caste people made obeisance to him, and moved by his sound and salutary advice, became his *sisyas* (disciples). Chief amongst them were Gangadhar Punt, a Brahman, and Santagi, a Tailik. They assisted him in his *Sankirtan* and *Kathakatha*, two easy but very telling modes by which he imparted religious instruction. Gangadhar also acted as his amanuensis and jotted down the *Avangas* which he composed *extempore*.

Increase in the number of his disciples raised bad blood among others, especially of one who was known as "Mombaji Baba Gossain." This self-styled sadhu was the mohant of a *math* at Dehu in the vicinity of the temple built by Tukaram's ancestor, Biswambhar. Of the few livestock which Tukaram possessed, was a buffalo which he had received as a gift from his father-in-law, Appaji. Mombaji Gossain had a garden behind Vithoba's temple, which he had surrounded by a fence in order to prevent injury being done to it by cattle. One day Tukaram's buffalo having broken the fence of that garden, had got in and damaged some flower trees. Mombaji, highly incensed at this, hurled a volley of abuse at the devoted head of Tukaram, but as the latter did not happen to be there at the time, nothing more serious was done on that occasion. A few days after, Tukaram again fell into the fire of Mombaji's displeasure. It was an *Ekadasi* day, and many were the people that had come from far and near on a visit to Vithoba at Dehu. Tukaram, for the convenience of the assembled pilgrims, had removed the thorny branches which Mombaji had placed round his garden; but the act, harmless and innocuous as it was, seemed a grave offence in the eye of one who was seeking for an opportunity to make his displeasure felt all the more effectively. He commenced abusing Tukaram right and left; but this time seeing the delinquent was there in person, he did not rest satisfied with venting his spleen in mere words. He accordingly took up thorny stick after stick that lay about in numbers, and mercilessly broke them on his bare back, as though he were not a human being and a fellow-creature, but a "dumb driven" animal. After he had thus broken some

ten or fifteen such sticks, he desisted, not certainly out of pity, but through sheer fatigue. Tukaram bore all this outrage with stoical patience. Indeed, while he was being beaten black and blue, he never ceased taking the name of Hari in six *extempore Avangas*, and that seemed to give him sufficient fortitude quietly to bear all this beating. Here I give an English rendering of one of those *Avangas* —

“ I'll not leave thy beauteous feet,
 O Vithoba, thy beauteous feet !
 Come pain howe'er sore, burn heart e'er so fierce,
 Happen death if it may,
 Still I'll not leave those feet
 Let one cut this body piece-meal with sharp weapons,
 Still I dread it not at all,
 Tuka says, I'm careful
 From the beginning with a mind firm as ever ”

When he returned home, his wife Abalanga, for her own consolation, applied some healing balm to his body to alleviate the pain supposed to have been caused by the thrashing. She then made all necessary preparations for her husband's customary *Sankirtan*. Tukaram's *Sankirtan* possessed considerable attraction, and it was not surprising that many people, including Mombaji himself, used to come to hear it. On that holy day all the others came as usual, save and except Mombaji who was conspicuous by his absence ; perhaps a sense of shame had prevented him from coming. When Tukaram found that the old Gossain had not come, he directed one of his associates to go and call him in. But Mombaji sent word in reply to this effect —“ To-day I am very uneasy. I feel pain all over my body and am, therefore, unable to be present at the *Sankirtan* ”

Hearing this, Tukaram himself repaired to the Gossain's *Math*, and after making obeisance due to one of his high order and profession, said —“ Lord, thy bodily pain was evidently caused by the unusual exercise of thy hands in the long beating. Had I not removed the thorny branches from thy garden, there would have been no necessity for such exercise of thy limbs, so that all this discomfort must be traced to me as their cause. Lord, be pleased to pardon this humble slave, and coming

to the place of *Sankirtan* as is thy wont, afford comfort to us all." On saying this, Tukaram began to shampoo the body of Mombaji. No wonder that the latter was moved by such sweet return for his violent act and, coming to hear *Sankirtan*, spent the whole night there, evidently charmed with the conduct of Tukaram. Here is a striking instance of generous revenge—wickedness subdued by goodness—and the result was that from a bitter enemy Mombaji Gossain became a warm admirer of Tukaram.

Mahipati says that on the night of the very day of the occurrence, some robbers had stolen Tukaram's buffalo; but while going with it, they witnessed a very strange apparition at which they took fright and letting go the animal came to the place where *Sankirtan* was being held and falling at Tukaram's feet craved his pardon in all humility. The good man, who was perfectly alive to the divine nature of forgiveness, readily pardoned them, adding in all sincerity, "If you want the buffalo you can take it away; but don't do such a wicked act any more." The robbers without accepting the offer went their ways singing the praise of Tukaram.

But Mombaji was not the only one at whose hands Tukaram suffered. There were some others who, not being able to brook his ever-increasing fame and popularity as a religious teacher, turned round against him. Of these self-created foes none was more formidable than Rameswar Bhatta, a man who was respected by the King himself and was generally held in high esteem for his profound learning in the *Shastras*. When this great Pandit found that the Sudra Tukaram had assumed the rôle of a preacher of religion, he could not contain himself, being of opinion that by such act Tukaram was trespassing upon the domain exclusively reserved for Brahmans. His strong protest had its desired effect. The lord of the village directed his Patwari to turn Tukaram out of Dehu, and this cruel order was about to be carried out, when Tuka in despair sought the favour of his own accuser, but failed to move his heart by entreaties. Rameswar told him in so many words that he had no right to discourse on *Sruti Katha*, and he, therefore, asked him to desist from composing *Avangas* and singing *Sankirtan*. Tukaram consented to do as he was bid; and as for the *Avangas* which he had already composed, he was directed to throw them into the Indrani. This,

EAST & WEST

too, he was not unwilling to do ; but as by his having consecrated them to Vithoba, the *Avangas* had become the property of the god, he thought it was incumbent on him to take proper care of them. But there was no escape. Accordingly, having placed them between two stones and wrapped the whole in a strong piece of cloth, he threw the bundle into the waters of the "Indrani, though his heart seemed to burst at what his hand did. After doing this, Tukaram, weighed down with "sorrow's crown of sorrow," lay down on a stone slab which adorned the *Tulshi-mancha* in front of Vithoba's temple, and, as his biographer Mahipati says, remained in that state for three-and-ten days at a stretch. On the night of the thirteenth day Vithoba appeared to the people in a dream and directed them to recover the *Avangas* which, he said, he had kept in the water with the utmost care. Next morning the villagers, having to their great surprise found the bundle floating on the water, recovered the *Avangas* just in the same state in which they had been thrown in, and presented them to Tukaram, who in a transport of sudden joy, gave vent to his poetic powers by composing seven *Avangas* well suited to the occasion.

After directing Tukaram to throw the *Avangas* into the river, Rameswar, accompanied by some of his disciples, had started on a pilgrimage to Nagnath, a cult of Siva much honoured in that part of the country. While on the way he happened to enter the garden of a Musalman *Fakir* and bathe there in a tank. On being interrogated by the Mohammedan saint, the haughty Brahman, so far from complying with his request, abused him for his inquisitiveness. But the *Fakir* was not the person to brook such impertinence ; he cursed him severely, and the effect of the imprecation was, as Gopal Baba says, that Rameswar, who was the party more sinning than sinned against, felt a burning sensation all over his body, even though he had just taken a cold bath in the tank. The pain was almost unbearable and called for immediate relief. In this difficulty, the Pandit's disciples advised him to crave pardon of the *Fakir*, but he, a high caste Brahman, could not descend so low without compromising his dignity. He, therefore, went to the place where Jnaneswar's *Samadhi* (tomb) stood and sought his aid. Rameswar dreamed that Jnaneswar was telling him to seek the protection of the great devotee of Dehu whom he had needlessly given such extreme

pain. Now the eyes of the proud Pandit were opened, and he lost no time in writing to Tukaram asking his pardon, at the same time praising him for his greatness. The latter's heart was moved and he sent an *Avanga* in return, after reading which, says Mahipati, Rameswar was readily relieved of all his pain. An English translation of this *Avanga* may not be out of place here.—

“ If the heart be pure, foes become friends ;
 Fierce tiger does not kill nor serpent bite ;
 Deadly poison produces nectar, danger seems felicity ; .
 Act forbidden turns to virtue, grief to delight.
 Blazing fire burns not, its flame cools :
 Thinking in this wise, meseems, all creatures are bound by love,
 Souls of all being equal in this world, bear love to everyone.
 O God Narayana, in thy well-ruling providence impart cheer-
 fulness.”

This immediate cure, effected as it was so miraculously made a very deep impression upon the mind of Rameswar who immediately started on a visit to Tukaram. The latter, being informed of his coming, advanced some way to receive him. The meeting, as was expected, was a most cordial one. Rameswar expressed great sorrow for what he had done in ignorance. Tukaram, on his part, consoled him by kind words, whereupon Rameswar, supplicating him, said, “ The *Avanga* sent by thee has opened my eye of wisdom. * From this day I will not leave thy sweet companionship ”; and then falling down at his feet held them as one would hold the feet of his *Guru*. Thus, haughtiness was humbled by goodness, and the despised Sudra received divine honours at the hands of the mighty Brahman. This was, indeed, a very great moral victory, the like of which is seldom met with in this world of ours.

But it was not from men only that Tukaram suffered ; some of the softer sex, also, were hard upon him. Among his disciples was a brazier named Sivaji. At first this man was deeply attached to his family and scoffed at Tukaram's indifference of worldly concerns. But in course of time the sublimely simple teachings of the Sudra Saint wrought a thorough change in his mind, so that from a typical man of the world, he became quite indifferent to temporal affairs and followed Tukaram, spending all the money he had in serving *sadhus* and *sannyasis* and doing

other good acts. This strange conduct was too bitter a pill for the brazier's wife to swallow, and it was, therefore, only natural that she should have lost all patience. Thinking Tukaram was the cause of all this change in her husband's mind, she one day invited him to her house, and, while he was bathing, poured a pailful of very hot water over his body with the inevitable effect that it was all scalded and burned. Poor Tukaram cried in pain but he did not utter one single word against the conduct of his wicked hostess. He only invoked Vithoba by an *Avanga* composed *extempore* beseeching him to come to his relief. Here is a translation of this *Avanga* :—

" Fierce fire burns my body,
Where art thou now, Hari, save me !
Lord, thou art really my father and mother,
Come, Oh come once more to me in kindness.
See, fire burns me from head to foot ;
Being unable to bear, I remain bathed in tears.
My breast seems about to break, I can't bear any longer,
O receptacle of mercy, what art thou looking at, standing ?
Come soon with the water of benediction,
Hari, who else shall deliver me ?
Tuka says, Thou art, indeed, my mother,
There is none but Thee to save me !"

The god listened to his earnest prayer and the pain gradually abated ; but his danger was not yet over. The wicked woman, not satisfied with pouring hot water over his body, gave him poisoned food to eat. But as good luck would have it, Tukaram got out of danger without much ado. Mahipati says that for her grossly outrageous conduct the brazier's wife was of a sudden struck with leprosy, and it was only by the good saint's undeserved favour that she was rid of the white curse and made quite clean again.

Tukaram's wife, Abalanga, notwithstanding her devotedness to her husband, sometimes proved more troublesome to him than Xanthippe had proved to the great Athenian sage. It is said that on one occasion when he had given away even the very clothing of Abalanga to some poor people, she could not control herself but gave vent to her excited feelings by actually beating him. Of course, this was done on the spur of the moment.

and it was, therefore, not at all surprising that shortly after, when she recovered herself, she deeply repented of her misconduct, and falling at her husband's feet, asked pardon with eyes suffused with tears. An opportunity being thus given him, Tukaram to his heart's content enjoyed the luxury of forgiveness—a luxury the deprivation of which on a very important occasion had proved a source of deep regret to “the greatest of all pagan emperors,” Marcus Aureolus Antonius.

Thus, Tukaram had to pass through several fiery ordeals, but these severe trials, so far from doing injury to his life, made it more glorious. Like gold, the more it is smelted in the furnace the purer it becomes, the repeated sufferings to which Tukaram was subjected rendered his life more and more pure, and the moral greatness which he thus acquired stood him in good stead against all the vices and temptations of the world, thereby raising him to a height which is attainable only by a favoured few. Tukaram's name has become a household word in the South, and his sacred memory is still cherished with the utmost reverence as that of a sage and saint of the highest order.

Thus passed in weal and woe the days of Tukaram. As yet his life had not taken a determinate form, nor had his faith attained fixity and tangible shape. *Diksha* is absolutely necessary for a devotee to have recourse to; it is the door leading to the region of *dharma* (true faith). Even that life-long devotee, Dhruba, had taken *mantra* from the great Rishi, Narada; and in modern times the good saint Chaitanya took it from Keshab Bharati. Tukaram, by subduing passions and cultivating patience and forbearance, had become fit to take *Diksha*. On seeing this, Vithoba appeared to him in a dream and whispered into his ear the mystic words of faith which he was to adopt as the guiding principle of his life. Mahipati has recorded that one Thursday in the month of Magh on a bright *Dasami* night, Tukaram after meditating about Pandurang (Vithoba) went as usual to bed. While he lay chained in sleep, he dreamed that after bathing in the Indrani he was going to the temple of his tutelary god, when an old Brahman was seen passing by that way. As was his wont, he prostrated himself before the Brahman, who putting his hand upon his head asked him to take “Ram, Krishna and Hari” as his *mantra*, and for an account of himself stated that he was a disciple of Keshab Chait-

tanya and bore the name of Babaji Chaitanya, and he concluded by advising Tukaram always to worship and meditate on Pandurang. Tukaram being highly pleased with the old Brahman, asked him to his house. The latter acceding to his request followed him, but on his arrival there, finding that Abalanga, seeing a guest at hand picked a quarrel with her husband, he quietly made himself scarce. Tukaram, it is said, was deeply mortified at this, and he now plainly saw that he could not have peace of mind by living as a householder. Accordingly, he retired to a forest called Ballavabán (Ballav's forest). His practice was to come early in the morning and after bathing in the Indrani to worship Vithoba and then return to his forest retreat. The neighbouring people took him for a sincere devotee and would go and feed him there. If nothing was given him on a certain day, he would remain without food. After a couple of months had passed in this way, he, one day, being eagerly besought by his wife, consented to return home on her promising not to disturb him in his devotions. Tukaram came back to Dehu and resumed his *Bhajan* and *Sankirtan*. But the crowd that assembled on some of these occasions proving very unpleasant to Abalanga, she took her husband severely to task, whereupon Tukaram advised her, saying that one who had regard for family and its concerns could not take the name of Hari with effect. On this occasion he composed eleven *Avangas* which are known as "Purna bodh" (full knowledge). Moved by Tukaram's sage advice Abalanga distributed all her goods and effects among the poor. Even the ashes of the hearth were given away. After everything was thus disposed of, a poor woman appeared before Tukaram for help, who seeing nothing else to give, gave away the last ragged cloth of Abalanga without her knowledge. When the latter came to know this, she lost her temper and abused her husband for what he had done. Surely, Tukaram could not have domestic peace and comfort with such a short-tempered consort, but his fame as a sincere man of religion rose very high in the world outside. In fact, he had proved himself a special favourite of Heaven.

(To be continued.)

SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY.

THE MONTH.

FORTUNE has no special partiality for integral numbers, and a tide in the affairs of men may turn in the middle of a year as well as at the end of it. Yet it is generally at the end of a year that a stock-taking is felt to be appropriate and necessary, and a review of the situation at the beginning of last month by the Allies was accompanied by a bolder expression of confidence than ever in an early victory to their arms. Perhaps the most picturesque pronouncement on the situation was that of Mr. Lloyd George, who said that for the first time in two years he now felt that "the nippers were gripping, and we should hear a crack and be able to extract the kernel." The Russian offensive continues both in Europe and in Asia. Stanislaw was taken last month and an approach was made to the passes in the Carpathians. Well might the Hungarians say that Germany has neglected them. They said so once before, and Germany hastened to their rescue: it may not be quite so easy to push the Russians back this time. The Kaiser is said to have promised autonomy to Poland: there may be more of policy than of generosity in the promise, but the art of making a virtue of necessity is practised by others as well as the Teutons. The Kaiser's conviction seems to be that the war must be decided in the Western theatre, and the nippers elsewhere are not quite

so strong or dangerous. A million and a half men are believed to be concentrated on the Western front under the command of General Mackensen. The Verdun region has not yet been abandoned by the enemy, while the French are making slow progress on the Somme. The British are meeting with stubborn opposition and the progress after the capture of the second line of defences has not been as rapid as it was before. Nevertheless, the enemy is said to be showing signs of exhaustion. The blockade has done much to bring home to the people of Germany the penalty to be paid for launching on war, but they have not been brought to anything like the brink of starvation. Perhaps the German Admiralty claims that the submarines have done, and will do, as much injury to the trade of the Allies as the blockade has done to the economic condition of the Fatherland. The employment of the enemy vessels seized may in part remedy the inconvenience caused by the sinking of vessels by submarines, though the goods are lost. In British ports 144 enemy vessels have been seized and in Italian ports 59; these are all being employed by the respective Governments.

Italy scored some noteworthy successes last month, especially the capture of Gorizia. In the Turkish Dominions the Russian capture of Erzinjan was said to have "completed the conquest of Asia Minor." In the Suez Canal region the Turks suffered a severe defeat. The troops of all the Allies, Russians as well as Italians, have landed at Salonika and it is expected that the Bulgarians will be kept engaged there, instead of helping Austria on the Eastern front. It is expected that the Portuguese will shortly take part in the fighting in Europe, as they have already done in East Africa. Roumania has at last joined the Allies and the Balkan theatre will hereafter claim as much of our attention as any other.

No More
War.

THE kernel, which Mr. Lloyd George expects to extract, may well make one's mouth water. He is confident that the victory of the Allies will be complete and unchallengeable, that it will be a warning to kings and their counsellors of the reckoning demanded by civilised nations for their outrages, and that it will "let us have done with war now and for ever." The "murder" of Captain Fryatt was a fresh outrage which was condemned by the civilised world last month. Mr. Asquith has declared that it shall not go unpunished. Several ways of punishing the Kaiser and his Government have been discussed: perhaps defeat in the present war is the worst fate that he apprehends, and neither "trial" by the nations, nor a discontinuance of diplomatic relations until reparation. To have done with war is a noble aspiration. The nations that are ever likely to disturb the peace of Europe are engaged in the present war. If all other nations besides the Central Powers may be trusted to keep out of war for ever, the lesson learnt in the present war may be sufficient to deter Germany and Austria from again drawing the sword. Recent treaties have aimed at giving permanency to the co-operation between the Allies, and the Economic Conference at Paris was intended, it seems, to show to the enemy that the friendship between the Allies will not be of temporary duration and designed only to tide over the present difficulty. Finality in politics, however, is so difficult to attain that the Paris Conference is understood to be only a provisional attempt to find out the means of establishing commercial harmony and co-operation between the allied nations. Apart from treaties, the present war will certainly teach the civilised nations how much of sacrifice a modern war entails. It has, however, led some of Mr. Lloyd George's countrymen to enquire what will happen if

Russia perfects her military organisation and her industries and gets an uninterrupted passage to the Mediterranean. The additions that the Government of the United States is making to its navy appear to show that if the present war should be the last on this planet, continuous peace can be assured only by larger preparations for war. The report spread at one time that Mr. Hughes, the new candidate for the presidency of the United States, has been promised the support of the citizens of German descent, and that he is likely to show pro-German sympathies, is disproved by his subsequent utterances. He finds fault with President Wilson for having adopted a weak and vacillating policy towards Germany. Even if we suppose that electioneering speeches should not be accepted at their face value, Mr. Hughes cannot be less anxious than Dr. Wilson to assist in any plans which will aim at making a repetition of war in the civilised world a very remote possibility. Wars with uncivilised or the coloured races will perhaps not be unknown: they may be called expeditions or by some other euphemism, and not by the name reserved for application in the civilised world.

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MESOPOTAMIA can no longer remain a blessed word in the memory of many. The wounded that **Calling to** have returned from there, the prisoners in **Account.** the hands of the Turks, the officers that will be held responsible for the failure of the operations in that theatre of the war, will all for years cherish a painful memory of Mesopotamia. One Commission made a report on the cause of the failure of medical relief there: it seems that report will not be published. Another Commission is now appointed, with Lord George Hamilton as president, to enquire into the unsuccessful operations generally: other Commissions have been appoin-

ted to conduct similar enquiries with regard to failures elsewhere. Sir Beauchamp Duff has been asked to give evidence before the Commission in England. Though an invitation to give evidence does not amount to censure, it is a piece of hardship, for the Commander-in-Chief cannot leave India without vacating his office. Though in theory he may be reappointed, as he has already spent in India a considerable portion of the usual five years' period, the appointment of his successor, Sir C. C. Monro, a distinguished soldier, may not be disturbed. In that case the hardship will be doubled. As the Vincent Commission is said to have criticised the Indian military organization, and held certain officers responsible who have vacated their positions, the failure of Sir Beauchamp Duff to return to India may be interpreted by the public in more ways than one. Where so many individuals have suffered, besides imperial interests, a demand may be persistently made to remove incompetent men, if not as a punishment, at least for the prevention of future mishaps. If incompetency and the probability of future mismanagement be proved, sympathy with individuals cannot be allowed to override the public interest. The Vincent Commission has probably suggested something worse than mistakes which men of ordinary prudence are apt to commit. It is hard to believe, however, that these Commissions can distinguish between incompetency and ill-luck. Some members of the Territorial Force died in railway trains on their way from Karachi to the Punjab through the heat of Sind. It was a very unfortunate occurrence and some of the officers charged with responsibility therefore have been removed. The officers must indeed have known that the heat would cause discomfort to the men fresh from England. But could any other officers in their position foresee the serious consequences which actually happened?

**War and
Controversies.**

THOUGH the Secretary of State for India told the London Chamber of Commerce that he could not promise to withdraw the clause in the Government of India Bill relating to suits against Government, that clause and another, relating to the appointment of commercial men to executive councils, have been withdrawn on the recommendation of a Parliamentary Committee. The proposals in these clauses were undoubtedly of a controversial nature, and whatever opinions one might hold on their necessity or expediency, they were not needed urgently and their consideration has apparently been deferred pending the war. In the course of the discussion of this Bill the Government probably felt that the rule about the postponement of controversial questions was causing much inconvenience in proceeding with the usual work of Government. It is now explained that the rule was adopted temporarily in expectation of an early termination of the war. Now that the war has been prolonged and no one can tell when it will end, and perhaps also because the Allies feel more confident than ever before about the final result, questions will not be shelved merely because they are controversial. One result of this decision is that the report of the Public Services Commission will shortly be published simultaneously in England and in India. If the Government suspends the consideration of some controversial questions, there is nothing to prevent the people from raising others of a still more controversial nature. The Home Rule agitation, for example, is not more opportune now than any discussion that the report of the Public Services Commission may raise. Perhaps, on the whole, it is more desirable that the people should have something of immediate and practical interest to engage their attention than that they should run after visions which

are likely to disappoint them. Some of the Bills hanging fire in the Imperial and the Provincial Councils are now likely to be taken up, though they may be controversial.

DEPLORABLE as wars generally are, Indian publicists will long remember the present war for the opportunity it has afforded to introduce a reform in the recruitment of the army. Their grievance was that whole classes of men are excluded from the army as being unfit for military service. It was announced some time ago that the enlistment of a company of Brahman soldiers in Maharashtra had been sanctioned. At the last meeting of the Legislative Council at Dacca, H. E. the Governor of Bengal announced that it had been decided, as an experimental measure, to raise a double company of infantry composed of Bengalis on the same terms as are offered to the Indian army. The enlistment will be, in the first instance, for the period of the war, but option will be given to the soldier to continue in the service after the war. The company will be located on the frontier for training, and may be sent on field service after training. Opinion has been expressed in the press that the Bengalis who offer themselves for service will not be of the same class or social rank as the ordinary recruits elsewhere, and as they will be of the "higher or respectable castes," they will expect to be paid on the same scale as European soldiers. But Dr. Mullick and others, who have for a long time zealously interested themselves in this question, do not insist upon a distinction being made between the patricians of Bengal and the plebians of the rest of India. The young Bengalis who were doing hospital work with the troops in Mesopotamia have returned, and others have not yet taken their places. Disappointment having been expressed in the press at the absence of op

fresh set of men, who appear ready and anxious to do similar work at the front, H. E. the Governor explained that there was no deliberate denial of opportunity to more men, nor any change of policy. But it appears that certain rules made by the military department were misunderstood, and a hitch occurred. Those who have returned are said to be full of enthusiasm, and His Excellency remarked that "they did work which has been pronounced by those best qualified to judge to have been useful work and good work, and they won the hearty thanks of those who were on the spot and who saw what they were doing."

THE scheme of codifying the customary law of the Punjab has advanced a step further. A **Customs and Codification.** conference was held just a year ago at Simla to consider how the work might be carried on, and H. H. the Lieutenant-Governor has accepted most of the recommendations made by that body of experts. The codification will relate to customs regarding alienations, succession, the special property of females, adoption, wills, gifts, partition, guardianship and minority. The determination of a custom by evidence in courts of law involves costly and ruinous litigation. The Local Government will ascertain from the majority of a community what the custom on a certain subject is or ought to be—for there is no intention to stereotype customs which a community may wish to modify—and the general sense of the community will be formulated as a custom or law which the courts are to administer. Individuals will not be allowed to renounce a custom, nor will the codified rules be merely rebuttable presumptions. While the code must be compiled and promulgated by the Local Government, statutory sanction is necessary to empower the executive to undertake the task and to confer legal validity

on the edicts. A Bill will therefore be introduced into the legislative council during the present Lieutenant-Governor's tenure of office, but it seems unlikely that the detailed work of enquiry and codification will be undertaken, much less completed, in his time. A committee of experts will have to be appointed and they will have to be assisted by local officials and non-officials. His Honour says that in the present period of stress it will be impossible to spare officers and provide funds for the work. But when the fundamental principles are laid down in a legal enactment, action will be taken gradually as men and money become available. What is known as the Hindu law must originally have been largely a body of custom, but since its codification by writers in the past, a distinction has been made between law and usage. The codification in the Punjab will leave Hindu and Mahomedan law undisturbed. The Government will no doubt proceed with much caution, for it is a delicate task. When there is a difference of opinion the minority cannot always be altogether ignored.

THE Government has hitherto helped the development of industries in this country chiefly by concessions of land and by guaranteeing purchases. Technical advice has also been sometimes supplied, but on the whole it may be said that even after the creation of the Commerce and Industry department, no definite policy has been laid down. The reason seems to be that British manufacturers are opposed to the idea of the British Government in India helping to make India self-contained. Sir Thomas Holland, in his recent tours, has expressed the opinion that the time has come to formulate something like a definite policy, and he hopes that it will be framed "with due regard to the opinions and advice of all people in the country".

whose interests are affected." He says "all people" because he has noticed a difference of opinion between those who are already engaged in successful industries and others who think that more room may be created for their success—between Europeans who have initiated industries in the past and may initiate them in future, and Indians who do not know how to imitate and emulate them. From conversations which Sir Thomas has held with representatives of trade and industry it has appeared to him that those who have anything like a flourishing trade want to be left alone and look with suspicion on any interference on the part of Government. As soon as his Commission was appointed, articles appeared in a section of the press that agriculture, forestry, and mining are the kind of industries which have the best chance of success in this country and Government must help in their development. An opinion pressed on the attention of Sir Thomas in Madras was to the effect that it was not of much use to encourage the manufacture of small articles which could be obtained more cheaply by being imported. In these circumstances one may doubt whether the evidence placed before the Commission will be of a nature which will inspire confidence in any definite policy being pursued. Some witnesses may exaggerate difficulties, while others would minimise them. The task that lies before the Commission is therefore undoubtedly hard. Sir Thomas Holland, however, seems to have strong convictions and it is to be hoped that his Commission will succeed in inspiring confidence in a definite policy.

WHILE many Bengalis have come forward to serve the Government at the front during the war, and more than the required number of applications from respectable classes have been received for enlistment in the double company

revolutionary
movements.

anarchism is as rife in their province as ever. As H. E. the Governor explained last month at Dacca, nearly two hundred and fifty persons are now interned under the Defence of India Act, and these come from 17 districts, which shows that according to the evidence collected by the police, the revolutionary movement, as His Excellency described it, is widespread. Of the numerous persons interned, 50 come from Calcutta, 30 from Mymensingh, 25 from the 24-Parganas, 23 from Faridpur, 21 from Dacca, 20 from Backergunge, and smaller numbers from other districts. Orders were passed against 278 persons, of whom some have absconded, and a few have been dealt with under the Regulation of 1818. If the persons interned are brought to trial before a court of law, the evidence may not be sufficient to support a conviction in every case. In a trial the witnesses would be cross-examined and evidence would be produced by the defence as well as the prosecution. Orders, however, are not passed before the police evidence is examined by a judicial officer who is eligible to act as a Judge of the High Court and whose reputation for fairness is unquestionable in the opinion of the Government. As this officer hears only one side, he can only say whether a *prima facie* case has not been made out by the police. From six of the districts, not more than 5 each have been interned and if these are likely to prove their innocence in a court of law, the movement would not appear to be as widespread as the mere mention of the districts from which they hail might lead one to suppose. From six other districts the number of persons interned varies from 11 to 7. His Excellency was careful to acknowledge that things were not so bad as they might appear at first sight. Yet from the number of dacoities and murders reported it is clear that the state of the province is far from satisfactory. It would be interesting to know the percentage of cases in

which the judicial officer pronounces the police evidence to be inadequate.

WHENEVER one is not satisfied with something for other **Law and Authority.** in public affairs, it is becoming the fashion to say that self-government is the only remedy. For the present the law too provides some remedies, though the law may not be entirely in the hands of those who speak in the name of the people. In the opinion of many, the creation of the Improvement Trust in Bombay was a serious encroachment on the rights of the Municipal Corporation. Instead of improving the slums, the Trust spends large sums of money on the improvement of communications, and the Government sanctions the schemes. The Corporation has long been protesting; it has at last by a majority decided to obtain counsel's opinion on the legality of the Trust's activities. Another example of appeal to law against authority is furnished by the complaint in the High Court of Madras by two Fellows of the Madras University that the Syndicate did not forward to Government a protest submitted by them against a Vice-Chancellor's ruling. The Court granted a writ of mandamus calling upon the Syndicate to do its duty. Certain members of the public have also challenged the authority of Railway Administrations to reserve special compartments for Europeans and Eurasians.

Literary Activity. **THE** Home Rule League is flooding the country with pamphlets. The Government's attitude towards the movement was made clear in the proceeding against Mr. B. G. Tilak last month. As long as a writer or speaker does not abuse his liberty to bring the existing Government into hatred or contempt, he or she is allowed to plead for any system

that may be considered necessary or desirable. The pamphlets we have received are mostly reprints of speeches and newspaper articles.

We have received a copy of *Vegetable Menus*, arranged and compiled by Clara Louise Bemister. Hindus who pride themselves on their vegetarianism may well ask themselves whether they can compile as many as 178 recipés—the number in this *Pakasasra*. The book may well be translated into the principal vernaculars of India.

We have received from Messrs. Natesan & Co., of Madras, the following biographical booklets—*Sir Edwin Arnold*, *Behramji M. Malabari*, and *Sir C. Sankaran Nair*. The publishers are doing a real service to the country through this useful series.

From Mr. M. A. Srinivacharya, of Bangalore, we have received a *Manual of Accountancy* in Kanarese. It will be found very useful by those who want to learn the art of keeping accounts on a systematic and scientific basis.

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EAST & WEST.

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RELIGION, POLITICS AND COLLECTIVE LIFE.

FOR more than a year past some writers in that able and interesting Himalayan monthly, the *Prabuddha Bhārata*, have been arguing that Indian political leaders make a great mistake in seeking to found an Indian nationality upon political principles. Political nationalism, these writers tell us, is an unrighteous cult of collective life, which every nation in Europe has embraced (Vol. 19, page 235); it leaves no room for Christ's lead in the march of collective life (19.223): the evil has obsessed the educated community of India (20.25); where every political leader is mad after shining in the borrowed light of political importance (20.204). But this, they say, will not do for India: political interest will never touch the deepest chords in the heart of the people, and is not strong enough to form the permanent national bond; only a supreme religious interest will serve for this (20.166).

The views thus briefly indicated deserve to be considered with deep respect, the more so as they are put forward, usually with moderation, and always with that freedom from bigotry which we have learnt to expect from Hindus. Thus the arguments are addressed not to Hindus only, but every Indian—Hindu, Musalman or Christian—is asked to rally round the spiritual ideal, without in

any sense giving up his particular creed (20.188); and to steer clear of the Scylla of narrow orthodoxy as well as of the Charybdis of Western prepossessions (20.122); eschewing indeed all bigotry and recognising that the same God is worshipped by all (19.226); and looking forward to the harmonious development of all creeds and faiths already existing or yet to exist (20.188).

But lofty as the views put forward may be, they seem to me to involve some grave, fundamental errors. In the first place, the conception of politics is entirely erroneous. The term as used in the *Prabuddha Bhārata* seems to mean modern German politics. So we hear of worldly lust for power and wealth (19.223), of Europe red in tooth and claw (224), and of a treacherous form of secularism and materialism (20.225). But this is hardly fair even to Germany, taken historically; for before Germany went mad, it was a German who said "War is not the sequel, it is the failure of politics. The sequel of politics is art, science, religion—all that goes to make what Aristotle called the good life—for the full development of which the State is the essential condition."

But leaving Germany and war alone, if we regard politics as a "game," as furnishing a field for personal distinction, for the exercise of power, for a career; if we associate with the term such factors as party spirit, greed of place, sacrifice of principle, abandonment of conviction, jealousy, corruption, bribery, rowdy elections, snap divisions, and so on, it is to be remembered that these things are not true politics, but an abuse of politics.

And if politics must be rejected as a foundation for nationality because of the liability to abuse, what are we to say of religion in the same capacity? Is it not equally liable to abuse? To answer that question but few words are needed, such as Inquisition, Tantrika, Deification of

Animals, Burning of Heretics, Vallabhacharyas, Mummies, Prayer-wheels, the Holi, Vestments, and so on. And if though abuses are associated with these terms, and though Thugs and Kaisers may invoke divine blessing on their crimes, yet religion still remains a great and holy thing, so also may politics exist apart from its abuses.

Politics rightly regarded may be said to consist primarily of thought and action for the benefit of others. As soon as a man's sympathy and consequent action extend beyond his own wants and those of his family, he enters upon politics. Nor is his part in politics valuable only for what he can do for others. It is necessary also for his own social development. Or, as Mill puts it, his individual energy of mind and character must be developed all round and in all things, and can only be so developed if the area of individual thought and will be extended to embrace the affairs of the whole community.

But if the *Prabuddha Bharata* is wrong in the narrow construction it puts on the term politics, so also is it at fault in its use of the term religion. The error here, however, is of a different kind and consists in using the term in two different senses, or at least in failing to distinguish between two different aspects of religion. Religion may be regarded as concerning the relation of the individual human soul with the supreme divine soul, or as controlling the relations of man with his fellow-men. Religion under the first aspect may help to mould the character of religion under the second, but it can touch communal life only through the second. When, therefore, such a question as that of nationality arises, it is the religion that controls the relations of man with man that is to be considered. But this is not the religion contemplated by these advocates of nationality founded on religion when they tell us that the most fundamental task in the practice of religion is

to detach the mind from all domestic relations and sense-enjoyments (20.163) ; when they extol asceticism, and say that renunciation is essential to spiritual realisation (20.225) ; that religion transcends intellect, and that a religion within the limits of intellect and sentiment is no religion at all (20.222) ; that the same moral rules cannot be preached to *sadhus* and to householders (19.221) ; and that the highest *advaitism* cannot be brought down to practical life (20.181). Clearly nationalism cannot be founded on religion as thus conceived. It is a religion for the few, not for the many. A nation must consist of householders, not of *sadhus* : a nation of hermits is a contradiction in terms.

The unity of all religions is a point much insisted on by these writers (19.226, 227), and is one that I am not disposed to dispute. Indeed, I had an illustration of it many years ago, when it chanced that three persons of entirely different ways of thought—one an enthusiastic Roman Catholic, another a Vedantist, and the third an extreme devotee of what is known as the Low Church in England—all three, at almost the same time, impressed upon me that his or her particular form of belief was the one thing that made life endurable. No doubt this suggests that there is an intangible something behind all religions which is the saving spirit of them all. But how can nationality be founded on what is common to all ? The effect would be to make the whole world one, and nationality, as we know it, would go out altogether.

That might indeed be a high ideal. Nationality is a thing capable of abuse, and may be unduly stimulated, but that is not the question here : the theme is nation-building ; national organisation is said to be an internal necessity of India's historical evolution (20.186) ; and religion is to weld India into a nation (20.18). The relation

of nationality to humanity might perhaps be likened to that of the body to the soul—not essential, but requisite for present purposes. But it is agreed that India must become a nation, and the question is, on what is her nationality to be founded ?

Now, when the *Prabuddha Bhārata* says that nationality must be founded on religion, it is evident that by religion is meant something else beyond that element which is common to, and the core of, all religions. For, otherwise, no nationality results. And, indeed, much as politics are condemned, it is not denied that they must have some place allotted to them in the spiritual scheme of collective life (21-25), for organisation on a national scale is necessary for the solution of problem of sanitation, of food, and of education (20-129). But politics are to be only a subordinate concern subservient to the interest of the collective spiritual pursuit (20-25), and permitting only the production and distribution of so much wealth in the country as would provide that easy, plain living which best suits the supreme collective purposes (20-128).

In thus expressing themselves these writers fail to perceive that, in relation to nationality the two things, religion and politics, meet together and become in effect one. The difference between them is that in the case of religion a more concrete divine sanction is appealed to, while in the case of politics what is really the same sanction is rather assumed than formally expressed. But the mischievous result of the attitude taken is that politics, instead of being cheerfully welcomed as a part of religion, is grudgingly admitted as a thing evil in itself though unfortunately necessary. Politics, it is admitted, has its subordinate function, but its connection with religion is not recognised. And then we are told absolutely that religion is not only the great redeemer of all mankind

from *avidya* and its endless miseries, but specially in India it is also the great nation-builder, and these two aspects of religion, the writers say, they seek to present before their countrymen (20 18). But politics being excluded, there are not two aspects of religion, but only one aspect. And religion under that aspect, if indeed it can redeem all mankind certainly cannot build a nation.

For suppose that a man without depending on intellect or sentiment (21 68) reflects until he realises that nothing exist but God the sum total of all souls "in Whom there is neither past life nor future birth, nor going nor coming in Whom we always have been and always will be one" (20 190) that he thus perceives the ultimate vanity of all worldly desires (20 126) and succeeds in detaching his mind from all domestic relations and sense-enjoyments (20 163) the result may indeed make him feel perfectly amiable towards all other men but how can it lead to any such concrete acts as the irrigation of a desert, or the draining of a malarious marsh or the building of a road from the mountains to the sea?

The answer no doubt, will be that politics are to be brought in, in a subordinate relationship, to effect all such necessary works. But this only leads back to the original issue, the proper conception of politics. Are politics to be a mechanical contrivance kept within bounds by religion, or are they to be themselves imbued with religion? In other words, is spirituality to be *in* our work or outside it?

Spirituality is a term of high association both in the East and the West, while worldliness is usually a term of evil association. But both terms are liable to misuse, and it would be no offence to language to speak of a spiritual worldliness. Let us not be too quick to condemn the world. After all, we have been placed in it by what

we conceive to be a beneficent power, and we know that the world is what it is, partly through our material, but still more through our spiritual energy. It is a commonplace with Indian writers to speak of India as a country of spiritual ideals and of the Western countries as having materialistic ideals; and some English writers seem to acquiesce in this opinion. I have never myself been able to see the truth of it either in life or in literature. There may be some confusion between the terms, spiritual and religious. Religion has an artificial and mechanical side which spirituality has not, and this may be more in evidence in India than in the West. Asceticism too is more in vogue there. And the Indian mind is more disposed to the study of the philosophy of religion. With its passion for classification it defines different methods by which the human soul may find union with God. But though there is no such elaborate theology in the West, I question if there is any Hindu *Yoga* of which we have not actual experience. It was a very young Englishman, and one whom we class among the more sensuous poets, who wrote :

“ Then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.”

And it was an active worker in the world, and moreover, a politician, who wrote of

“ Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.”

And though we make no pretence to know exactly what is meant by *jnāna*, yet it is a Western poet who has asked

“ O daisy mine, what will it be to look
From God's side even of such a simple thing ?”

Strange, surely, that a materialistic people should ask in one month for three impressions of the poems of this author! But it would be an endless task to collect specimens of spiritual thought in the writings of the West. I would say in a word that there is spirituality in all good work, but it is the habit of the Western mind to let it work its own way rather than dilate upon it.

So when it is asserted that nationalism must be founded on religion and not on politics, the great fact is overlooked that the silent essence of religion already is, or ought to be, in the politics, and that it is not their rejection but their purification that is necessary.

Let us turn now to see, (1) the frame-work of the nationality which it is proposed to found in India on the basis of religion, and (2) the means by which through this nationality the rest of the world is to be one day saved (21.26). Government is but a small part of any scheme of collective life, but it is the only part as to which any description of what is intended is given. And first, it is to be observed that the existing British Government is by no means to be rejected. 'On the contrary, it is regarded as of great advantage that a political nation from the West, which pursues a strict policy of non-interference with respect to social and religious matters, has been brought over to look after India's political needs and interests (19.228). But in constant touch with this government there is to be an executive body, acting for the representatives of all the ends and spheres (other than religious) of the national life. And, over all, there is to be a central spiritual constitution, which has "naturally to be monastic in character." Men from this institution are to point out at every step how religion is to regulate and provide for the pursuit of every other end of the national life (20.205).

Thus we are to have (1) this central institution, a sort of college of monks, (2) the British Government, (3) an executive body in constant touch with this government on one side and the people of all communities and faiths on the other. Nothing is said as to how the college, or the executive body, or indeed the representatives of the secular ends of life, are to be created, elected or appointed; except that, with saving liberality, it is allowed that the central institution may draw its recruits from all creeds and faiths. But granting the best of intentions to the college, the government and the executive body, the picture is too suggestive of a cart set on three wheels all fixed at slightly different angles.

Other elements of collective life are but vaguely dealt with. Education is to be imbued with the national ideal and is not to be narrowly denominational. Poverty and insanitation are to be met by bringing organised intelligence and activity into the villages, and this is to be effected apparently by getting the middle classes to return to the villages which they are said to have deserted (20.207). Under these heads it is only the vagueness of the proposals to which exception can be taken—the ideals seem to be sound and elevated. But when we come to the question of grades of society, it might almost be the Maharaja of Darbhanga who is speaking. In the present crisis of disorganisation, we are told, the remedy is to reinstate that scale of social values which embodied itself in past social distinctions, and then to invite the low to emulate the high along the real line of social worthiness (20.206). This is pitiful. It is indeed a sad descent from the level of thought usual in these pages, and is due probably to the theory—as imaginary as Rousseau's social contract—that a scheme of collective life for all time was deliberately devised in the earliest ages, and that the whole stream of

events in Indian history has a deep spiritual main current developed at that time and maintained to the present moment, and that the type of nationalism now advocated has actually been anticipated throughout the course of Indian history (20.83, 186, 187). Naturally, if this be so, the *varnāśrama* must remain. That system, however, is but an incident in the long stream of events, and the deliberate scheme of collective life is attributed to the earliest Vedic ages and the very dawn of human life on earth (20.82). This seems rather like saying that the coral insect has from the beginning fixed on the shape the island is to take when it eventually rises above the surface of the water.

Next comes the question how, by means of this nationality founded on religion, first India and then the whole world is to be saved (21.26) and Europe be led back to reaccept Christ (19.224). The whole proposition may sound rather startling, and the ordinary Western mind may be inclined to receive it with scorn and ridicule. I submit, however, that it would be wrong to do so. That it is beyond all human foresight to predict precisely how the transformation is to come about, these writers themselves admit. And as a step towards it, they say, Europe will have to pass through a political death (19.224). This, indeed, follows from the view taken that political power is the vitality of a country like England and that if a nation attempts to throw off its natural vitality, it dies (21.15). But as the whole argument is based upon the original misconception of politics, we may perhaps disregard it. It must, however, be observed that the contemplated picture places India in a very dangerous light. All other nations are to die politically and follow in her train as a spiritual leader. Nor is it only spiritually that she is to lead them; for her own nationality is strongly

insisted on throughout—indeed, “ Religion as the Nation-builder ” is the title of four long articles among those we have been considering. So the result is that it is emphatically as a nation that India is to lead all the other nations of the world. Now this conception too much resembles the German ideal of a super-nation or the Jewish ideal of a chosen people—both of them ideals which turn all reality upside down. Farewell to India’s spirituality if she ever dream that she has attained this ideal !

But leaving aside all this presumption founded on a misconception of the function of politics in collective life, are not these writers on firmer ground when they claim that India will lead Europe back to Christ ? It will not at least be denied that Europe has gone a considerable distance away from the teaching of Christ. The points of view of the East and of the West in this matter are very different. The Churches of the West build themselves largely upon the death of Christ, while Indians regard only His life. Then, in the West, the conception is largely affected by historical association with a particular race and its customs, prejudices and expectations, while in the East the life is accepted in its simple purity as a thing complete in itself and quite independent of the accident of death. The Western standpoint gives occasion for much artificiality which is hardly intelligible to the Eastern mind. This may, perhaps, be roughly illustrated thus : if we imagine Christ walking into the Belur *matha* and meeting Ramkrishna face to face, the picture causes us no shock—our only impression would be that of Ramkrishna’s joy at the meeting ; but if we imagine Christ walking into a Western cathedral and meeting a bishop in his cope and mitre, we experience a decided shock and the bishop’s equipment seems sadly out of place.

But even allowing that the Indian conception of Christ accords better than the Western with the actual practice of Christ, it is still difficult to see by what process India is to lead Europe back to the better way. According to the *Prabuddha Bhārata* it is Ramkrishna's life that is to effect this. But there is a curious gap in the argument. This life is put forward as the most concrete symbol of the real unity underlying the diversities of creed which seem to divide India into separate communities (20.166), and it is fully explained how Ramkrishna may be regarded both as a Muhammadan *pir* and as a Christian (19.226, 7). So far well, as far as India is concerned. And happily, there are in these days many signs that both the Muhammadan and the Christian communities of India are developing a new sense of Indian nationality. But how is the rest of the world to come in? We are only given such vague indications as that India is to do collectively for the whole world what Ramkrishna has done individually (20.68), and that the wonderful alchemy of his life furnishes a balm that shall soothe the festering wounds of modern humanity (21.63). Yes, but we may well ask, How? For this prescription is accompanied by much glorification of nationalism, and it is even said that the salvation of India is through nationalism (20.68). That may be very well for India, but we are left to wonder how those nations are to be saved which have adopted the unrighteous cult of political nationalism (19.235). Not, of course, by that nationalism; and even when politically dead (21.15) it does not appear how Ramkrishna's life is to furnish them with a new nationalism. If it could, it would be an *n* nationalism, and all the countries of the West would become mere provinces of India. This again gets near the German ideal, and need not be taken

Another matter in which these writers seem to be open to criticism, is their undue fear of what is of foreign origin. This is an old weakness of the *Prabuddha Bhārata*. Four years ago it said: "The Hindu in us can never accept foreign ideals in culture and civilization. We are the descendants of the *Rishis* of old" (17.152). Again, it asks: "Are we to fall at the feet of an alien culture, simply because for the moment it is physically triumphant?" (18.182). And again on the same page it asserts "Imitation is death; originality alone is life." Even Vivekananda himself, if he is correctly reported, was not entirely free from this prejudice when he said, "Everything that comes from India take as true, until you find cogent reasons for disbelieving it. Everything that comes from Europe take as false, until you find cogent reasons for believing it." This is certainly not like Vivekananda's usual independent tone, but the passage is not from his published works but was orally addressed to persons whom he regarded as slaves who followed whatever Europeans did and he went on to add "To be shocked by a new custom is the father of all superstition, the first road to hell." (20.221). No doubt there has at times been a disposition to adopt European practices too freely, but this should not lead independent minds to lean too exclusively on the past of their own particular country. The whole of the past belongs to all, and those who fear that they may let go their past should remember that, as Bergson says, we use the past unconsciously, and though we may *think* on only a small part of it, we *act* on the whole of it. So even in accepting what is new we are acting on what is old, and there is no occasion for a special effort to call up what is old and to disregard what is new. When it is said that the educated men in India made a fundamental mistake when they took over charge of national

organisation not directly from their past history, but from the modern age (20.186), it seems to be overlooked that history, old and new, is continuous ; and no reason is given why modern times should be excluded from review.

The blighting effect of these restricted views is apparent in the attitude of the *Prabuddha Bhārata* towards social service. In eloquent language, breathing a spirit of lofty concern, all efforts in this direction, unless of a particular character, are quietly repressed. To do good to society in India, we are told, is not exactly the same thing as to do good to society in the West (20.115) ; we cannot succeed in love or service unless we find that love or service really accepted (116) ; the relation of mutual trust can only subsist where there is deep mutual intimacy, and a society can be really served only on the lines on which it was initially organised (117). All these statements, with the exception of the last one, may be true or nearly true in themselves, but the intention is clearly to narrow down all social service to what may be called a *varnāśrama* basis, and we are again thrown back on that imaginary scheme of collective life which the earliest ages are supposed to have had in view. A much sounder conception of what is necessary was expressed some years ago in another Indian publication, the *Dawn* magazine, which said : " We should value more a change in the direction of an attempt at deeper analysis and understanding of all Indian problems in the light of ideals, indigenous as well as exotic, both of which (and not either exclusively) must have obviously their sway in the fashioning of the future of India."

After all, just as we expect to find extravagant ardour in a new convert, so it may be the very novelty of the use of nationalism that has led these writers in the *Prabuddha Bhārata* to extreme admiration of Indian origins

and to unreasonable fear of foreign elements. At the same time, there is a special reason why India should be distrustful of her past. There are few questions affecting human society which are not open to argument—something can usually be urged in support of even the worst causes. Still there are a few questions which are really past all reasonable argument, and two of these at once spring to mind upon the mention of the two words “untouchable” and “infanticide.” The first of these questions is well before the public at the present time and needs no discussion here. As to the second, I do not for a moment aver that infanticide is a common crime in India, but the word with its associations serves, as no other single word can, to bring to mind that preference for male over female offspring which is still a strong sentiment in India. As providence has not endowed parents with the faculty of the choice of sex, it ought ordinarily to be a matter of equal joy whether a son or a daughter is born to them. We know that that is very far from being the case in India. And that fact, as well as the existence of human beings regarded as untouchable, point unerringly to great faults in the constitution of Indian society. Therefore, I say, India should be somewhat distrustful of her past and the more ready to examine her institutions in the light of the experience of other countries.

And, indeed, most of the educated men of India seem to be heartily of this opinion and at issue with the writers whose views I have been considering. But these writers, though a minority, are certainly a force to be reckoned with, for they are able and thoughtful as well as undoubtedly sincere and firm in their convictions. The contest still goes on : in the last number of the *Prabuddha Bharata* received it is stated : “Sure as fate, the inscrutable

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processes of the time-spirit will reject, to-day or to-morrow, every offering that we make, in word, deed or feeling, to our country unless it bears on itself the seal of our nationalism." (21.90). And by a curious coincidence, on the same page, in the next column, just opposite to this passage, there is printed a letter from Vivekananda himself, striking quite a different note and saying, "The Mother is watering the plant of future India with the best blood of England."

G. C. WHITWORTH.

Thorenc, France, July, 1916.

STUDENT LIFE IN AN INDIAN CITY.

IT is a common talk we hear that a student's life is the best portion of a man's life. We hear it from old men, from experienced men. Coming from such, it has more than the usual weight; it commands greater respect. It sets men a-thinking. Young men hear it, and strangely muse whether their past should prove their best. Students hear it, and they wish it would prove true.

For, to them, there is something strangely lacking in it while yet they are in the midst of it. Perchance, a few years hence, while themselves older, they will come to realise the truth. The hard facts of life may prove too much to the latest 'gentleman' from the university. But, while yet the 'gentleman,' he feels all does not go well with him.

Certainly, all does not go well with him in India, whatever may be the case elsewhere. We very often hear of the pleasures and privileges of an Oxford undergraduate; to us, he always remains a denizen of dreamland. For student life to most of us means residence in strange places with strange men, but without the attraction associated with strangeness. Far away from home, we go to the centre of learning. But so did they in the ancient days. To the Rishis of ancient India, to the philosophers of ancient Greece, to Benares and to Athens, students went flocking, eager to learn and intent on knowing. But what a contrast between the ancient and the modern! The contrast is historically explainable. Nevertheless, there it remains.

For the student comes fresh to the city at the beginning of the term. He comes there with the aid of some senior students—those of his own place, possibly. But senior or junior, at the beginning of every term the same difficulty has to be faced—proper lodging. The colleges have hostels, indeed; but they are insuffi-

cient, only a proportionately small number can find accommodation there. And missing a place here, there is nowhere else to go to. Resort has to be had to some room in a private lodging. Hardly is there any choice left to the young student, rarely does he find a room that suits him in every way and makes him comfortable. But comfort is not what the young man, pressed by the necessity of some shelter, is in search of. 'Anything will do; there can be no helping it'—is on the lips of everyone.

At last he settles himself somewhere. And he enters himself in a messing house. Both alike are unsatisfactory to him. The room is uncomfortable. The food is unwholesome. But the best has to be made of the situation. He plods on, finding consolation in the prospect of his having to change some 2½ months hence, when begin his holidays. But his grievances—so long as they last, are real. The room is not in the best part of the city, the surroundings of his house are no better. The very atmosphere is repulsive to him, he feels sickened by it. The insanitary conditions make things worse. The house he is living in, and its surroundings are all he dreads. He breathes vitiated atmosphere. And added to all this is his unsatisfactory food. The position is rendered more or less intolerable. And yet, the pity of it is that he has to stay on.

This is his position. And remember at the same time how much of an idealist a student is. He has his youthful, buoyant enthusiasm, he is essentially a dreamer. High ideals are instilled into his heart, he wishes to realise the ideal in himself. And what a sad contrast is presented! How cruelly does his enthusiasm break down! How pitifully is he cut down in his dreams—those dreams which if allowed to go on, would perhaps have been, some of them, at any rate, solidified into facts.

Happily, however, he finds a brotherhood in his college. Grouped together with the young men of almost all classes, every one of them of almost equal age, there is a sympathy that binds all together. They have a common task. They have common prejudices. In a way that is nowhere else possible the students begin to feel their oneness. They realise their common duties. They resolve to investigate the various social problems of the city.

* And in this common task they learn various lessons. They learn to sink minor differences in a great cause. They learn to

mutually appreciate others' points of view. Differences of class and creed vanish away. Unity prevails. All the virtues of co-operation are present.

Even more influential in the social life of the student are such institutions as the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.M.I.A. The privileges they afford are very valuable for the young men for whom they are intended. They form a central meeting-place in the city. Groups meet together and have their talk. They serve as the symbol for the unity of all men. They stand for Purity, Righteousness, and Service to our fellows.

As a matter of fact, the key to the proper solution of the student problem is to be found in the increase of such associations based on philanthropy. Associations broad-based on goodwill and service link humanity together. Divergent elements meet each other. There is a little less of selfishness, and a little more of selflessness. For man is essentially a social animal. Nothing so much annoys him as constant solitude. He wishes to have others with him. He wishes that others should share alike of his joys and sorrows. He needs to have an exchange of views. He needs to have someone to love ; he needs, at the same time, to be loved by someone. Solitariness means the absence of all these. It means the banishment of the privileges of manhood and womanhood.

And such as he is, these associations bring out all the good latent in him. The good in man is responsive. There must be something to provoke it. He must have an end in view to do this thing or that. And when high ideals are placed before him, the inclination to do good, to be nearer the ideal, is strong within him. And these associations provide him with facilities for the reaching of the ideal. The student is given neat rooms ; he is given wholesome food. His environments are elevating and ennobling. His thoughts are pure ; his aims are high.

But the student finds a wide gap between his aims and his realizations. The ideal and the real seem to be too far separated. And this is due to the limitations of a student's life. Of these limitations, his economic condition is the most important. For, at the best, whatever may be said as to the intrinsic value of education and its future prospects, at the moment the student is only a draining channel. Others labour for him. Others stint their necessities for his benefit. And

so long as this is the case, the student must feel himself crippled. And added to this general aspect, is the one peculiar to India, where the parents must needs have their sons educated, and must, at the same time, see that as little is spent as possible on their education. Nobody can question the rightness of this view. There is nothing immoral in it. But all the same the student feels the difficulty. At an age of discretion now, he would not trouble his parents any more. But this resolve must necessarily mean a living below the ideal, a living far below the ideal. And it is this difference in viewpoint between the student and the elderly man that gives rise to the varying interpretations of the joys of a student life.

While, then, the economic condition of a student is not unsound, he is not very much better off. This does not mean the student has occasion to grumble or rebel. His attitude can be nothing else but one of gratitude. The difference in point of view is in fact explained by the difference in the standard of ideal. The attitude of the normal parent is explained in that he finds in education the source of a good livelihood. Education—the costly education of these days—is attractive chiefly because of its monetary value. While the attitude of the student is also explained by the fact that, poorly supported, or richly equipped, the same high ideals are his, with the result that the same adaptation to them has to be made. And it is in this adaptation of the real to the theoretical, that the conflict begins.

But when all this is said, there is yet the need for self-control on the part of the student. In an impressionable age, he must not let himself loose. And this shortening of his purse serves as a restraint on his wild fancies. It tends to bar him from several devious courses. It saves him from extravagance. But, like all things human, this good is obtained at a considerable loss of the student's craving for the artistically beautiful and the noble.

Perhaps, and in truth, these are the things that his future must supply him with. They are the cravings that must be yielded to when one begins to earn. And even more, the life of an average Indian student may be rendered a bit happier and healthier if proper conveniences by way of big and adequate hostels are provided for him. And the happiness and the health will be his at the same cost as now. For then there would be a lesser gap

between the ideal and the actual. He will be enabled to rise higher.

Thus the student lives on in the city, lives there primarily for the sake of knowledge. But even his primary aim must not make him oblivious of the fact that health is the all-important thing. Health is a priceless acquisition, indeed. And like all acquisitions it has to be gathered earlier in one's life. The student life is the best portion of a man's life for this development of physical activities. For the student has not that killing care that is the lot of several grown-up men. He has leisure ; it is the best part of his life. Studenthood is the period of training for both body and mind. Emphasis has to be laid, in the India of to-day, on the fact that the training needed is as much for the body as for the mind. And the early years of a man's life are the plastic years, the years when character may be formed, and habits acquired. And of the influence of athletics on these, too much stress cannot be laid. Athletics ensures a sound body. There is a development of all the faculties. It goes to the formation of character. It teaches obedience to authority, co-operation with others, indifference to the result so far as the right game is played ; it helps one on with emulous rivalry, while it fosters a general friendship with all. The sportsman's instinct is one of the finest ; it is admirable. The policy of 'give and take' finds complete expression in him. The athlete is the emblem of healthy manhood. He reveals one of God's purposes. 'A sound mind in a sound body' has been the aim of man for long. It is a noble aim. Health conduces to activity of intellect ; it ensures greater opportunities of doing good to others. Indifference to health is suicidal ; it is a neglect of God's ordainings. It is a waste of God's gifts.

The student lives, gaining knowledge, growing in power and in strength. He sees life. He learns more of men and women. His mind is broadened ; his horizon becomes more extensive. He is not bound in a caste ; he looks out on the higher world. He is less of a conservative now. In humanity lies his interest ; he is himself a part of it, with as much of its responsibilities as of its privileges. And this deepening of his knowledge of life serves to render him amiable to others. He understands the significance of the various relationships of life ; while, because of his broader outlook, he is apt to condemn narrowness of view and

conservation in thought, he at the same time remembers the actual state of his people, their want of enlightenment and their party groove. He realises the effects of these limitations ; and while in no way identifying himself with them, he does not go against the customs and traditions of his society. He is not violent in his reforms. He sees the need for them ; he is constantly working for them ; but he does not alienate himself from his own.

Thus far with the relation of the university student with his society in general ; in his home life he is faced with that discrepancy between the ideal and the real that is so often laid at the doors of an educated Indian. His outward life, his life in the world, is one that is abreast of modern culture, while in his own home he is turned into an almost new man. For he does not find in his home that sympathetic response to his ideals which he wishes. There is a feeling that he is an innovator, a violator of time-honoured beliefs, and long-continued traditions. Obligated to lead this dual life, the young man feels far from happy. But the really educated man, far from harassing himself with these limitations, recognises them, submits to them so far as he may without violating the principles of his conduct, if only that in the end he may be able to draw them all on with him. For the leader is only a relative officer ; he must have somebody to lead.

And it must be remembered also that the young student is in very many cases a young husband also. But his husbandhood does not mean a fatherhood. It is only, more or less, a betrothal. It is only the initiation ceremony that has been gone through. With his wife, too, he has the same cause for discontent. But here he is at greater liberty. He tries to effect some changes. He does not reach to even a satisfactory degree of the ideal ; but an attempt has been made. Question of progress is only a question of time.

And if by his education he acquires breadth of outlook and tolerance of view, he also becomes more critical and more enquiring. He looks beneath the surface ; he goes to the root of the matter. He discerns similarity in facts which apparently are dissimilar ; he finds differences in things which, to all appearances, resemble another. His mind is acute ; it finds out delicate shades of meaning. He distinguishes the essentials from the non-essentials ; he is scrupulous to observe the former, while he is indifferent to the

latter. Supervision has no hold on him ; age-long but outworn customs do not bind him. In his earnestness to reach the ideal he finds these cruxes to be mere hindrances. He is deeply religious because he fully realises the limitations of man. The heavens declare the glory of God. "What is man that thou carest for him ; the son of man that thou visitest him." His religion is based on reason. His critical attitude divests it of all false show and intruding ritual. His religion is based on love of God. Religion is no creed with him ; neither is it a dogma. Rituals are helpful to him only so far as they reveal God. " Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man " is his ideal. The way of religion is the way of service. Mercy and kindness characterise the truly religious. And thus the young student is deeply religious, because he is intelligently so.

To what do these considerations lead us ? How do they affect the main fact with which we started ? The student has his own privileges. He breathes in an atmosphere of high tastes and critical learning ; he grows in a sphere of freedom. His mind is enlarged ; he has opportunities for social service. He has leisure, and the leisure may be turned to the best account. How does the average Indian student take these ? He realises their value. But he also feels his condition is not above improvement. There is the need for more convenient and sanitary accommodation ; there is the need for more wholesome food. And then he needs to have his fresh energies turned in the proper channels. He has to be guided ; he has to be directed. And in so far as we are able to provide him with these, the value of his education will increase. He will be a more thorough student—not a mere student of books, but a student of manners as well as of life. He will be a more useful citizen—living not so much for his own circle as for the greater whole comprised in his country. And he will be a healthier type of man—the type of a new generation, the forerunner of a new India.

S. DURAISWAMI,

Madras.

SCENES FROM MY INDIAN WINDOW.

I. THE WIND IN THE PINE.

THERE it is again! The slightest tremor perceptible of the pine-twigs peeping in at my window. How strange and weird it seems! There is no sound of wind or movement—and yet the pine bough bends! Thus do our secret thoughts take shape, before the cause is even perceptible to human eyes.

Again, and yet again it stirs, and then there is a pause—while all my senses seem compelled to rest alert, expectant.... Then, far in the distant valley below me, wakes the shrill, elusive whistle of the wind.

I place myself at the window and watch its coming, with the pines already bowing and a few stray leaves twirled onward where its passage soon will be. Now, the pine-boughs at my window are in motion, as with one great swelling sweep the spirit of the wind comes by.

I expect a shower of leaves with it, but the well-adapted pine-needles remain firm, while the whole, great, supple bough bends and sways with every changing humour of the Earth's great wandering spirit.

As I cannot see very much, and dust is a part of every gust of wind in India, I shut my window and turn towards my bed.

II. A SUNNY MORNING.

I look out on a bright and sunny morning. Is it the same sun here as in England? Methinks not! This sun is gay and noble; he sheds his beneficent rays everywhere, and compels all Nature to do him homage in her most gorgeous and luxuriant attire. Does England's sun command as handsomely? Does he burn down into the very heart of his little worshipper as does

our Indian sun, into the very bone and blood of his immense subject? Indeed no! For the Indian sun loves India, and all India loves the Sun, not tenderly—as a child will love its mother—but fiercely, passionately, as a lover loves his mistress.

And, Indian-bred, I love this great immense expanse of India. I lose myself in all its splendour, and am blinded with its radiance. Far away over the dividing ocean, a little Island for a moment claims my thoughts, but they soon return, dulled, unsatisfied, crushed, wearied, here where the beauty and the glamour, and the ineffable fullness of an Indian summer morning displays itself in a feast of richness and profusion beneath my window.

Roses, lilies, dahlias, sweet pea, daisies, violets, balsams, pansies, marigolds, sunflowers and a host of others disport themselves uncared for, as in every common garden; while there upon the hillside the scarlet flame of rhododendron lightens the forest's depths!

III. A SHOWER OF RAIN.

The sunshine of the morning fled away before the sudden warning of the thunder, and now on all sides torrents of falling rain drench the hillsides.

I do not hate the rain—to me it comes as a refreshing draught to one who has lingered long in the sunshine. I watch it sweeping down on the hard earth where it is sucked up as if by a huge sponge, and collected by every little furrow in the surface and carried away out of my sight.

I take deep breaths of the air charged with the scent of fresh earth, and feel the cool spray beat in upon my face, while my eyes that were so tired yesterday, seem to have a new sight given them—to see new beauties everywhere and find all God's things bright.*

All Earth is drinking deep of the rain-cup, and I make myself a part of Earth to enjoy the full sweetness of this rain-kissed Summer morning.

IV. A STARRY NIGHT.

I perch myself at my window, and sleep flies far from me. Life has nothing fairer for me than the beauty of its star-filled nights. I do not wonder at its beauties, but I long intensely to be able to understand them. Why can I not realize the immense

distance that allows but the tremor of soft light to come to us from suns greater in radiance than our own Sun-god ?

I wish—how I wish!—there were some contrivance to drag these suns away to their proper distance—the sky I see them in seems all too near !

I suppose astronomers would laugh at this, but I am glad such as they will have no time to spend over the childish thoughts which I dare to write which even as a child I cannot but express.

My window faces the North and I am in view of the beautiful little constellation of the ' Little Bear ' I gaze at Polaris at its head, and hate to think of a time when it will light our Pole no more, and another although perhaps brighter star will usurp the post of our Northern guide. A new Pole Star ! I shudder at the thought, and am glad I shall not be here to witness the change.

And there is Cassiopeia's Comet in the road of the " Milky Way ! " I see both so often yet they never lose their charm. I love the old myths. I love to think of them as true and I often wish myself back in the *sc. past*—which men call Dark!—that I could keep my faith in the simple but beautiful things I love. What can give me back one little glorious thrill of fear, or love, or wonder, or belief such as the ancients felt ?

I suppose I am not yet grown-up— and I fear I never shall be, but (laugh if you will !) *I often say good-night to the star-people !* And I say it again now with faith and hope and a love that I cannot hide, " Good-night ye silent watchers of Earth and Sky ! "

V. AT DAWN OR NIGHT

Two vivid balls of fire glow in the darkness outside my window. I stay motionless to watch them. Somewhere snuggling down among the branches of the pine I know there is a soft, moss-green cradle, newly-possessed of a feathered burden. I have watched the gallant guardians of that cradle since the joyous season of their mating ; watched the birth of their hopes in the erection of the little nest, even helping them by scattering suitable material on my window sill ; watched the stronger one in his occupation of hopping from branch to branch with the tiny muscles of his throat quivering to his wonderful love-song ; watched the weaker one, hour after hour in her more difficult task of building. And when the little eggs were laid, I watched them still, sharing in their hopes and fears and patient waiting. At last the charm worked,

and one summer-sweet morning I was awakened by such a chattering and fluttering and merry chirping, I could have shouted for very joy !

And now !—there in the darkness those balls of fire gleam perilously near. I cannot bear it, and in my fear and excitement, a bit of candle I grab up and throw at the balls, misses its aim and strikes the nest instead. There is a cry a flutter, and one small bundle of feathers drops from the nest to be snatched up immediately by the enemy and carried out of sight, with the poor motherling screaming after it in vain.

My heart cries out in remorse and pity. Oh ! that I had taken steadier aim. Of what use now my sympathy ? Never till now have I realised the helplessness and hopelessness mingled with the compassion we feel for others in their distress. I strive vainly to soothe myself with the smoke of a cigarette and forget the harmless morsel of life so swiftly and easily snatched away.

One small fraction of life is made up of possession, and all the rest seems to be dispossession. Alas ! What is there for the dispossessed but to submit ?

VI. A MOONLIGHT RESOLVE

All the witchery of a perfect moonlight night is wooing me to my window.

The pretty play of dimples of light and shade, the panoramic view I have of near and far hills, of valleys seeking vainly to sink away into invisible depths of repose, of gently nodding pines, of oaks silver-glistening in soft reflections of moonlight, would at any other time have held me enchanted. But to-night I am very tired—so tired, that I know I am going to be very ill.

I have never had a whole day's rest this year filling all my spare time with work of some kind, and now I shall be forced to take a holiday, and take it in bed, away from Nature. This is her punishment to me, for the many hours I have idled away, forgetful of her charms. How my head is aching ! I must lie down, but ere I go I make a solemn resolve. The first blessed day that finds me restored to perfect health shall be paid as a debt to Nature and spent in sole communion with her.

VII. I KEEP MY RESOLVE

▼ A late Autumn breeze stirs outside, and sets free the strong, fragrant odour of the pines. The first few faint glimmerings of

dawn are beginning to penetrate the woods, and give them back to life and sound. From the furthest recesses of the forest, I can hear the "caw" of the noisy rook, while myriads of tiny insects announce by their buzzing that they have already commenced their busy day. The sweet, overpowering scent of the narcissus in the garden attracts the bee and induces him to dive into their dainty yellow cups. Soon also, as the sun rises higher, a few stray butterflies flit to and fro among the flowers. The vain-coloured pinks and carnations are especially favoured by them. On the steep and narrow path there, now and then I spy the early villagers whose work is best done before dawn. Later on I see these very villagers pass back again towards the valley after work is done, although the noon is but just nigh.

The noon brings a kind of stillness to the forest. Even the breeze of the morning is absent now. The rook is more or less silent, but some of the smaller birds keep up a constant chatter, while the bee with his drowsy hum seems to add to the general monotony of sound.....

A few hours pass quietly and peacefully away. Since my illness I have learnt to enjoy this noonday repose—I who till now had found it irksome to retire even at night. Illness always teaches us some truth—it has taught me many. Above all it has forced me, through all my pain, to hearken to the voice of Nature chiding me for my neglect of her, bidding me seek for ever my comfort in her, live for ever enfolded in her gentle arms, drink deep of sweetness from her loving bosom—for the finest, truest poetry, and art, and song, and everything is to be found nestling close at her breast..... Now Nature is calling me into a realm of deeper romance than even poets or artists know. My eyes close—I sink into an easy slumber.....

I open my eyes slowly, lingering over the final departure of sleep, and look out of the window. The flowers are nodding drowsily, the bee has done the work for the day and retired to rest. The smaller birds have long since ceased their chatter, and the rook is flying away home with his mate. Through a clearing in the forest I see the last brilliant rays of the setting sun departing.

The shadows are gathering. Silence is beginning to fall. Everything in Nature is longing for the night with its stars, soft breezes, and quiet peacefulness. Even a day with Nature in the

woods, in the fresh pure air of heaven has wearied. With one great throb of welcome the World calls down the Night.

VIII. A CLUSTER OF AUTUMN LEAVES.

Under my pines, on a velvet carpet of ferns and moss and pine-needles, a cluster of beautiful red-gold leaves lay huddled together in fitful repose. I had watched them at play all day in the scented wood, racing over the hillside pursued by their merry, mischievous playmate, the wind. The leaves at last grew tired of play and fleeing in haste from his fierce caresses took shelter in my little strip of garden. Then the wind blew angrily, and shrieked, and stormed, and a bitter cloud formed on his brow. "Come forth!" he cried to the red-gold leaves, but they only shuddered and hid the more. And from my window, I listened to them, sighing and whispering softly, and as I listened their words came dreamily to me —

"O wind we can never come back to play!
Will you think sometimes of your red-gold friends
When you pass this way where the pine bough bends?"

Then the repentant wind grew still and wept, and his tears fell fast, till I saw them creep where the leaves lay shivering in the shadow, and washing them kindly they hurried out of sight among the moss. Then the red-gold leaves were silent, and when night fell, it found them fast held in their last long sleep.

IX. MY FIRST WINTER AT THE HILLS.

Autumn, with her glowing tints, her endless melodies, her shortening days and starlit nights, Autumn, with her fleecy clouds, her waving cornfields, her drowsy gardens, ripening orchards and thick-stemmed woodlands flushed with the russet hues of the sunset season, throbbing with the power of a boundless creation, is fading away into the twilight shadows of dreary Winter.

Winter comes. At his approach wild gales sweep over the hillsides, blinding all Nature in their furious whirl. The clouds thicken, and one evening a dull hard bitterness creeps suddenly into the air, but still I linger at my window waiting impatiently for I know not what. Soon I am rewarded. A white drift of snow is borne down upon the earth. Driven hither and thither,

the snow flakes alight on my pine-trees or sink quietly in the shadowed hollows of barren flower-beds and wilted plant-borders.

The night creeps unnoticed over the gray, cheerless day. The wind shrieks in chilled gusts through the pine-tops and into the house, arousing unwonted fears in my heart unaccustomed to the rigours of a winter at the hills. I steal away from my window, order a fire and sit crouched up there listening to the sharp crackle of the pine-logs, but with my mind attuned to the tales of old-time witchcraft, marvels, riddles and charms, while the storm outside awakens hovering spirits to cast their intangible spell over me.

With the break of dawn a new land is unveiled, a silent fairy-land, a stillness as of another world. The dull sound of a shivering winter-bird, perched on a pendant pine-bough half-covered with a fleecy load, seems to tell of the hidden life it musses and the life and love deferred, till the time of trial is over.

How desolate, how melancholy this strange scene appears to me, commanding my senses with the simple power and silent thrill of a perfect purgess, and filling my mind with wondering awe. It steals on me like a foreshadow of death. The stillness, silence, colourlessness of the scene leave their impress on me. I shall keep the memory of them for ever. But the lesson I have learnt from them is engraved on my heart and has filled my life from then with the hope once uncertain but now firmly cherished by me, that even as the winter has its re-awakening, even as the withered tree shall once more unfurl its leaves, even as the wandering birds shall come again, even as the air shall again be filled with the clear sweet notes of the ever-returning Spring, even as this dull lifeless Earth shall once more be wooed in a buoyant embrace to life—even so shall another brighter life dawn on our wearied spirits, when the old life has been for ever cast behind, and our bodies shall leap from their tombs in response.

X. THE LAST SCENE.

I stand listlessly at my window gazing for the last time on the little wonderland I have learnt to know and love through the changing seasons of one short year. Spring shall come again to my garden; flowers and bees and butterflies shall wake again to make it beautiful; the returning birds shall wander here again, each in search of a new mate; the nest in my pines shall be filled

once more with new sweet life. But I shall be an exile from this charmed life of the hills, steeped in the unceasing business of a crowded city on the plains. A hated stranger shall enjoy—or perhaps despise—the pleasures of my loved garden, and the view from my accustomed window

Why must I go, sweet Nature ? My life is here, my heart is thine, my home in thee. Canst thou not charm me at thy shrine for ever, only thy slave to be ?

Even as I ask, I know I have no time to listen to her reply. I must go. Alas ! even my farewell must be cut short. I shower kisses from my window upon the empty air, and promise my spirit sometimes to return in secret to this paradise, then I clutch at my heart as I flee away out into the lonely road, on my way to Exile

Punja

GERMAN METHODS.

ONE thing we may take as certain. As soon as our present orgies of extravagance are at an end, we shall be confronted by a period of national poverty. How this can be most effectually met, is a question almost universally answered by the word "education." The industrial efficiency of Germany is undeniable, her educational system is far more thorough than our own. A vital connection between the two facts is assumed and the inference seems clear. The way to increase enormously the industrial output of England is to educate her up to the German standard. *C'est simple comme ça*, as our Allies say.

But educationalists seem to have overlooked one very material condition. There is no doubt something imposing in the smoothness with which the gigantic machinery of German administration functions in every circumstance of national life. Whatever is to be done, there are trained men to do it and a system that assigns to each his task. Organisation of this sort would be impossible unless the practical intelligence of the people were raised by education so high as to enable them to co-operate understandingly in whatever undertaking the State may command, and also unless their co-operation were a matter of course. This second condition is fulfilled by the establishment throughout Germany of a discipline far more stringent than English life has ever admitted. From the very infancy

of a German citizen these two—education and discipline—are so inextricably interwoven that by the time he leaves school, unquestioning submission has become part of his nature. He is no more capable of hesitation in his obedience than a cog in a machine. The amazing laboriousness of German working men is also an important factor in the superiority of industrial output claimed for Germany. The tendency to “slacking,” to “laying it on soft,” to “canny,” which is the canker of British industry, hardly seems to exist among them. It partakes of the nature of insubordination, which is the direct negation of the habit of unquestioning submission in which they have been drilled. More education of a scientific and technical sort, *in conjunction* with general discipline such as prevails in a regiment, would no doubt increase our industrial productivity. But before such discipline could become part of our national existence, the character of the nation must undergo a radical change.

Germany is like a huge reservoir, the water in which is inert and helplessly responsive to the will of the engineer; England like a river full of shifting currents, to be taken account of, humoured, diverted, before its waters can be put to full use. The two nations are embodiments of the autocratic and of the democratic spirit. In the present war they are opposed to one another as champions of the principles they represent. Diplomacy, alliances, commercial interests have for generations stood between the combatants. They are at last stripped and in the ring. At first England suffered through the same fault of character that made Othello fall an easy victim to the arts of Iago: we “thought men honest that but seemed to be so.” Devoutly convinced of the permanence of peace, we found ourselves confronted by a nation that had for forty years been maturing its preparation for the war it at length

sprang upon us. To our treacherous enemy success may probably have seemed a foregone conclusion. But the spirit of Democracy has been triumphantly vindicated. Five million volunteers were the contribution to the conduct of the war against Cæsarism offered by a free people. The huge mass hurled against us only called out the elasticity of what it was meant to crush. The iron cage of discipline in which Germany is confined is as strong as ever, but the people it imprisons are perishing. Democracy under every disadvantage has proved itself to be the conquering cause.

That it has practical shortcomings has been made abundantly manifest to us during the present war. The guns of autocracy are always loaded, a submissive people can be kept permanently in such a state of organisation as to step off together at the word of command like a platoon. The motto "Ready, aye Ready" imposes an irksome duty upon every member of a State, but the standing threat which it embodies no doubt facilitates progress by declaring opposition to be dangerous. That Germany enjoys a tension of scientific and technical education under which child suicide is too common to excite remark, and a discipline so pervasive as to infect the domestic life of her whole people with the brutality of a barrack-yard, is almost incredible. But her submission is bovine; a German officer, whip-armed and urging his men to advance with lashes, is typical of the entire system under which Germany has obtained a factitious pre-eminence in the world of industry, and a reputation for instant readiness to undertake aggressive war which has made her for generations the bug-bear of Europe.

It is conceivable that after the present war, a position somewhat analogous to that hitherto claimed for Germany may be within the reach of England. Some sort of univer-

sal military training may make us more formidable, more an object of dread, to our neighbours than we were while a small professional army represented the whole power of which our democratic Government could dispose. Compulsory education, coupled with a disciplinary system comprehensive enough to *enforce* industrial effort in all occupations, would doubtless increase our national output of marketable products and relieve our poverty by enabling us to defy competition in those foreign markets from which Germany was beginning to oust us when war broke out.

There are some, mostly, I suspect, belonging to classes that have not suffered diminution of their personal *bien être* from the war, to whom the spectacle of a nation recovering from the strain of the greatest struggle that ever convulsed humanity, and turning its energies *at once* to the task of building higher than before the edifice of its national greatness, may have something inspiring and admirable. So, in Horace's magnificent lines, we see the Roman Republic

*Per damna, per cades, ab ipso,
Ducit opes animumque ferro :*

an ibex hacked and hewed by the axe, drawing strength and courage from the very steel that gashed it. We may adopt the methods from which we suffered and the next generation may see an England, fortified by conscription and intellectualized by scientific education enforced *à la mode de Berlin*, occupying among the nations of Europe a position higher than that to which Germany herself ever openly aspired. The only thing that stands between us and the realization of this ambition, when we shall have learned how to utilize our resources by the adoption of German methods, seems to be the national prejudice in favour of a democratic form of government.

This, however, will probably gradually disappear under the influence of the wealthy classes which will naturally assume a greater importance than they possessed before the war.

That is the danger with which England is threatened. In the midst of a prosperous and tolerably independent population of workers, the money of the wealthy gives little more than the power of extended self-indulgence. Dives fares sumptuously every day and Lazarus is none the worse for an occasional truffle among his crumbs. But if Lazarus is a typical representative of the population among whom Dives lives, nothing is more certain than that Dives will be a man of influence as well as a man of pleasure. That a nation should borrow in thousands of millions without feeling the burthen of her indebtedness is unimaginable. That the weight of this load should ultimately settle upon the shoulders of the poor is practically certain. The poor after the war will be poorer than they were. There will, on the other hand, be more rich. The war has been a mine of wealth to a multitude of "profiteers" who will range themselves under the flag of what is known as "the aristocracy," but which is in fact already little more than a Plutocracy in disguise. Realized money is essentially anti-Democratic. Political power will pass from the people to the landowners standing as they do at the head of a mass of their feudal dependents, the farming class, and their social dependents, who comprise almost every wealthy man in England. If we want to see to what a depth of selfishness a class can descend if it possesses the power of legislating in its own interest, all we have to do is to look at the condition of the agricultural poor in England during the 50 years which followed the triumphant close of our national struggle with another Kaiser. It is only a hundred years ago.

To be taught by an enemy may be wise, but to be warned by an enemy is wiser. Before England allows herself to be Germanized in the matters of education and universal military service, we should gravely consider what effect the contemplated changes are likely to exercise upon our national character. Free will, the "go as you please" habit, with *no* interference on the part of authority, has hitherto been the British ideal. We get on with less governing than any other nation under the sun. Officialism is detestable to us. The secret of our success as colonists is that in every new colony there is a root-taking period during which private enterprise is left to itself. We are a nation of volunteers. Independence, individual initiative, freedom to make fools of ourselves if we please, these are the ideals at the bottom of the character that has made England what she is.

The strength of Germany is in the subservience of the German people. She is "responsive to the hand" of her rulers like a machine. She can obey them but she cannot help them. A German army goes where it is bid, but no further. Wellington said that when he made a mistake, soldiers always pulled him through. Discipline with us overlays personal initiative, but as soon as it fails, self-reliance takes its place. To introduce the methods of a Prussian barrack-yard into English docks or collieries would be to substitute machinery for intelligence; to *compel* England to submit to conscription and scientific education would be to teach a hunter the paces of the *manège*. The present war has shewn us that England is sufficient for any emergency she may be called on to meet. The slight hitches that had to be got over before her strength could be fully exerted, can be provided against by methods of national origin. To Germanize our institutions in any respect would be to admit our inferiority in "Kultur."

to justify future reference to Germany as professor to Europe in the arts of civilized government. Conquered Greece was said to have led captive her Roman conqueror. May it not be so with us? Our victory will be of little avail if it is not also a complete and unqualified victory of the Democratic principle, the spirit of freedom over the slavish submission that makes horde-invasions possible. If England is left to develop along her natural lines, she will evolve whatever her needs require without having recourse to scientific systems which can only be successful with populations too submissive to offer any resistance to tyranny. If higher education is essential to her commercial success, such education will be demanded by the people and gradually introduced by a government that represents them without a solemn declaration that our educational methods have been up to now *inefficient* and *inept*. A certain respect is due from us to our forefathers.

What England stands most in need of now is *rest*, not reform, and above all not reform on German lines. The British plutocrat has not, as a rule, the swaggering offensiveness of the German "Junker," but the effect of being governed by a plutocracy would be even more fatal to the character of a country than the rule of an autocrat supported by a warlike caste. National self-respect would disappear and the higher qualities which have raised England to her present place among the nations would be reduced to a common denomination of £ s d. To educate and discipline England on the German model would be to cut her loose from the traditions of a splendid past and leave her to find her place among other nations competing for wealth and the power that procures it. The German character is far better adapted for a scramble for wealth than the English. We would either have to make

it our own^{or} or else to fall behind in the race for a success which it is below the dignity of this great country to contend for.

England

D C P I D D E R.

WITHIN THE SANCTUARY *

Of t have I waited by a temple door,
Carved with fantastic shapes of gods and kings,
And wondered at the dim strange sacred things
Wrought by the pious hands that worked of yore.
I stood without, while white-clad pilgrims stole
Into the darkness—whither, none could tell.
I listened to the sound of conch and bell,
And saw the incense rising like a soul,
That striving through a thousand births is free
And feels again the heaven's bright ascent:
I stood perplexed, for yet the magic sign
Remained unknown, but now the Veil is rent,
The threshold past—I stand within and see
The transcending glory of the Inmost Shrine

Lahore

M RASHID

* Thoughts inspired on reading Prof Bains' stories

STRAY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP TO INDIA.

(Continued from our last number.)

KATHIAWAR.

OF all my rambles in the Western presidency, I have kept a special souvenir of my trip to the old province of Kathiawar. Everywhere we received a hearty welcome, thanks to the letters of the Bombay Government to the British officials ; thanks also to my kind host, who introduced us to his native friends ;* so once more, through him, we were able to see much of the true Indian life, as the honoured guests of respectable families, living under the control of their elders. If I may venture an opinion, it seemed to me that, in spite of the drawbacks of old customs, the system of joint family still suits the mode of life of Indians, and in a certain way realizes their ideals of comfort and ease, better than our modern social laws, chiefly based on the most selfish individualism, doing away with the grand idea of collectivity such as was practised by the Roman citizens or the primitive Christian communities. But just as in the case of my Surti friends, I will not raise the Indian veil ; I will content myself with whispering in the ear of my gentle readers that we thoroughly enjoyed the view of many charming *tableaux d'interieur*, when admitted into certain homes ; there we were greeted by the ladies

* Thanks also to Mr. T. J. Bennett's letters to some of his personal friends of agency and the *darbaris* of the native courts.

of the family, from the little bride to the grandam, the young so sweet and bashful, the old dignified and retaining, in spite of their years, their delightful native shyness so characteristic of Indian womanhood. I assure you, it was worth seeing. Believe me, dear souls, your European guests, sometimes for a day only, will never forget you!

The long-looked-for visit to the Jain temples of Girnar and Satrunjaya* had induced us to arrange an excursion very early during our stay there, so many are the associations, either historical or religious, connected with the small peninsula! Is it not linked to the legend of Krishna? Has not Buddhism left, at the foot of one of the Girnar peaks, an everlasting testimony of its influence in the shape of the Asoka stone and the caves wherein our modern generations can see the *modus vivendi* of the ancient monks? And how many pilgrims coming from far and near lie towards the Jain temples, perched on the majestic hills, in search of the last footprints of their great Jina Nemi? If we add to these other sources of interest, such as the souvenirs of the flourishing civilization of the Rajput clans, the inroads of the Mohammedan invaders, and the Kathi outlawry, methinks it is more than sufficient to arouse the curiosity of even an ordinary traveller. And we were terribly in earnest!

Long ago the reading of the enthusiastic pages of Colonel Tod had deeply interested us. On the eve of leaving India for ever, he had paid a visit to Kathiawar in the hopes of meeting for the last time his "dear Rajputs." In fact he was exploring a *terra incognita*. No Europeans, a few British officials excepted, had ever entered the Girnar temples, and each of his steps was marked by a

* I will speak only of my visit to the Girnar hills. It would be too long to narrate my pilgrimage to Satrunjaya and other places.

splendid discovery. After the temples of Abu and Palitana, he had come across the Girnar hills. As he was the first who contemplated this beautiful scenery and these splendid monuments, no wonder that he left in his narrative *une fraicheur d'impression* which will never fade nor lose its charm. And it was with him, in fact, that we accomplished our longed-for excursion. No better guide could we have had!

We left our hospital with a Surti friend and my servant, by a night train, in a comfortable reserved carriage, bidding adieu to our dear Lady Doctor for a while. We preferred to travel by night; it is cooler, and so safe! Once more, but not for the last time, we crossed the city; the streets, as usual, were quite deserted, except by our old acquaintances, the lazy oxen and goats, moving slowly close to the walls or fast asleep under *otlas*, while the moon, high in the sky, was shedding a silvery light on the front of some white mosque or the spire of a slender minaret, leaving in the shade the dark huge masses of the city.

Early in the morning we reached Ahmedabad. The few days we spent there on our way to Kathiawar and on our return to Surat were assuredly not enough to enjoy fully the glorious architecture of the Sultans of Gujarat. Our kind host had advised us to stay there at least one month and "do the town"; but it was not even to be thought of. Yet we succeeded in seeing some of its many aspects, and though our study of art was superficial, its beauties were deeply felt. The visit to the monuments, alternated by the discharge of social duties and calls to the Shahi-Bagh and native friends, were often followed by long walks in Manek Chok or Mandvi Pol with merchants and artisans. And what unexpected contrasts they presented! On one occasion after a melancholy drive to the Kankariya Lake at nightfall, scarcely had we time

to dress for a brilliant Parsi marriage-ceremony, graced by the presence of the highest officials (Sir A. MacDonnell was among the guests); the lights, the flowers and the music vividly recalled to us the dreary loneliness of one of the loveliest places in the world, according to a charming Italian traveller of the seventeenth century.

And, in fact, when speaking of Ahmedabad, the superlative slips unconsciously from the pen; one has almost to beg pardon for using it so often. But are not the Bhadar and the Juma Musjid among "the largest" in India? Is not the town itself qualified "the handsomest" in the Levant? And with good reasons, assuredly. Alas, for the Mahratta inroads! Ahmedabad has never recovered from their disastrous raids.

As we could not reach Junagadh at once, and had to cross the peninsula from the Jhalawad Prant to the granitic Saurashtra, we resolved to do it leisurely. From Ahmedabad to Wadhwan the sad results of the last famine were only too visible all around. Some miserable lean cattle were straggling on the fallow plain or sniffing at the bare yellow soil. Since the date of the first famine of which the Kathiawaris have kept a record, how many have broken loose on the country? And how many more could be averted if, in the future, a careful administration applies the two great remedies: irrigation and an abundant famine fund?

At Wadhwan, the ruler was touring at the time. The first glance at a small Native State which has scarcely the area of a French *arrondissement* proved of real interest. My daughter was taken to the Girassia College while I was making a pilgrimage to the *palyo* of Ranik Devdi. I had read about the misfortunes of the brave Rajput queen of Girnar in Forbes' *Ras Mala*, and long since I was in love with her, without thinking that

one day I would be able to pay a visit to the place where she ascended the funeral pyre. I only regretted that no bard could recite on the very spot some of the *duhas* which still commemorate the fate of the potter's foundling.

Then, onwards to Rajkot, where we broke our journey. We had good reasons for doing so. We had been invited by the Zoroastrian community to the consecration of a newly-built Tower of Silence, an important ceremony. The Tower was badly wanted. The small settlement who arrived in the camp with the British Agency had been obliged, up to the year 1901, to use an ordinary cemetery. As we had been prevented from being present on the appointed day, was it not right to offer our thanks to the Parsi *Anjuman* for their kindness towards two lady-travellers so interested in their religion and customs? We arrived very late at night, the train having been delayed on account of an accident to the engine. It was very cold, and the fog was so thick that we could scarcely distinguish on the platform a group of gentlemen, the members of the Parsi *Anjuman*, who had come to take us to the travellers' quarters as their guests. The Political Agent and Mrs. K. had also sent friends to meet us, but having already accepted the invitation of our Parsi friends, we committed ourselves to their good care and took possession of our lodgings in the Camp.

I am sorry to say that the night and the following day were for me very trying, and I bitterly regretted having left our comfortable hospital and dear Rukhmabai. My daughter, a melancholy convalescent, felt very ill; her fever had returned, and I was quite disappointed, though I was perfectly sure that, with the kind assistance of Col. and Mrs. K. and of my Parsi friends, no harm whatever could happen to my dear girl. On the second day, a bright and comforting sun drove away the "blue devils."

of a lonely lady lost in that distant Indian province, and a drive in company with our Parsi friends completed the recovery. The visit to Rajkot was very hurried. The city looks exceedingly picturesque as seen from the river Aji and the Kaisar-i-Hind bridge. The Camp, a charming place adorned with beautiful flowers and shady trees, is the largest in the Kathiawar Agency. As regards *Parsivad*, i.e., the ward inhabited by the Zoroastrians, we spent many happy hours there, talking about the affairs of the community and the principal events that have taken place since then coming. Thence we went to the New Tower consecrated during the Xmas holidays. No corpse had yet been deposited therein. The monuments erected in the ancient cemetery on the grave of some Dasturs and priests, struck us as being as much like the small *sagris* of the old type. The Parsis are not numerous in Kathiawar, though it was at Diu that they first landed, as it is recorded in the *Kissah-i-Sanjan*.

"When the ships arrived in India they unhesitatingly anchored at Diu. They landed and took an abode there."

But after 19 years, the refugees seem to have experienced trouble, and omens having been consulted, they sailed for Gujarat. The peninsula being thus associated with the primitive history of the exodus of the Parsis from Persia, my daughter, before leaving Europe, had inscribed on her programme a visit to Diu. In fact it was arranged that, if she felt stronger and fit for a rough drive in bullock-cart or *longa*, we should go to the Portuguese port. But this project was soon abandoned; it would have been risky, and we had to obey the Doctor's order. The capital of the Rajkot Agency has been so often described that I will dwell only on our visit to the Rajkumar College, one of the most powerful means of civilizing the province. The British Government, as

far back as 1842, had very justly considered that the ignorance of the Chiefs was the main obstacle to their moral advancement and prevented them from co-operating with the British officers in the satisfactory working of the new system of administration. At that time very few of the Rajput, Kathi and Mohammedan rulers could write and attend to State affairs. The *Karbharis* were no better educated. But gradually the Chiefs recognised that it was in their own interest to provide for the education of their children. As it was out of the question to send them to public schools or universities, it became necessary to establish private institutions where they could receive a complete course of higher education. Hence in 1870 the creation of the Rajkumar College for *patvi kumars* and *bayads*. We cannot too highly admire the feelings which urged a man of MacNaghten's stamp to leave his European surroundings and prospects to devote his life to the education of young Indian princes, and the courage of his noble consort who shared all his labours. Their names should be always associated with Walker's, Anderson's, Willoughby's and other pioneers of civilization in Kathiawar, and it was with great reverence that I looked at the white statue of the first Principal erected in front of the College.

I remember as if it were yesterday, and not 15 years ago—the Hall filled with the rays of a glorious afternoon sun, the walls adorned with the portraits of the first pupils of the Institution. The Principal, Mr....., came to meet us there, and courteously took us round the College. The classes were empty, the pupils preparing for out-door exercises, but we could see on the black-boards the chalky traces of the labour of the day. The Principal sent for the young Nawab of . . . , whose brothers we used to see at His training in the College had exerted a wholesome

influence on the young man ; booted, spurred, his stick in hand, he had remarkably good looks and good manners ; since then he has married and is alas ! a widower now. How far it carries us back !

But there was no time to be lost. Mr. invited us to a tea-party in honour of the Nawab of S....., then on a visit to Rajkot, while the young princes were preparing to mount and go to the polo-ground situated behind the buildings of the College.

My recent weeds did not allow me to join the distinguished guests, so that we remained comfortably ensconced in our carriage, under the shade of big trees, from whence we could see the sport. I open our diary :

".....4 o'clock.....Lovely weather, splendid sun. A little fresh breeze, most enjoyable. After waiting scarcely for a few minutes, the young princes came, filing off in excellent order, all of them really charming, looking so well in their saddles ! The older boys were accomplished horsemen ; the younger—some of them mere children—had under their striped turbans serious little *frimousses* lighted by beautiful dark eyes ; they also showed a certain pluck, though strongly shaken by their steeds, belonging to the handsome Kathiawari breed, and yet none of them flinched a bit !

"The signal being given, they all started, and the race began. The Principal was neither the less ardent nor the less successful. Was it polo or tent-pegging ? I really cannot say. I was more struck by the *ensemble* than attentive to the details. I have never felt so far from Europe than under the trees of the Rajkot Camp on this warm February afternoon."

It is at the Rajkumar College that people can best appreciate the success of the methods of the Bombay Government as regards the education given to the princes.

and it is also in the Kathiawar Agency that the results of the administration are most successful. The reason is that the range of observation is more limited, and the people, more homogenous, are submitted to a rule which the paramount power has altered but little. Since the Agency has been at work, the States are better administered, the subjects happier. If we go back as far as the time of the Kathi outlawry and the misrule in the Rajput and Mohammedan States, and above all if we take into account the uselessness of the lazy life of native courts, who can deny that this change is due to the moral influence of the Rajkumar College, which has caused the rulers to build hospitals, schools, libraries, railways, etc. ?

After an hour and a half the princes prepared to file off, and the departure took place in the most admirable order. The Nawab of S. left also. Heavy, bent on his horse, his feet hidden in enormous stirrups, he passed on, followed by a troop of servants, true Mongols of the frontier. As they galloped off, we could not help recalling the history of the ancient invaders and we shuddered involuntarily.

We reached Junagadh by an afternoon train after a short halt at Gondal, where we shook hands with Parsi friends. The son-in-law of the Diwan, Mr. . . . , had come to meet us at the station, and took us to a charming little villa outside the town, facing the Girnar. The Nawab Sahib and the officials had left the day before to attend the marriage ceremony of a neighbouring Chief, the Jam of Navanagar, I think. The *Lal Bagh* is the most comfortable bungalow I have occupied in India, my Bandora suite of rooms excepted. We found there ample accommodation, tidiness everywhere and respectful retainers. I shall never forget the kindness shown to us by the Diwan Sahib Chunilal and his son-in-law, Mr. Dhru. From the terrace the view embraced the splendid range of Girnar. A

luminous haze enveloped the five peaks, giving them a perfect conical form, and at night we could see their dark outlines sharply silhouetted against the starry sky, while their base was lost in the silvery mist arising from the plains.

Hail to the sacred mountain, of yore the residence of the gods, and from times immemorial the goal of eager pilgrims! Anchorites have made their cells in its recesses, and pious laymen have erected temples in its green valleys or on its rocky slopes, while the summits still retain the footprints of the last stages of blessed mortals before entering *Nirvana*. The region is enchanting; the traveller, if of a religious turn of mind and well-read, is enveloped in an atmosphere wherein he gradually loses the notion of time and space.

Besides, there is at Junagadh a sort of *douceur de vivre* which is most remarkable. The people are polite and tolerant. Is it due to the old religious influence of the Buddhist and Jain ages, still felt in spite of the Mahommedan rule and Kathi disturbances? May be.

We arranged to spend three days at Junagadh. Our first visit was to the city. Though built in the plains and in spite of its modern character and its straight streets, its aspect is picturesque. How could it be otherwise? You have only to raise your eyes to perceive commanding Junagadh, the dark battlements of the Uperkot and the rugged Girnar peaks. When Tod, in the beginning of the last century, paid a visit to the place, it was still surrounded by forests so thick that it was only accessible by avenues felled in order to allow the other localities to communicate with the small capital. The population consisted of the same elements as are still to be found there. Brahmans, Mohammedans, Ahirs, Kolis, Rajputs, forming a total of 20,000. As to the Chief, he had limited means.

and his ambition was modest ; his life was spent mostly amid the ruins. The times have greatly changed since. Both the Nawab, His Highness Rasul Khanji, and the heir-apparent were pupils of the Rajkumar College, and were assisted by an able minister and a masterful Vazir, Sheikh Mahomed Bahauddinbhai Hasambhai ; they had developed the splendid system of administration already started by His Highness Bahadur Khanji, the first pupil of the Rajkumar College. I regretted that the Vazir was absent. I had heard much of his clever pacification of the country and his energetic treatment of the desperate highwayman, Jasla, the last of the outlaws of the region ; and I really would have liked much to make his personal acquaintance. He had played a prominent part in the management of the State, being the brother of Laddi Bibi Sahiba, the wife of the Nawab Mohabat Khanji, grandfather of the Nawab of that time.

The buildings of Junagadh are modern. The stone, so plentiful in the Girnar range, has been lavishly and artistically employed ; palaces, mosques, and tombs display the skill of the artisans. The monuments of the old Nawabs and Laddi Bibi Sahiba, designed in the Pathan style, are beautiful specimens of the talent of the native *salaats* (masons) ; the screens of the windows seem to be sculptured wood-panels rather than perforated stone-slabs.

The general aspect of the town denotes ease and comfort. The citadel or *Uperkot* and the walls are encompassed by an area covered with ruins. There you find the remains of old palaces and caves, formerly Jain or Buddhist convents. My daughter was anxious to see on the spot their inner disposition, which she had studied on Burroughs' beautiful maps. But she soon perceived that such an

exploration could not be undertaken without giving much trouble to our kind host, and she refrained from expressing a wish which perhaps also could not have been satisfied on account of the unsafe condition of the caves, partly filled up with earth. Beyond, the plain is spotted with lovely gardens and villas, some of them the Vazir's, and the Sardar Bagh with its Girnar lions gave us a most pleasant idea of rural life in Junagadh.

It was a little before sunset that we paid a long and admiring visit to the famous *Uperkot*. The bards of the Chudasama dynasty date its building to the remote time of Krishna, whose brother married Revati, the daughter of the king of Girnar. According to a local tradition, the discovery of the fort hidden in the thickest part of the forest by an old woodcutter is very much like a European fairy-tale, except that no sleeping beauty was found in the crumbling castle. At present, it is a striking relic of the Saracenic military architecture, of course in bad repair, yet in a better condition assuredly than when Tod was admitted into its precincts. At that time it was totally in ruins and in the hands of a few mercenary soldiers. By degrees it has been partly cleared, thanks to the Junagadh administration, the chief feature of which is its intelligent preservation of the monuments of the past. The fort was undoubtedly founded by the Chudasamas; many times besieged and often taken, and on such occasions the Rajah was wont to flee to Mount Girnar, which was almost impregnable. The only remains of that period is the exterior gate, a remarkable specimen of Rajput art; the fort resisted the efforts of the Solenkis and later of the Gujarat Mohammedans, till at last it fell into the hands of the Sultans of Ahmedabad.

Some curious monuments are still visible in the large area of the citadel. From the unfinished mosque

wherein we admired the beautiful white marble *mihrab* so exquisitely designed, we walked down the stairs of the two-storied underground rooms excavated by Burgess in 1869. I am quite unable to describe our enthusiasm at the sight of these halls supported by sculptured pillars, and surrounded by stone benches. Such visits have always excited the greatest admiration. No doubt these pillared rooms, lighted by the large hollow dug on a level with the soil, were baths for royalty, perhaps a dependency of the Khengar Mahal or of one of those palaces still hidden in the mounds of rubbish heaped round the fort. The Khengar Mahal, now in the hands of the quarrymen, was also an underground residence with long meanders of galleries, halls and rooms, very much like the abode of monks, and though cool during summer and comfortable during the rainy season, the Chudasama princesses preferred the light buildings on Girnar's verdant slopes to these halls, better adapted to the life of the Buddhist or Jain monks than to that of a princess.

Next to the underground rooms, we were captivated by the two wells built by the slave girls belonging to the Chudasama rulers. The structure of the wells in the whole of Gujarat is worthy of notice. We saw one of them, the Naulakhi Bavli, near Baroda. Steps below steps, colonade upon colonade, galleries after galleries, terminate in a well of great proportions. How cool it must be on a hot afternoon, and what an ideal place for meeting friends of an evening and listening to the gossip of the town ! Here we were in the presence of a pure Rajput structure. In the biggest well, 205 steps forming a circular staircase, lead to the bottom. There is also a balcony where, it is reported, the princes held drinking bouts, a sad commentary on the social life of the former lords of the country ! My daughter attempted a descent ; but she was soon

compelled to retreat. Offensive smells prevented any intrusion; besides, there was not a breath of air. A rank vegetation sprouted from the walls, and even the aperture was partly concealed by trees; flights of doves were heard rustling and cooing in the luxuriant verdure.

Water is in fact the great benefactress of India. The irrigation works have always pre-occupied the authorities, and the lake, dug at the foot of Girnar by the old dynasties, now totally filled up, testified their concern for the welfare of the population. The Bahauddin reservoir in the *Uperkot* shows the same solicitude, and was pointed out to us with a true and justifiable pride. A melancholy sight was that of the old fort at the decline of the day! A russet haze enveloped the dilapidated monuments and the small mounds overrun with weeds and shrubs. Beautiful peacocks, the only living beings, spread their glorious feathers on the walls, near the big Turkish guns, whence our eye could embrace the city and the plains, gradually disappearing in the twilight.

* * * * *

Our excursion to the Girnar temples took place early in the morning of the 12th February (1901). The Diwan's son-in-law kindly accompanied us and gave every possible help to make it a success.

We were quite prepared to enjoy it fully. We had run through a wide range of literature connected with the place; such literature, I must confess, as is accessible to the profane. It is well known that the wonderful history of Girnar is related by the Brahmins and Jains, who both extol its sanctity. A legend has even enshrined the charming episode of the sojourn of Siva and Vishnu, when Siva, after having quarrelled with Vishnu in the Kailas halls, repaired to Saurashtra and there, divesting his divine form, made himself invisible. It was only at the voice

of Parvati, his beloved consort, who, followed by the other immortals, had joined him at last, that he condescended to reappear on condition that Parvati and the crowds of gods would stay in that country. It is said that henceforth Vishnu has taken his residence on the Mount Raivataka, and Parvati on the summit of Ujjayanta. It is also said that the great god, Mahadev, as a testimony of his flight to Girnar, has left there a perfumed atmosphere, saturated with his divine essence. As to the Jains, according to their religious books, Girnar is the 21st sacred mountain which gives salvation. When you reach it, all your wishes are granted! Besides, according to their annals, it is on one of the Girnar hills that Nemi, the 22nd Jina or Tirthankara, entered *Nirvana*. Having embraced the life of a recluse, he persuaded his bride, the daughter of the king of Girnar, to share it. The whole mount is dedicated to the great Jina, and his tutelary goddess is Amba, whose temple commands the plains beneath.

The itinerary is the same for all the pilgrims, and as it is traced by the gods themselves we were bound to follow it. After having left Junagadh by the Wagheshwari Gate and a brisk drive on the smooth-metalled road, we turned to the right and made a halt in order to pay a visit to the famous Asoka stone, discovered by Tod, certainly one of the most valuable monuments of epigraphy and history. No necessity to insist upon its importance—it is too well known—nor on the beautiful character of the Edicts, which show that Buddhism was at once “the most intensely missionary religion in the world and the most tolerant.” We admired the charming building which protects the stone against the injuries either of time or men; it is due to the enlightened spirit of the Junagadh Maharaja, always anxious to preserve the monuments of the past. By the side of the Asoka Edicts, on the top of

the stone, is inscribed the mention of the beautiful artificial lake, now completely filled up, the *Sudarsana*, which for several hundred years filled the inhabitants with delight.

From the bridge the view is sublime ; let us listen to Tod's description : " In front, seen through the range called the Portal of Doorga, is the mighty cone of Girnar, towering in majesty, while behind, the ancient castle towers in proud decay, seeming as if erected as an outwork to defend the pass leading to the holy hill."

And thus we entered an enchanted land, filled with legends, forming a sort of supernatural life, in which the many religious associations seem to be mixed up. At the Damodar Kund we picked up an episode of Krishna's childhood, and a little farther a temple is dedicated to Siva. The worshippers of both divinities are on the best terms possible ; but people say it was not always so. Tradition has handed to us the fights between Shivaïtes and Vishnuïtes and the persecutions inflicted on the great poet, Narsi Mehta, a staunch Vishnuite, who one day stood as a champion of his god among an assembly of declared adversaries, and the god himself deigned to appear and threw a garland to his faithful devotee.

After passing by the old temple of Bavanath Mahadev built on the bank of the Sonarekh—a shady and silent spot—and the small shrines of the five Pandavas, we reached the foot of the mountain where the ascent of the sacred peak begins. We exchanged our landau for the palanquin or *dhooli* carried by strong coolies. I felt quite comfortable in that sort of arm chair, and was able to enjoy, without the least anxiety, even when the road was steep and the track narrow, the beauty of the scenery which our enraptured eyes embraced. Tod's outburst of enthusiasm is easily imagined, he being the *first European*

who entered this *terra incognita*. "It was not easy," he says, "to resist the influence which enthralled the senses in such a scene. I pity the man who has never felt the luxurious languor of undisturbed cogitation to which for a while I surrounded my entire energies. The lament of wearied passing pilgrims acted like a knell upon my nerves. I was jealous of my solitude. . . ." On the day of our visit the place was lonely; plague and famine having put a stop to the pilgrimages. Just like Tod, I too was jealous of my solitude, and I thanked my good star which had allowed us to avoid the noisy crowds which the Junagadh officials have often so much trouble to regulate. The modern pilgrimages have nothing in common with those of the palmy days of Jainism when Vestupal Tejpal, the minister of the Vaghela King, the builder of the beautiful temples of Abu and Girnar, held a whole host of devotees followed by 4,900 chariots, 700 *palkis*, 1,800 camels, *Svelambaras* robed in pure white, *Digambaras* in a complete state of nudity, immemorable bards, etc. Fancy the *coup d'œil* of such a troop spread on the slopes of the sacred hill!

Our fellow-travellers were few in number, only a score of Jains who had come from different parts of India. Some of them were going back to the plains. Others, after having spent the night in the small *parabs* or inns—light buildings surrounded by clusters of trees—were leisurely climbing the steps. We noticed also several newly-married couples, their eyes cast down, their clothes tied together, who, according to an old custom, had visited the Ambamata temple and adored the goddess. This pilgrimage is supposed to give them a long continuance of wedded bliss through the blessing of Amba.

The *sadhus* were not so numerous as we expected them to be; it is rather a melancholy sight, that of those

poor fellows completely naked, besmeared with ashes, their hair entangled. Yet, they still represent the ideal of poverty and renunciation which is at the bottom of the religious life of India, and though poor and degraded in many ways, this ideal is still honoured, even among the higher and cultured classes. But alas for the modern *sadhus* ! How far from the holy men, the monks of yore, who lived in the rocky recesses of the Girnar slopes ! The steps, steeper and steeper, led us at last to the platform, where the temples are built and form a sort of fort or *kot*. One group, the first, is surrounded by a wall (*deva kota*) ; some of them are supposed to be the palaces of the Chudasama kings, and there is a great probability of their having been so. Some episodes of their history are connected with them. They served as summer resorts and places of refuge when the Uperkot was besieged. The Jains do not accept such an explanation. The foundation of the temples is ascribed by them to the remotest times.

We entered the *kot* by a large gate which gives access to an old building, the rooms of which are now used as residence for the priests and the servants. There we were invited to take off our shoes and put on nice red cloth slippers, gaudily embroidered with gold. Now we were fit for the visit to the temples. We spent almost four hours in doing so. I will not attempt any description ; it has been so often and so well done that it would be sheer audacity to try one. Of course we had every explanation given. The visit to the Neminath temple and the famous Parasnath statue in the underground room was dutifully paid—a very suggestive visit it was, indeed ! Alas ! we did our best to get decent photographs of the carved ceilings ; but we could not succeed on account of the whiteness of the stone and the intensity of the

light. As for the shrines, I hope my Jain friends will forgive me, but I really believe that some of them were palaces; is not this presumption easily traced from the disposition of the hypostyle halls and the seats still existing along the balconies as if to invite people to pleasant talks or musings? It is when leaning on the balustrades or reclining on the old stone benches, the eyes embracing the plains of Saurashtra, that you must listen to the reading of the Chudasama's annals or to the *duhas* recited by a native bard. Besides, if you go out from the *Deva Kota*, then you see the handsomest temple, the Semprati Rajah—called by Tod "Palace of Khengar." And really, was it not an ideal place for the residence of Ranik Devdi and the Rajput queens? I had much appreciated the plate due to the pencil of Mrs. Hunter Blair. It may not be absolutely accurate; perhaps the artist has interpreted the scenery too freely; but how much more attractive than the modern photographs, so rigid in their scientific veracity! Yet such as they are, photographs, generally speaking, are valuable documents, and those presented to us by the Diwan Sahib were greatly admired when my daughter had them produced on the screen to illustrate her lecture delivered at Musée Guimet. The whole audience was positively enraptured; by turns appeared the halls, statues, ceilings and beautiful specimens of perforated stone; then came the striking profile of the Bhairao Jap and the elegant outlines of Amba Mata. Alas! not such they were on this memorable February morning enveloped in a luminous haze, yet very attractive and true in the atmosphere of the austere hall of a Paris Museum.

Amba Mata was the goal of our ascent; it is from the summit that the cluster of the Girnar peaks can be seen; on the east, the Gorakhnath; further the

Datar on the top of which is erected the small *chattr* or pavilion which protects the footsteps of Nemi; lower, the Kalika and his temple dedicated to the goddess Kalka, the former haunt of the Aghoris, those human "atrocities" which the British rule has partly suppressed. Then, all around, lower ranges skirt with verdure the granite peaks; on the south, as far as the eye can reach, stretches the forest area of the Gir. What a unique "panorama," and what a regret to have only a few short moments to bestow on it! Happy he who can spend a whole night in the hospitable lodgings at Deva Kota and in the morning explore the recesses, vales, tanks, etc., or ascend the grim peaks! We contented ourselves with a short halt in the big hall reserved for the European guests, just the time to inscribe our names on a precious book wherein we had the pleasure of noting the name of M. Senart, my husband's "confrère" at the "Académie des Inscriptions," the well-known author of the *Asoka Inscriptions* and the *Castes dans l'Inde*.

Our return from Deva Kota to Junagadh was effected in a most alarming way for one who is totally unaccustomed to this method of travelling. My daughter had insisted upon walking home with Mr. Dhru. But I had to resume my seat in the antique *dhooli*, quite ignorant of the trial which awaited me. Scarcely had the porters (those who had carried Lord Curzon!) laid the poles upon their shoulders than they started at once, and made a rush down the hill, skipping over the granite steps, tearing along the cornices within an inch of the abyss, without taking the least notice of poor me! My Parsi friend willingly submitted to the same treatment, and in 45 minutes we reached the plains. When my daughter met us at last I was still a little upset, but the experience was useful. It prepared me for the Palitana excursion, and

allowed me to accomplish, without too much fear, the terrible drop which represents the descent of the hill.

On our arrival at Lal Bagh we found the Diwan Sahib who had called on us as soon as he had arrived from N.....with the officials, and we had a very interesting talk. Needless to say that we thanked him most warmly for his kind reception. In the evening, for the last time, we sat very late on the terrace. We could not take our eyes off the sacred peak. The moon had just risen behind its dark outlines and we were surrounded by an atmosphere of perfect peace and silence. It was with infinite regret that we retired to our rooms, bidding adieu for ever to the seat of Parvati, the shrine of Nemi and the palace of Ranik Devdi.

(*To be continued.*)

Senlis, France.

L. MENANT.

THE ACADEMIC QUILL. OR PROFESSORS WHO WRITE.

I REMEMBER that, when I was a Freshman in college, I studied Horace under the late Professor Harry Thurston Peck. He made the flippant verse of the Latin poet interesting for us ; but there was one other element of attractiveness about his course. If we felt inclined—and most of us did—we could read the charming Letter-Box in *The Bookman* which he was editing at that time. We could look up some of his very pleasant published books. We could chance upon occasional articles of his in the magazines, on all subjects from the Kaiser to football. This intimacy with the active extra-curricular mind of the man added a touch of interest to our struggles with the Odes and Epodes. And that teacher who can stir his classes to a feeling of direct relationship and concern about his affairs has won more than half the battle towards effectiveness. As Professor Peck himself has said : “The greatness of a University, however stimulated and inspired, does not depend first of all on bricks and mortar, upon well-ordered curriculum, and upon the material equipment, books, the apparatus and the smoothness of the administrative machinery. It depends in its last analysis on the men who do the work, who guide and excite and stir the minds of those who carry away, in the end, a far less vivid

impression of their studies than of the personal influence of their instructors."

Now, then, if we shall admit that this personal influence is desirable, if we shall admit that students are normally curious and, upon seeing the name of one of their professors in a magazine, will read his article, we have to show a connection between the reading of this hypothetical article and the *rapport* which is supposed to exist in the class room. Let us imagine a course. Let us imagine the professor and his class meeting three times a week at nine in the morning. What impression will the members of this class get of their teacher? They will see him walk briskly into the room each morning; they will watch him conduct the recitation or give the lecture; they will see him fold his roll book under his arm and proceed back to his office in 606, McCosh Hall. Some few may linger a bit, before dashing madly to the next recitation or lecture, in order to ask a question or interpose an objection: but most will gather their things together and go clattering down the long stairs. To these men even the most interesting teacher must be little more than an academic machine, a sort of educational jack-in-the-box, who flies out of 606 McCosh when the bell rings, gesticulates with his hands and moves his mouth for an hour, and then retires at another signal bell. His information, his criticisms, his irony, his very enthusiasms seem started and stopped in an almost mechanical way. In some courses—but the number of these is few—personal consultations or conferences are held in the very office of the professor himself. Yet, even in these, it is the official who talks and not the man himself; with teacher and student conversation is almost impossible, it is usually dictation. The problem, then, is to abolish this artificial atmosphere, partially at least, and such an abolition cannot take place so long as the

two always face one another as teacher and student, as all the paraphernalia of class-rooms, quizzes, and marks force them to do.

Let us next imagine that the week's work is over, and these two puppets of ours are moved to their respective homes. If we look through the windows what will we find? The quondam teacher will probably be seated at his desk with a dozen books scattered around in disorderly fashion. He will be writing. Here in his own home he expresses himself, works for himself; at the University he expresses an educational theory, works for an administration. And this distinction is true, however much or little he enjoys his academic work. Here, at home only, does his distinctly personal point of view show itself; here only does he work in the structural type of his own personality. The scene changes. At the same hour in the evening we shall probably find the quondam student lingering about the family collection of magazines which lie on the library table at his home. He will be getting into touch with the frivolity of human nature in Robert W. Chambers, with intellectual whimsicalities in Stephen Leacock, or perhaps with serious reflections on present events in Lowes Dickinson. He may be cultivating the primrose paths and be reading some pleasant literary excursions in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Under these circumstances he will be in immediate touch with the plain opinions; with the wittiest personalities, with the very ideas of the writers themselves. Now comes the catastrophe. What if he chances upon a magazine article or a book by the man who teaches him in class, as I once chanced upon one of Professor Peck's essays on *Slang* in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and one of his books, *The Personal Equation*? Do you not think that he will know more of the man? Do you not think that he will

go to class the more willingly the next morning? Do you not think he will be more attentive to the professor after he has read a definite expression of opinion on some subject, though perhaps quite irrelevant to the course? Is there not at once established a very desirable personal influence? I think there is, and I think that the student will thereafter separate, to some degree at least, the official from the personal in the actions of the professor in the chair. The teacher is no longer an academic machine, he has stirred a personal influence.

But a question will immediately arise. What kind of writing interests the students in their professors?

Personally I believe that almost any kind of writing will awaken an interest. By merely seeing the professor's name in print, perhaps, without even reading the article, the student seems to have caught his teacher unmasked. It takes but very little to make the college lad realize that his lecturer is not a mere automaton and has real interests beyond the class-room appearances and disappearances. Psychologists tell us that youth is an age of curiosity, and I rather think that mere curiosity will do a great deal towards leading these two puppets of ours closer together. Of course, in some of the writings of the professorial marionette there will be the flavour of professionalism, many a page will smack more of the dusty library than of the outdoor sun, more of the typewriter keys-and-ribbon than of the intimate pen-and-ink. Likewise, in some cases, there will be more interest on the part of the student than in others; but paucity of interest is not lack of interest. I mean that if one professor in our department should publish a bibliographical study of English literary societies, if another should write a very erudite monograph on Chaucer and the Roman de la Rose, if another should get out a new history of American literature, if another should contribute

to a monthly publication an article on early American magazine editors, if yet another should be responsible for a very long and complicated bibliography of a minor writer of the eighteenth century, and if these things should come to the attention of the students in the department—a feeling would go abroad among the ingenuous undergraduates that that department was a “live” one, that the men in it were “doing things.” This in itself is better than being considered a mere teaching machine.

When a mathematician gets out a book on religion, when a professor of politics issues a volume on contemporary American history, when an English professor writes on the moral obligation to be intelligent, when the historian enquires at some length into the causes of the War of the Nations, the students go to these books with a greater interest than to the very scholarly attempts just mentioned. And when the professorial figure really seems to be enjoying life and publishes a book of poems, or a record of a winter's travelling in Persia, or some unexpectedly familiar essays, then the student is impelled by a real interest. Here is the professor showing his thoughts and individual preferences just like any other man. Imagine the real delight with which the students at a certain College must pounce upon the idyllic sketches frequently contributed to the *Atlantic* by their own Professor Robert M. Gay. Students of literature tell us that we must know all that a man has done before we can know him thoroughly. So, the student at the American college knows only a part of the professor who shows himself only in the class-room. The more they see of him, the better they will like him, and therefore he ought to appear once in a while in the black and white of printer's ink.

His exposition of literature, philosophy or history might conceivably be divided into two parts: curricular

and extra-curricular. The student comes to the curricular somewhat under compulsion ; he would be impelled toward the extra-curricular by his own curiosity. After he leaves college he will enter upon a post-graduate course where his instructors will be the writers of leading editorials and flourishing novelists ; the printed book, and not the spoken word, will then be the medium of communication. Part of the task of those who teach him at college is to lead him to an interest in good books. And the very coincidence of teacher and writer being one and the same person in the early stages of the process will make the transition easier. So, I believe that a teaching staff which neglects to produce readable books is neglecting part of its duty, neglecting to prepare the student for his future career as a " constant reader."

" Books are the masters who instruct us without whip or rod, without harsh words or anger, asking naught in return. If you seek them, they are not asleep ; if you ask counsel of them, they do not refuse it ; if you go astray, they do not chide ; if you betray ignorance to them, they know not how to laugh in scorn. Truly, of all our masters, books alone are free and freely teach."

But it is rather unfortunate that this whole matter of professors who write has been so much misunderstood. Teachers who in the old days wrote light and readable books were considered diletantes and looked on with suspicion ; and teachers who successfully pursued the split infinitive through seventy-odd languages were judged worthy of promotion. Now, both kinds of writing are desirable, perhaps ; but neither should be taken as a criterion for removal or promotion. The human element is now being emphasized more than ever before, so that the popular professor is in less and less danger for his pleasant discussions. And strange and paradoxical as the bare

truth may sound to those degree-worshippers to whom the educational snobbery of the Ph. D. degree has been a creed, ability in teaching is now being recognized as a basis for promotion in the faculty. The Trustees at Columbia "have established a most important precedent by recent promotions of undergraduate teachers based frankly upon qualities not ordinarily supposed to be particularly appreciated in a university, skilled teaching and a human interest in students." The matter of professors who write has very little to do with all this: literary work and scholarly work are evidences of an active mind—that and nothing more. Teaching is the real end. Teaching should not be judged, favorably or otherwise, by elements which, however they may contribute, should never be taken as standards of ability. The truth is plain. An interesting man is not always a good teacher, nor is an erudite one. But a man may become a somewhat better teacher by arousing interest or by acquiring erudition. Yet, we should not mistake a single means for the end. Teaching is teaching, and should be judged as such. As for the professors who write, life is made more interesting for them by the hurrying of their quills; and if the students chance to wander down the primrose path and meet a teacher there, they have gained another glimpse of a varied and active personality.

New York.

E. BRIDGEE COLBY.

TUKARAM.

(Continued from our last number)

THIS is a tradition which states that once upon a time a Brahman in search of true knowledge had come to Pandharpur where he was told by the local divinity, Vithoba, to worship Gnaneswar. Accordingly he went to Gnaneswar, who on his part advised him to proceed to Dchu and learn wisdom from Tukaram. He did as he was bid. Tukaram composed eleven *Avangas* for him and as *prasad* gave him a cocoanut. On finding that the *Avangas* were composed in Marathi and not in Sanskrit he in disgust threw them away as well as the cocoanut. But another Brahman who was a humble seeker after truth, reverentially took up both the *Avangas* and the cocoanut, and, wonderful to say, from that moment his mind showed great progress in the matter of religious knowledge. The said *Avangas* are known as *Uttam Gnan* (superior knowledge).

At another time a very beautiful young woman had come to tempt Tukaram but the latter addressing her as mother, put her to the blush and she went away disappointed and crest-fallen. This circumstance reminds us of the woman who was sent by a wicked zamindar to tempt old Hridayas in his forest retreat, but who, so far from being able to lead the saint astray, was herself converted into a sincere devotee by the secret influence of his exemplary conduct. Tukaram composed a very fine *Avanga* at the time when he was tempted by the fair young woman. The song concludes with these wise words — "Beautiful lady, if you want a husband, you will find many lovers, then why seek to win me?"

During the time Tukaram flourished, the Mahratta country was rapidly advancing in the path of progress and power. The time was very opportune as there was a happy combination of

physical and mental force with the force of faith. Sivaji, as we have stated at the outset, was the impersonation of physical force ; he was always ready to show fight with sword or lance in hand. Ramdas Swami, the Rajah's Guru, who for his cosmopolitan knowledge and aptitude for all business, public as well as private, was known to his countrymen as "Samartha Ramdas Swami," represented the force of wisdom, while Tukaram, low Sudra that he was, represented the force of faith, and by preaching and practising *Prem Bhakti*, deluged the land with the nectar of *love and devotion*. Like individual life, national life, also, has its "Subha Yoga"—the conjunction of felicitous circumstances. The seventeenth century was this happy period in Mahratta history. A writer of Maharashtra has very wisely observed that what Raja Shahji had left undone in politics and Eknath Swami in religion and morals, was completed by Tukaram, Ramdas Swami and Sivaji. I purposely mention Tukaram first, inasmuch as he was decidedly the best of the lot. These three were the leading spirits, and as for Tanaji, Mourpantha and a few others, they only played second fiddle. During this period the Mahrattas showed themselves in their best and shone effulgent with the glory of all the good qualities which are possible for frail humanity to attain. Never in the history of any other Indian nation did so many worthies appear in the course of a single century. It was owing to this coincidence of favourable circumstances that the last of the Great Moguls, Aurangzeb, with twelve hundred thousand soldiers at his back and command, could not destroy the independence of the Mahratta people by waging, as he did strenuously, continual war for seven-and-twenty years.

Tukaram, Ramdas Swami and Sivaji not only flourished at one and the same time, but they also bore close relation to and assisted one another in their several pursuits. Sivaji was generally known for his dauntless and artful policy ; but very few knew how very pious and religious he was. If instead of being a sovereign he had been a *Sannyasi*, he would have highly distinguished himself in that line too. From his boyhood Sivaji was fond of hearing *Purana* and *Kathakatha*. His guardian, Dadaji Kondeo, always used to tell him :—"In order to perform the ceremony of ruling a kingdom with success, it is necessary to have the blessing, advice and companionship of Sadhus." Dadaji

Kondeo was a very good man. He valued Tukaram for his great merit and virtues, and had high regard for his character. At one time two Prahmachers had spoken ill of Tukaram's faith; whereupon Dadaji invited Tukaram to hold religious discussion with them. The good saint came in response to the Minister's call, but instead of entering into religious controversy with his maligners he composed some very telling *Avangas* on the occasion, which so deeply moved their hearts that forgetting their ill-feeling, they took to praising him for his purity and sincerity. Dadaji severely reproved them and had a mind also to expose them to public ridicule by parading them in the highway on the back of a donkey, and he desisted from executing his purpose only by the intercession of Tukaram himself. Indeed not only is it divine to forgive, but a really good man feels deeply mortified on being denied the pleasure of enjoying the luxury of forgiveness.

Tukaram's *Avangas* generally appear in two forms, namely, *Bhajan* and *Sanhitan*. These are the two fountains by which his poetical genius pours forth its effusions. Metrical prayer to God is called *Bhajan*. This is first sung by the composer himself, and afterwards his associates take up the song and sing in concert, producing harmony. It is not the practice to explain *Bhajan* songs, their mere recitation being deemed sufficient. It is very probable that innumerable such *Bhajan* Tukaram may have composed songs without number, most of which have been swept away by the ever-rolling tide of Time. Another mode in which his *Avangas* came to be appreciated and loved by the public was *Kathakatha*, by which the speaker explains some religious matter at the same time illustrating his discourse by stories and legends. As in the case of *Bhajan*, singing forms also the principal part of *Kathakatha*. The *Kathas* are honoured and valued in Maharashtra, and the sound and salutary instructions which they impart are well fitted for the spread of religion among the masses. Tukaram's *Kathakatha* had this striking feature that it was not lip-deep but came out direct from the heart. His pure sanctified character, true and sincere love of God, and free gratuitous advice, were the means by which he gained the affection and reverence of the people.

On one occasion Tukaram had gone to Lohagram to compose *Bhajan* and *Kathakatha*. While there, Sivaji hearing of his name sent for him by deputing a high official of his court with

an umbrella of honour and a horse to carry him. The officer on his arrival at the place thus humbly expressed himself to the saint :—" The Maharaja is anxiously waiting for thee like one diseased ; please pay him a visit and make him hale and hearty." Tukaram was quite at a loss what to say or do. What the state of his mind was on the Raja's invitation would appear from the *Avangas* which he composed on the occasion. These sweetly sublime songs plainly show what a noble self-sacrificing man he was. One of these songs may well find a place here. It runs thus .—

" Master, I don't want these things, why give them to me ;
 Why throw me ever into such deep danger !
 I always like to be away from the world,—
 Have no wish to hold intercourse with man,
 Would always gladly live in midst of lonely forest ;
 Ne'er speak at all with any one of this world ;
 Only this favour I crave, master ! Body, wealth and servants
 I may look upon as if they were dross.
 Tuka says, this submission I make at thy feet,
 All happens by thy wish, O Lord Hari of Pandharpur ! "

Tukaram also composed four *Avangas* in reply to the royal invitation and sent them on to Sivaji. These spirit-stirring songs made such a deep impression on the latter's mind that he could not help paying a reverential visit to the saint. Accordingly, he came to Lohagram with valuable presents for him ; and on arrival there, making due obeisance and paying divine honours, placed before Tukaram a plate full of gold coins. The saint, it seems, had not gone to Sivaji lest he made him a money present. So seeing the Raja place the tempting plate before him, he was somewhat puzzled, if not positively vexed. Addressing his Majesty he said :—" Good prince ! To those who are servants of Hari there is no difference between a tiny emmet and a great emperor. The present of gold you have placed before me is no better than common clay. By worshipping Hari we have been able to unloose the band which binds man to this world, and have gained a mastery over low desires and lust of lucre. Vithoba is our all, and by His grace we have become owners of all the treasures of the three worlds. The eternal bliss of Baikantha is

well within our reach, and we have established our over-lordship everywhere. Wealth, power and supremacy appertain to royalty ; but by Vithoba's favour we are superior to kings in these three matters. If you at all wish to please me, do what I take pleasure in : Sing the praise of Hari, wear *Tulshi* garland, observe the *Ekadasi* fast, and thus turn yourself into a servant of Hari. This is the only way you can please me." Moved by these wise words of Tukaram, and observing with wonder and admiration his utmost indifference to worldly concerns, Sivaji distributed the presents which he had brought for the saint, among Brahmans ; and put up at Lohagram to hear Tukaram's *Bhajan* and *Sankirtan*.

His companionship with the great Sadhu wrought a great change in Sivaji's mind. He justly thought that the moral might of a good man like Tukaram was far greater than the power of a wealthy sovereign, and he came to consider his own royal state and magnificence as nothing in comparison with Tukaram's dignified poverty. This view having taken firm hold of his mind, he resolved to retire to a forest and pass his time in spiritual musings and meditations. And retire he did, accordingly, to a neighbouring wilderness where he would spend the whole day alone and come back in the evening to hear Tukaram's *Sankirtan* all the night long. This routine he strictly followed for days together. Here is one of the *Sankirtan* songs sung by Tukaram before Sivaji :—

“ O Hari ! Thou art my father, Thou art my mother ;
 Thou my kinsman and friend, Thou my wealth and people.
 Thou the jewel of my heart, Thou the mansion of peace.
 I have none to call my own save Thee.
 Thou my hard-won property, Thou too my refuge.
 Thou remainest, filling all the three worlds.
 Those eyes are useless which do not look at thee ;
 That mouth which never proclaims thy merit
 Had better be destroyed, there is no good in its existence.
 That is a place of holy pilgrimage where Thou appearest ;
 What is the good of having a leg, if it does not move about
 there ?

Relinquishing all pleasures at Thy beauteous feet,
 I have given up my body, mind and life.

Words of wisdom are worthless if they do not sing Thy praise.
They are simply vain efforts, like I not to hear them.
If you wish to cross over this much-dreaded worldly sea,
Come, let us all take shelter in those feet."

Sivaji's followers in their alarm sent word to the royal mother Jiji Bai, who on being informed of the sudden change in her son's mind, came straight to the place and going over to Tukaram, thus besought his favour :—"Sire, my only son has left his family and all through the magical influence of thy teachings. He is quite young and has had no issue of his body up to this time. This being so, if he should continue the mode of life he has adopted, there is none to maintain and support our kingdom. Do, out of pure will and pleasure, make a gift of a son to me." After making her humble submission the good lady, spreading some part of her garment, prostrated herself thereon near the Sadhu's feet. Kind-hearted Tukaram who was the last person to refuse a favour when the necessity of the case urgently required it, held out hope to her, saying that when Sivaji came next time to hear *Sankirtan* he would advise him to the best of his ability and see that he returned to his family and State. In the meantime he counselled her to think of Vithoba and beseech Him to remove the cause of her grief. When after dusk Sivaji, as was his wont, came to hear *Sankirtan*, Tukaram taking him aside, thus spoke to him :—"My dear son, know that good work is the only vessel for ferrying one over the worldly sea. The wise authors of the *Shastras* state that there is no way to salvation except by following one's own *Dharma*, and that even if another's *Dharma* be better, no good effect comes out of the exercise thereof. God in His infinite wisdom has prescribed separate *Dharmas* for each class, and *Sruti*, to which there is no authority superior in point of spiritual knowledge, states that everyone is bound to follow his own prescribed *Dharma*. Whoever does not act up to the words of *Sruti*, otherwise called *Veda*, falls very low indeed." After stating all this by way of prelude Tukaram proceeded to say what the *Dharma* of a Brahman was and then spoke thus of the *Dharma* of a Kshatriya. He said :—"A Kshatriya's *Dharma* is to conquer his enemy in fair fight and rule his subject people with wisdom, justice and moderation. As health-seekers feel delight in keeping their body in good condition, so kings find pleasure in keeping their subjects content and

happy. There is no higher *Dharma* for a Kshatriya to observe than to govern justly, equitably and impartially. A Kshatriya king who exercises goodness and treats his people kindly and well who shows love to all created beings and always keeps in mind Hari—such a king is sure to obtain divine favour. It is not at all necessary for him to go to the forest and live there alone and unattended. The merciful Father of His own accord readily comes and appears before him in person thereby giving him to understand that He quite approves of his mode of living." This sage and sound advice had its desired effect, and Sivaji returned to his capital and again assuming the insignia of royalty applied himself to the affairs of the State with redoubled zeal and energy. But his regard for Tukaram was not a whit diminished by his again mixing in temporal concerns.

Sometime after Tukaram had occasion to go to Poona and while there passed most part of his time in doing *Bhajan* and *Sankirtan*. In fact *Sankirtan* of which *Bhajan* is only another form, was his life and he could not do without it. As was the case with Parnell's Hermit "prayer was all his business, and all his pleasure praise." At that time King Sivaji was staying fifteen miles off at Singhasan. Tukaram had gained such influence over his mind that he was always keen on hearing his wise words and sublimely sweet songs. The Saint's *Sankirtan* had such charm for him that during all the days he stayed at Poona he would daily come over to his abode and enjoy the sweets of such nectar distilling discourses as "take the heart prisoner and lap it in Elysium." Mahipati says that availing themselves of this opportunity some Mussulman soldiers had tried to get hold of Sivaji at the place where *Sankirtan* was being performed. The king wanted to get away for fear of the enemy, but on the encouraging words of Tukaram to the contrary, he remained where he was and was miraculously saved by Vithoba, who, it was said, appeared in person and put the Muhammadans to flight. No wonder that one devoted to the Deity receives aid from him and gets out of danger without the least difficulty.

Another remarkable person who exercised great influence over Sivaji was his *Diksha Guru*, Ramdas Swami. The Swamiji was a Ramayat Vaishnav, very learned and very powerful. In fact, in power and influence he was only second to Sivaji himself. And as he was proud of his high birth and vast erudition he would

not bow down before any other image than that of Ram Chandra. But he forgot all his worth and importance when he came in contact with the Sudra Tukaram, the magical influence of whose *Avangas* wrought such a change in his mind that pride gave way to humility. The towering Brahman hid his diminished head before the low Sudra, and from a masterful prelate became a humble devotee. The change, though very great, is, however, not to be wondered at. A Sadhu, whatever his caste might be, is entitled to a very high place in the religious world for his pure and sincere faith, and by his sublimely sweet and simple discourses he can gain mastery over the human mind, and when by his preaching and practice he reaches the very summit of goodness, he can work wonders in the moral world. Buddha and Nanak were, it is true, Kshatriyas ; but Tukaram was a low-caste Sudra and Kabir was lower still, and as for Tiruvaller, he was a pariah, a chandal, the meanest of mortals. But, strange to say, his image is actually worshipped in some places in the Madras Presidency. What Tukaram is among the Mahrattas, Tiruvaller is in Tamil land ; indeed, he is popularly known as the Tukaram of the Tamils. Some Mussulman Sadhus also flourished in Tukaram's time. They had high regard for the pure Hindu religion, and were in their turn honoured and respected by such men as Tukaram and Ramdas Swami. Among those Moslem saints, one Echirish Mohammed was held in special reverence. In fact, in those blessed days there was no race antipathy between Hindus and Muhammadans. They lived in perfect amity and peace, and looked upon themselves as children and worshippers of the same true God.

The seventeenth century is, as we have already observed, a glorious period in the history of Maharashtra. It was the renaissance, not only of Hindu power but also of Hindu religion. Many celebrated characters adorned that period. Tukaram and Ramdas Swami, it is true, occupied the highest place ; but there were some others whose position was also sufficiently high. Among these mighty minds might be mentioned Jairam Swami, Ranganath Swami and Keshab Swami, who bore almost the same relation to Tukaram in Maharashtra as Nityananda, Sanatan and Haridas did to Chaitanya in Bengal. The softer sex also supplied some remarkable characters. Mahipati states that once on the occasion of *Uthar Puadasi*, there was a large assemblage at Pandharpur.

Sivaji too had honoured the meeting with his august presence, and after the manner of the Hindu kings of old ministered to the comforts and convenience of the assembled *Sadhus* and *Sannyasis*. Some female saints also had joined in that memorable meeting. Aka Bai, a disciple of Ramdas Swami, was one of them. We have the authority of Mahipati in stating that it was she who read out to the glorious assemblage the Swamiji's work styled *Dasbodh* (knowledge of man as servant of God). Benu Bai was another disciple of Ramdas. At the Parligarh assemblage also, which took place sometime after, these two females along with some others of their sex were present and took part in its proceedings. But in both these meetings Tukaram was the most prominent figure. In the hill-fort of Parligarh Sivaji had built a temple and consecrated it to Ram Chandra. The aforesaid meeting had been called by the king himself. Tukaram by his *Sankirtan* and *Kathakatha* pleased all. Sivaji himself along with some others took active part in the religious observances. After the *Utsab* was over, he proceeded to do *pūja* to the assembled Brahmans, Pandits and Sadhus and made some presents to them. Similarly, gold coins and other valuables were brought in for the propitiation of Tukaram. But this saint of saints, understanding the Raja's intent and purpose, all of a sudden disappeared from the place much to the wonder of all present. Sivaji had also intended to make a gift of four villages to the saint, but in consequence of his sudden disappearance his intention could not be fulfilled. On Sivaji's expressing deep regret at the conduct of Tukaram, his *Guru*, Ramdas Swami, who very well knew the noble self-sacrificing character of the man, consoled him with these memorable words :—" My son, to the truly religious, even the wealth of all the three worlds is but light as air. Tukaram having, as it were, kicked at *Mahasidhu* (accomplishment in *excelsis*) itself, that is, having risen superior to it, is deeply engaged in the worship of Vitthoba, free from all desires and aspirations. The four kinds of *Mukti* are of very little avail to him. That being so, can the common things of this world have any value in his eyes?" Mahipati says that Ramdas Swami was so much impressed with this very striking instance of Tukaram's indifference to worldly concerns that his regard for him rose to a very height.

Tukaram, as we have already stated in the course of this

memoir, used to go to Pandharpur for purposes of worship on every *Ekadasi* day in the months of Asar and Kartik. It so happened that on one occasion owing to serious illness he could not go there. For this he was sorely aggrieved and expressed his sorrow by composing four-and-twenty *Avangas* which he took care to send on through some of his disciples to the great God. His disciples on their arrival at the place with the precious charge duly presented them to Vithoba who on hearing them read out seemed highly pleased. Tukaram on the return of his disciples met them at the very spot where on their journey out he had bade them farewell and on being told that the good God had graciously accepted his *Avangas* with seemingly great pleasure, returned home quite content and happy.

Day by day Tukaram's fame rose higher and higher still, and with it there was correspondent increase in the number of his disciples and followers. People came trooping from distant parts of the country only to have a look at him evidently thinking that the sight of such a saintly being was beneficial to their soul. The whole of Maharashtra was steeped in the holy water of *Prem* and *Bhakti* through his *Kulan* and *Kathalitha*. His *Avangas* were chanted in every temple and sung by all people from royalty downwards. Hindus offered presents to him and wanted to show even divine honours. All this proved very irksome to the good man. But sweet and amiable of temper as he was, lest his refusal should hurt the feelings of the people, Tukaram could not sometimes help accepting presents though he did this with great reluctance. He oftentimes prayed to Vithoba that he might soon release him from the bond of this world and take him up to Baikanta. Owing to ceaseless *Vratas*, fastings and wakings his body had grown very weak but there was no cessation to his literary labours. Not a day passed but he composed some *Avangas*. Indeed, he could not live without doing some work in that way. He was often found to beseech the Deity of his heart that so long as he lived on this earth he might not be found incapable of singing "the name of Hari" and drinking the nectar of his love. In fact, nothing was heard from his mouth but "Harnam," sweet mellifluous "Harnam."

(To be concluded)

SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY.

MIDDLE-CLASS UNEMPLOYMENT.

SOMETIME ago an American University astonished the world by appointing a professor of common sense ; certainly the appointment was unique, but really it ought not to be, for common sense is the faculty of using our science and knowledge in a way to make them practically useful, so no study could be more important ; let only a new name be given to it and such chairs may be multiplied rapidly.

Man is in the position now of being able to weigh the stars, communicate his thoughts instantly from one end of the earth to the other, bridge the widest rivers and tunnel the mountains, but not to arrange to make good use of the land and of industries to ensure that everyone shall have what is necessary for everyday life. Despite the enormous productive power that progress has given us, a very large proportion of the workers of every country work hard to obtain less than is needed to satisfy elementary wants, and man with all his vaunted intelligence appears, after all, as the only creature on earth that cannot get himself enough to eat.

Let us take as an example of this lack of practical common sense our attitude towards the problem of middle-class unemployment in India. Where we have a number of people wanting work, and wanting everything that work produces, common sense shows us that the solution is to set them to produce what they themselves require. We object that Indian middle-class men want study and office work, whereas to produce the necessities of life, manual labour is needed. But everyone who has any knowledge at all of modern industrial and agricultural methods is aware that progress has long ago obliterated the hard and fast line that used to exist between the different kinds of labour. Machines now do the work that formerly needed the skill and

the thews and sinews and drudging toil of the craftsman and the labourer ; and work with these modern methods is so subdivided that it is now easy, in a sufficiently large organisation, for everyone to become acquainted with one of the various processes production has been divided into. We have had a striking illustration of this in the way in which unskilled labour has been utilised in the production of munitions of war. In agriculture, even, we now find mowing, reaping, drilling, ploughing and raking done by machines. Some rough manual labour remains, of course, even with modern methods, but an organisation of middle-class men producing the necessities of life for themselves could obtain labour in the ordinary way for that part of the work. No organisation, of course, could ever be quite independent of the rest of the community ; even one producing things for its own workers would have to buy raw materials and a number of things that it would never be able to produce economically for itself ; and it would have to do useful work for the rest of the community so as to have an honoured position in it, which people need as much as bread itself.

But there would be no doubt as to the social utility of an organisation of this kind. Modern methods and machines have not only taken the place of the skilled artisan and of the man of muscles, but have increased to an enormous extent the productive power of labour. Organisations producing necessities for themselves would be able to take very large numbers of working class lads who, powerfully helped by improved methods, would easily produce as much by a few hours' labour as they would working the whole day at home under primitive conditions, and so be able to get an education as well as an agricultural and industrial training without their parents being deprived of their contribution to the family budget. They would, of course, receive no money but a share of the produce of their organised labour. This is the solution to the problem of popular education even in the poorest countries.

Industrial progress, thus, has opened up for middle-class men a new career that would attract the very best of them and not be a mere refuge for those who have failed to get employment. These establishments would give employment not only to the middle-classes, but also to the much larger class that exists in India (as in every country in which there is any form of peasant

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proprietorship) of people who are poor because their holding is too small to be economically cultivated. Such people would work for part of the day in the educational-industrial establishments near their villages so that ultimately the educated men in the organisation would be employed at the work their education specially qualifies them for.

The most cautious economists agree that organised labour can produce at least four times as much now as it was able to with the best methods that were used a century ago. We know that the worker of that period was able to earn decent maintenance for himself if he obtained employment under fair conditions ; people helped by modern methods , and working in an organisation that would be free from the difficulties that beset the ordinary commercial concern producing things for sale, would therefore be very comfortably off.

Whence then, we shall ask, all this talk about middle-class unemployment ; what are we waiting for to take some practical steps towards utilising our great and rapidly increasing class of educated men, imparting in this way the very best kind of education to the masses ? But this question is part only of another one, namely, what are we waiting for to take steps towards solving all unemployment problems, using the immense productive power we now possess for the good of the people ? And the answer is strong, broad-minded common sense.

When the " practical man," who professes to know what can be done and what cannot, is asked the question, he gives answers which too often display only a familiar kind of ingenuity in evading the real issue.

He will say that nothing we may argue about the immense productive power of organised labour is convincing, because in the commercial world improved means of production have failed to do anything like what they should have done theoretically, and are likely enough to fail just as badly in a self-contained organisation, educational or other. We do not need anyone to tell us that everything is uncertain in this world, but the simple facts are these. Human genius and toil applied for centuries to improving methods of producing all the necessities of life have now given enormous productive power to organised labour ; we have evolved a system under which these improved methods are used to enrich certain classes very much, fortunes

are made to-day at a rate that was never dreamt of before. Now we have got to evolve a system to use them also for the good of the masses of the people if we do not want anarchism or revolutionary socialism to spread and threaten the social peace. Of course, there will be difficulties and failures, but we have got to find out practically what the difficulties are and how they are to be overcome, and this we shall do only by action and not by argument.

Or, if the practical man wants the thing put to him in a still more concrete way : The Swiss have succeeded in making their tramps self-supporting by employing them in a large and well-organised establishment on this self-contained principle. What they have done successfully with the worst of the unemployed classes we have now got to learn to do with those that are not the worst. Obviously, a good way to begin is by an educational establishment on the self-contained principle properly organised for economic success, as the Swiss colony is. This is not at all a question for experts, but of simple common sense. Everyone knows how enormously progress has increased the productive power of labour ; it is not a matter in which we are to be guided by the self-styled " practical man " who has always shown himself blindly prejudiced against every new thing that has ever been introduced ; it is only a matter of common sense which will be found among all those who are really in earnest. Clearly, we must make a start, and practice will show us what degree of success we shall attain and how long we shall be in attaining it.

J. W. PETAVEL.

Calcutta.

MIGRATION AND MORALS.

H. E. LORD CHELMSFORD'S first speech in his legislative council was a cool-headed business-like statement of the various measures which had engaged the attention of his Government since its last meeting under his predecessor. What is called Party Government in England is a Government by competition. In India one Viceroy is not called upon to outbid another. He need not explain his future policy and show how his administration is likely to be productive of more good than his predecessors achieved, or how it would rectify the mistakes of others. It would indeed have required no little hardihood in any Viceroy to profess to pick holes in Lord Hardinge's administration, but apart from the fact that the ship was sailing in placid waters it was clear from the new Viceroy's speech that he loved no storms and sensations. The length of the speech and the variety of its contents showed that he was anxious to take his council and the public into his confidence, while the quiet manner in which he expressed his opinions in a sentence or two on questions of a more or less controversial nature appears to indicate a good deal of firmness behind the polite and matter-of-fact tone of the speech. Of all the subjects dealt with, one would expect a Viceroy to use the strongest language about the dacoities and murders in Bengal. His Excellency indeed said, and said truly, that "it is impossible for Government to tolerate the indefinite continuance of dangerous activities which strike at the foundations of all constituted authority." But even here there was no

“ rhetorical ” condemnation of the omissions of the past, or ostentatious announcement of a new policy to be initiated. The only policy which the new Viceroy announced to his council was that he would work for the “ good of India ” in harmonious relations with them. No one can work for the good of a people without real sympathy with them.

One important subject, which is now occupying the attention of the Imperial and the Local Governments, is the emigration of labourers from India to the British colonies. Lord Hardinge's Government announced that the indenture system would be abolished. Labourers have a right to emigrate, and if it is possible to protect them from the hardships and evils to which they may be exposed in distant lands, there would be no justification to deny them the right of emigrating at all. Experience has shown that the existing system of recruitment is liable to grave abuses. Under what conditions, then, can emigration be allowed? The Government of India, it appears, has arrived at the conclusion that uncontrolled recruitment will not improve the position of the labourers and cannot therefore be permitted. The recruiter cannot be allowed to induce ignorant people to leave their homes on any representations he may choose to make, nor can the labourer be left to enter into any kind of agreement that may be presented to him on his arrival in the colony. The employer will make some sort of agreement with him, and the law of the colony will enforce it. It will be in the interest of the labourer that that agreement should be made in his own country and under the protection of his own Government. The absence of any mention in the agreements now entered into of the penalties attached to a breach of them, and enforced in the colonies, is nothing short of a scandal. It may be true that in every batch of emigrants there are some men and women who re-

emigrate, and who are aware of the responsibilities undertaken by the party to the contract. These few men and women of experience may possibly give the benefit of their knowledge to others. But the very omission to mention so very essential a fact as the punishment to which the labourer exposes himself is indicative of the spirit in which the existing system is worked. Messrs. McNeill and Chimman Lal, who were deputed by Government to investigate the condition of Indian immigrants in certain colonies, are of opinion that the recruiters now employed are generally disliked and distrusted, and their knowledge is obviously second-hand; they recommend the employment of persons who have worked in the colonies and who can answer the questions put to them by intending emigrants. Of the several recommendations made by them, one has already been adopted in Fiji and is likely to be adopted elsewhere before long, namely, that imprisonment for labour offences should be abolished and commuted to fines. The officers deputed did not consider the total abolition of the indenture system to be necessary, and therefore some of their suggestions have lost their value. Nevertheless, the principles underlying them may well be applied in the new rules that will be framed. It has been suggested, for example, that complaints by employers against labourers should be adjudicated by the Immigration Department and not by Courts of criminal jurisdiction. Perhaps a contrary view would be that a magistrate with his judicial training is more likely to be fair to the labourer than the officer of the Immigration Department, who may be partial to the employer. On doubtful questions of this kind the Local Governments are likely to consult private persons and associations specially interested in, and informed about, the state of things prevailing in the colonies; for it appears that the Government of India

has asked them to consult Indian public opinion. One of the recommendations of Messrs. McNeill and Chimman Lal was that, subject to a limitation of the proportion of labourers on an individual estate who may commute their indentures within a single year, the labourer should be entitled at any time to commute his indentures by payment of a graduated redemption fee. The principle is that the labourer should be allowed to back out of his agreement by paying a reasonable compensation to the employer. The Government of India seems to have decided that the terms on which a labourer engages himself should be at least as free as those obtaining in the Malay Peninsula, where a labourer can leave his employer by giving a month's notice. It appears that the Madras Government has deputed an officer to investigate the condition of Indian labourers in that peninsula. We may expect that it will be some time before the Local Governments collect the necessary information and submit their proposals.

The high rate of suicides among Indian labourers in the colonies has been attributed to several causes, one of which may be the harshness with which indentures and the labour ordinances are enforced. Depression due to illness, domestic trouble and jealousy, and quarrels with friends and neighbours are also mentioned among the causes. According to the opinion which prevails in India, the most potent causes are the hardships to which the labourers are exposed, their illtreatment by employers and quarrels about women. Apart from suicides, no civilised Government ought to treat with indifference the deterioration of morals among the emigrants to the extent admitted by all impartial observers. It may be true that even when the indenture system is abolished in a strange and sparsely populated country like Fiji, those

who feel the monotony of life and the absence of the social attractions of an Indian town or village will continue to seek an easy exit from the world by means of suicide. Yet those who elect to live and sooner or later return to their homes must be enabled to lead decent lives. In the opinion of Messrs. McNeill and Chimman Lal, "there is no doubt that the morality of an estate population compares very unfavourably with that of an Indian village, and that the trouble originates in the class of women who emigrate." About one-third of these are married women who accompany their husbands; the rest are mostly widows and women who have been deserted by their husbands or who have deserted them, while a few are ordinary prostitutes. The majority of these women live with men as their concubines, and they are exposed to further temptation by the young unmarried men who have more money than they need for their personal wants and who cannot find, or are not inclined to live with, even concubines. As H. E. the Viceroy said, a proper sex ratio ought to be maintained among the emigrants. The existing rule requires that for every 100 men 40 women of over ten years of age must be shipped; and Messrs. McNeill and Chimman Lal recommend that this ratio should be raised to 50. It is admitted, however, that a mere modification of the sex ratio will not improve the morals of the emigrants. It may ensure more concubines and perhaps fewer suicides. Indeed, even if a ratio of 100 per cent., or an equal number of men and women, be insisted on, the morality of the population may not come up to the standard prevailing in India, if the women who go out from here are not respectable and do not care to live as wives, though some of the evils that now exist may disappear. Many of the young emigrants may prefer to return home after saving a decent amount of money and to marry in India, instead of living with un-

desirable concubines, or even wives, in the colonies. How to secure the emigration of respectable women only is a difficult problem to solve. It seems that the system of restricting the industrial service of women to three years out of the five years of indentured residence was intended for this purpose, but it has not fulfilled expectations. Moreover, when the system of indentures is itself abolished, the device intended under it to induce respectable women to emigrate will disappear. Messrs McNeill and Chimmam Lal recommend in the first place that no minimum limit of age should be fixed for the emigrating women. If small girls are included in the percentage, efforts will not be made to recruit grown up single women of the undesirable sort. It is probable that the girls will find husbands and thus the percentage of married couples will rise. Secondly, there is no reason why known prostitutes should be allowed to migrate at all. It is scarcely probable that they will turn over a new leaf in the colonies. Thirdly, some special inducements may be offered to married women who emigrate, or a certain percentage of such women may be insisted upon. Lastly, Messrs McNeill and Chimmam Lal recommend that married quarters should be fenced off and be out of bounds for single men on the estates. Such restrictions must necessarily be enforced by the Colonial Governments concerned, and the necessary preliminary negotiations with them will occupy rather a long time. We cannot expect to see a decided improvement in the morality of the estate populations at an early date, but when the indenture system is abolished and the labourer gets more freedom, the Colonial Governments may evince greater readiness to comply with the suggestions of the Government of India than heretofore.

NANDINA.

A JAPANESE LOVE STORY.

NANDINA knelt upon the white *tatami* (a mat of fine white straw) that her maid had placed upon the shaded verandah. Nandina was the youngest daughter of the household, the only one that now remained to the care of her devoted mother. Nandina was beautiful; in her was concentrated all the perfection of Eastern womanhood. She had just attained the age of sweet seventeen, and life with its glorious vista of untried experiences lay before her. Japanese maidens are small of stature. Nandina was no exception to the rule. But her limbs were supple and shapely, and her head was set with artistic grace upon the full rounded curves of her arched neck. The sunburnt ivory tint of her skin contrasted with the folds of soft white silk that crossed and recrossed her neck and over her bosom. Her hair was as dark as the darkest night—there was not even a suspicion of brown or any changing light in the depths of its rich coils. Nandina had just received the uninterrupted attention of the professional hair artist, who had succeeded by her skill in enhancing the charms of her client. The coiffure was fragrant with precious oil and cosmetics, while within the central boss of hair, a single tortoiseshell comb of great value had been embedded.

Her face was a perfect oval, her complexion without a flaw; her eyes—well, only those who have seen the beautiful daughters of the Orient can realise the charm of the oblique set orbs. Dark, shining, ‘speaking’ eyes, within whose depths a fire flashes and fluctuates, and transmits the ever-shifting thoughts that pass unrecorded and unworded—only for self-communing—never to be uttered.

As Nandina sat contemplating the garden stillness, it looked as if a branch of bright spring blossom had fallen on the fair white mat. She wore a kimono of pale blue, alternately worked, or

stencilled, with plum branch and blossom ; while the living, swaying foliage of a tall Matsu-no-ki, or pine tree with fruited tassels, lightly hovered, making fugitive shadows pass over her form, her dress, and her environment. Nandina made a sweet picture, rare enough for the bravest samurai in all Japan to seek and win.

She had possessed herself of her beloved volume, the *Genji Monogatari*—‘The Book of Learning for Women’—the story of Prince Genji and his admirers, the romance that has unending delight for the young Japanese. This book was attuned to her thoughts. This afternoon Love was pre-eminent. A delicious sensation, like the ghost of a charmed life, flitted about my sweet heroine. Something new and strange filled her being with exquisite delight. Yet she knew not why it was all so unutterably sweet, why a joy, unlooked for and unpremeditated, surrounded and filled the very atmosphere she breathed. For a long while she sat in the sunshine, weaving words into *uta* or song, and committing them to posterity through the aid of her dexterously manipulated *fudé* brush of badger’s hair, which, when the fancy seized her, she dipped into the shallow ink stone. With this *fudé* she wrote in that beautiful archaic syllabary of curves and arches, counter-lines and long wavy strands, the reconstructed poems of the classic poets—a refined accomplishment of the highly cultured. One after another, she copied off little *utas* and epigrams upon long strips of tinted mulberry paper, for to-morrow was the great festival of Spring, the *Sakura-no-hana matsuri*, the cherry-flower fete, the day of days, on which the glorious Land of the Rising Sun rejoiced in concert, bringing Heaven, Earth and Humanity into one psalm of praise and thanksgiving.

It was a pink and white world that Nandina’s eyes looked on. It was a scent-laden air she already breathed. Myriads and myriads of cherry blossoms were conspiring to offer unbounded measure, beauty of form, as well as colour to the eyes of all Nature lovers, in order that body and mind, heaven and earth, might concert together—the young to rejoice, the aged to admire, the weary to be refreshed, and the wayfarer to be regaled. Girls were to don their brightest kimono, and to live beneath those trees that garlanded the land (and dyed the swift ripples of Sumida’s river with rich sunset dyes) the live long day.

Poetry was to blend with flowers, for these little aphorisms were made to hand from the boughs, thickly strung together, that as the wind stirred, music might blend with perfume.

Surely, the sight before her eyes could have inspired a less talented mind than hers. It was a perfect garden that stretched away far below her. Cool and shaded, with guardian stone and white water basin : with tall torii raised among the trees, and cool, lozenge-shaped stepping stones, leading wanderers to distant, shadowy nooks. Lotus pools and iris banks were placed to heighten every effect. Every tree and bush had its mystic message, its religious influence, to impress upon her mind. She had learnt their significance and the meaning of their presence in the days when, as a child, her mother had guided her footsteps to the lily pool and had taught her Buddha's deepest lesson—kindness and solicitude towards all living surroundings.

Presently her reverie was interrupted. A sound fell upon Nandina's ear. A voice startled her to attention, then set her heart beating strangely. The noise of horses near the entrance of the house, together with the shaking of the gate rattle, announced an arrival. After a little while, a few words were spoken between her father and another soldier. Nandina, brush in hand, stopped to listen. The half finished poem was arrested, never to be completed ! What was there in that voice that fascinated and charmed as no other voice had ever done ? What spell was it that allured her into silence, and betrayed her into listening—an act of which in all her previous life she had never been guilty ?

The beautiful girl arose with the movement of a panther—her limbs assumed the gliding, silent action of someone about to take a guilty step.

The conversation continued ; she heard the impatient pawing of the steeds, the clanking of the bridles, the bustle of preparation. Nandina crept along the closely plaited hedge, and there, unobserved save by the fleecy clouds, the swaying branches and the flying storks, she peered into the near distance, and let her eyes feast and her ears be satisfied with the sight and sound of all that was recognisable without the garden. There, as she stood immovable, spellbound, rivetted to her spying place, her father's Lieutenant turned involuntarily towards her, but his thoughts were far away. It was evident that the two soldiers

were about to start on some dangerous and distant journey. A rebellion had broken out in Kumomoto, the summons had been sudden; immediate action was necessary. Hasty preparations were being made. The gathering of the family and the servants was necessary before the departure. Luckily no one called Nandina. In the commotion she had been overlooked. Nandina's heart and eyes were, at that crisis, not set upon her home. She slipped a small hanging mirror from the folds of her kimono, and by its use brought the image of the waiting figure to her side. Through a partition in the hedge the man who had unconsciously stolen her heart, and who would influence her whole life, stood there beside her. Little did he divine, as his mind dwelt on the possibilities of battle far away, that he might be unconsciously the means of slaying the fairest daughter of all Japan.

Then someone called, the garden was searched, but like a guilty girl she remained in ambush, disobedient for the first time in all her life. There was a stronger spell over her, a new-born instinct. To leave her point of vantage would be, perchance—who knew! to lose for ever the sight of the man whose voice had mesmerised all her senses.

The farewells were over, and the kneeling servants arose from the mats. The soldiers had ridden side by side away, the mirror had been hidden within the folds of the dress, her heart was beating strangely, the sound of the horse-hoofs died in the dip of the hill. The wide, far-away sea sparkled, while rumbling sounds in the distance, like the rolling of drums, alone stirred the stillness. Nandina, the lovable, the beautiful maiden of the quiet home, an hour ago so sweet and debonnair, resplendent in her maiden prime, fetterless as a floating leaf upon a stream, began to realise a change had passed over her—something had entered into her life to set it in another key, had untuned its calm content, its peace, its solitude.

When her mother returned, she found Nandina, brush in hand, hovering over a half-finished poem. With wide eyes filled with wonder, searching the dim distance with breath suspended, or unchecked at intervals—Nandina had crossed over into the borderland of Love, whose name is unrest.

Nevertheless, life seemed to her a beautiful dream; never was the sunshine more radiant, or the flowers more exquisite, or the flight of birds more entrancing to follow. The *Sakura* no—

hana matsuri, of all the previous ones she had participated in, seemed fuller of joy and happiness than heretofore.

A few months passed, and the master of the house was on his homeward journey. The rebellion was quelled and peace once more restored to the land. One afternoon an ominous event occurred. A serious conclave had been held; go-betweens and guardians had been discussing family matters. Nandina had wandered down to the stream; her presence was not required, although her suspicions had been aroused concerning the nature of the important business, and partly guessed. Therefore she was not wholly unprepared when in the evening her mother bade her linger by her side. Hope and fear had wrestled in the girl's breast, but the secret was soon told, and as she learnt her fate from the lips of her loving parents, the words that were uttered and the choice that had been made for her, froze the life blood of their darling child. Yet by no outward token was there any change to mark the stab of pain each syllable inflicted. Nandina listened patiently, and when the conversation came to an end, and she had learnt they had promised her to a man of high standing and soldierly ability, other than the hero of her dreams, she merely smiled her sweetest smile, bowed low before her mother, and flitted noiselessly from sight.

There was but one alternative. Nandina resolved to take it. She marked the preparations being made, and accepted without any visible resentment the inevitable fate that awaited her. The hour, the day, the whereabouts of her distant home were all discussed as time went on.

In the garden again her parents wandered, and the mother remarked with satisfaction: "Though it grieves me much, dear lord, to part with the last of our children, yet Nandina looks all happiness. She grows ever more beautiful, strong of purpose and grave over her coming responsibilities. I feel our choice is good, and all will be well."

To which the stern father acquiesced and was satisfied. As parents, their duty had been carried out with great decision and forethought.

Again, Nandina wandering by the stream, where the goldfish and tortoise had dwelt for many a year, hearing the conversation, laughed a little bitter laugh to herself, as she plucked a bunch of dark blue berries, and enveloped them in the tender

shoots of laurel she had already concealed in the long flowing sleeve of her kimono.

The wedding day arrived ! A fair and exquisite dawn broke behind and above Fuji San—the Mountain of Unconquerable Light. Nandina stood alone for the last time in her own little room. Her dowry of precious belongings—breadths of rich white silk, carved ivory fans, embroidered *obi*, and other costly treasures—were all packed, and porters were advancing with their burdens to the house of the bridegroom. Six sturdy bearers were awaiting her presence below, and her maidens, with careful toil, were divesting her of her usual costume, which had, by its fashion and decoration, denoted that she was a prospective bride. Placing the discarded garments over a tall dress rail, they replaced the robe by one of pure white, of the exact pattern provided for a corpse. She was swathed in dead white garments, for, symbolic of the great event, was she not becoming dead to the home of her childhood, no longer one of the household, but belonging solely to her future lord and master ? For one moment she begged to be left alone. As soon as this was granted, she hastily snatched from behind the figure of *Kwannon* on the god shelf, a small phial, together with an envelope containing a few words and a poem written in her exquisite handwriting. These she slipped into the long sleeve of her dress, and then joined those who waited for her below. They laid her gently down upon the long white bier. They smoothed out the folds of her costume. Calm and collected, with her hands tightly clasped, she submitted to all the formalities ; for she had prayed to the gods, and her mind was at peace. Then they bore her out of her home, which was to be purified of her presence as if she had already been dead. They bore her to her new and distant home, in which henceforth she would have to exercise absolute obedience to her husband and all his relatives ; to give up her life to their service, to resign all she had ever called her own, even the memory of that first and fatal passion that had set its seal upon her soul. It was no unusual sight to meet, in days of old Japan, a bridal procession upon the mountain path or passing through the forest, and to see the still form resting in rigid quietness beneath a rich veil of embroidered gossamer. Sometimes this was supplemented by a palanquin or sunshade, sometimes shielded with *mita ogi* or giant fans, for members of the late household of both sexes followed

in the procession, and obscured the bride on her fateful journey from the eyes of passing strangers.

So Nandina passed from one home to the other, and the burden seemed somehow to grow heavier, at least so thought some of the bearers. She was expected, and great preparations were going forward. A huge fire guided the relations; the *shoji*, or shutters, were flung open; ceremonies of a peculiar significance were in progress. As the cortège passed the portals, two tall candles were seen burning, then the stands were raised, and the flames inclined downwards towards each other till they burnt in one burning flame together. This was the first sign of the unity of marriage. Then, at the turn of the corridor, two men, one on either side, pounded up *momi* or rice, in large mortars; when the bearers passed, at this point, the contents of both mortars were incorporated. In the ceremonial room a costly feast was prepared. Butterflies of gold and silver (male and female) were attached to the *saké* bottles, from whence the cups thrice three times were to be filled and drunk. This all-important act attested the validity of the marriage. Love birds were to be seen in dainty dishes. A model of the double-headed pine tree of *Takásaga* reminded the two of faithfulness and endurance, and how two lives could be sustained by one stem.

All these, together with many other preparations, marked the happy occasion!

The upper room was reached. Ladies in waiting were in attendance to change the funeral garment for the beautiful brocade and richly embroidered veil and head-dress to be worn during the marriage feast.

The men withdrew; a moment's silence followed their departure. The gentle maidens lingered near the recumbent bride. She did not move. They called her by name. They reminded her of the change that was to be her happy lot, of the brave man whom she was to serve and honour. Had she fallen asleep at this auspicious hour? Why did she not respond with tears or, even if not in joyful measure of words?

Then a maiden knelt beside her, touched her arm, and with a reverence lifted the gossamer veil.

"Nandina, dear sister," she sweetly remarked, "bride of the hour, we all await thee. Delay not the joy of thy honour—lord and parents!"

Still no response came. Then they pressed nearer, with beating, fearful hearts and trembling hands.

"Nandina, the beautiful," they whispered, raising higher the veil.

Nay, not so. Nandina, the beautiful, was no longer beautiful to look on. The face that had been covered up in its virgin loveliness, had undergone a change. The cream tint of her faultless skin had turned to ashen grey. Steel blue lines traversed her eyelids and lips. Her sightless eyes stared into futurity. Her hands were rigid and distorted. Her brow and limbs were cold and lifeless. Her features were set in supplication, as if the last resolve had been made to Buddha the Merciful. Alas! Nandina was dead. Her clenched hands concealed an empty phial that had contained the deadly juice of aconite and laurel leaves. This told the terrible truth far more vividly than words could explain. What fault lay in the deed she took to herself! The tender missive to her parents was couched in dutiful words. She had no need to ask the forgiveness of a man she had never loved. Having heard that her true lover had been slain in battle, she had no wish except to seek and share the shadowy life into which his spirit had entered. The noble samurai blood that was in her veins strengthened her resolve. Gladly she renounced the life of great honour that she might have shared. But in order not to distress the land of the beloved Emperor by the crime of plighting a dead heart to a noble living soldier of her gracious ruler, she had taken her own life, for in so doing, she had left her waiting lord free to win a devoted, heart-whole and faithful maiden for his bride.

CHARLOTTE M. SALWEY.

England.

THE MONTH.

THE Allies made steady progress on all the fronts during last month. The progress was perhaps rather slow. As General Brusiloff is reported to have said, the enemy's superior technique gives him a great advantage, and though the offensive is wrested from him, it may not be easy to gain a complete victory before next August. Yet neither in men nor in munitions is the enemy's superiority what it was in the early part of the war, and a time must come when he cannot contest the ground yard by yard. The youngest of the Allies, Rumania, has entered the lists with much vigour and is pushing forward in Transylvania. The Germans are said to have discussed the practicability of launching a big offensive in the Balkans: for the present one hears of the Servian offensive and the beginning of an attempt to regain Servia, rather than of the enemy offensive. Greece is about to join the Allies.

In Mesopotamia the situation is unchanged. As a Commission is enquiring into the criticisms of the operations there, the facts mentioned by H. E. the Viceroy in his Council last month will be remembered by the Indian public with much satisfaction, and perhaps in some respects with pride. Besides guarding her frontiers, India has supplied the needs of four expeditionary forces, despatched respectively to France, Egypt, East Africa, and Mesopotamia, not to mention less important places. On the outbreak of the war 530 British officers on the Indian establishment, who were on leave, were detained by the War Office for

service in Europe ; excluding the officers serving with their batteries or regiments, 2,600 combatant officers have been withdrawn from India. The cavalry has been increased by 20 per cent., the infantry by 4 per cent., and the number of recruits enlisted during the war has exceeded the entire strength of the Indian Army as it existed prior to the war. The work of transport has entailed heavy burdens. The camel and mule corps despatched on service represented 13,000 men and 17,000 animals, and the labour corps, with the 1,500 overseers, clerks, carpenters, smiths, and others despatched to Mesopotamia, enable one to form some idea of the exertions that had to be made so silently and incessantly. The Royal Indian Marine chartered and fitted up 170 vessels for transport, and 78 steamers, 120 launches, and 207 lighters and barges were purchased for service in Mesopotamia, where 190 officers and 7,000 Indian seamen and stokers are serving in the Government flotilla.

It is the medical equipment that has been specially criticised in England. It is therefore worth remembering on what scale the needs have been supplied in this direction. The personnel provided for field ambulances, for the clearing, stationary, and general hospitals, and for the various depots and stores, has absorbed 960 officers, 1,330 assistant and sub-assistant surgeons, 40 lady nurses, 725 British nursing orderlies, 2,840 Indian ranks, and 20,000 Indian followers. To meet these demands, 345 officers have been withdrawn from civil employment, as also 765 assistant and sub-assistant surgeons, and 200 private practitioners and civil assistant surgeons have been given temporary commissions. "In the medical sphere," as His Excellency declared, "it must be patent to all that in responding to the demands made upon us we have gone as far as it was possible to go." And it

is in this sphere that the criticism was about the severest. Someone was responsible for undertaking the impossible in haste in Mesopotamia, and when the public begins to fret, it is not always discriminating in its arraignments. Some of the achievements of the various departments are apt to be overlooked, because fortunately they have not been criticised. The Railway Board, for example, has provided the material and personnel required for railways constructed and worked in East Africa, Mesopotamia, and Aden, and constructed armoured motor cars, armoured trains, and other descriptions of vehicles and equipment required for war purposes. The Ordnance Department, which was organised to supply the needs of military operations on the North-west Frontiers, has shown its capacity for expansion and supplied to the War Office munitions to the value of two millions sterling. No one has been so incharitable as to find fault with the assistance rendered and the contributions made by the Ruling Chiefs and the Indian public generally, and they will no doubt be fully recorded when the proper time comes. Some financiers have grumbled that India has not shown the same courage in taking up loans and volunteering to provide the sinews of war as England has done. This is not surprising when it is remembered how shy Indian capital is even in times of peace.

Councils and Classes. THE communities and classes that may claim representation in the legislative councils are so many that it may well cause not a little perplexity at times to the nominating Government to dispose of the few unallotted seats in a manner satisfactory to all deserving claimants. Religion easily distinguishes a class or community, and Indian Christians recently begged H. E. the Viceroy to

reserve a seat for them. But the seats which he can dispose of are so few that he could not promise to grant the request. Land-owning and commercial classes are so large and so easily distinguished that they are represented by elected members. Does not the military class deserve the honour of taking part in the deliberations of the councils? Lord Chelmsford could not forget the claims of so important a class at a time when "its gallant deeds on the battlefields of the Empire, its loyalty under circumstances often of great strain, and its patience under climatic and other hardships have," as His Excellency remarked, "earned a right to our gratitude and affection." He has accordingly nominated Subadar-Major Ajab Khan Sirdar Bahadur as a representative of the Army. It appears that this appointment has left the Anglo-Indian community without a seat. Evidently more seats have to be provided in the Viceregal Council, and His Excellency considers it a question which cannot be shirked whether his powers of nomination should not be further enlarged. Those who want to see the country march towards Home Rule feel somewhat nervous at the mention of Government nominations. If the Anglo-Indian and Indian Christian communities prefer to be represented by elected members, the Government is not likely to insist on its own nominations. But as elections cannot conveniently be held in every community, the classes concerned may prefer nomination.

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THE war has compelled the provincial Governments to restrict their educational programmes, and the Imperial Government will be equally compelled to withhold additional promises of help. The new Education Member has turned his attention to female education, the instruction of the blind and the deaf and dumb, and the supply

**Material
Progress.**

of trained teachers. Some of the projected universities may come into existence in his time, but the expansion of primary education, with the paraphernalia demanded by the departmental ideals, will not fulfil the expectations of enthusiasts. Lord Chelmsford, however, hopes that in his time agricultural and industrial progress will receive substantial stimulus. Referring to the Commission under Sir Thomas Holland's chairmanship, His Excellency said last month that he had every hope "that the work of the Commission will result in the stimulation of existing industries, the foundation of others, and the increase of the material prosperity of the people of India." The Agricultural Department too will feel the effects of the war. However it appears that the services of two experts have recently been secured to conduct certain investigations—one will study the problem of reviving the trade in natural indigo, and the other will investigate the question of deriving tanning materials from the forests of India. Mr. Lefroy hopes to show that large parts of the sub-montane tracts are suitable for the production of the silk-worm, which cannot thrive in the heat of the plains. It appears that the Hon. Mr. Hill is developing certain schemes of promoting agriculture which, His Excellency the Viceroy hopes, "will bear bountiful fruit" during his term of office. Though the precise nature of the schemes is not indicated, they relate presumably to the increase of yield of certain crops, especially wheat, and to the education of the cultivator in utilising the results of researches made at Pusa and elsewhere.

If it was expected that the publication of the report of the Public Services Commission would give rise to controversies, out of harmony with the sentiments which should echo in the East, the reason perhaps is that the report

THE MONTH

does not go to the full length of the aspirations voiced by the most advanced school of Indian political thinkers. It can scarcely be doubted that the Commission must have unanimously suggested some more careers for educated Indians than are at present available to them. In his speech in the legislative council last month, H. E. the Viceroy referred to the overstocked market of the legal and literary professions and suggested two directions in which worthy careers might be found for Indians, apart from their legitimate ambition of serving the State. Agriculture and commerce are obvious fields to which attention has been drawn before, but to this day one of the chief needs of the agricultural colleges is to attract suitable students. H. E. the Viceroy advised parents, while planning the future of their sons, to turn their attention to the possibilities of employment in scientific agriculture. As this is not a new suggestion, His Excellency may perhaps advantageously appoint a committee to investigate whether it is the obtuseness of parents which prevents them from profiting by the possibilities of scientific agriculture, or whether something else comes in the way of the possibilities being reduced to actualities. The prevailing impression seems to be that the classes that flock to the overstocked professions are not generally blessed with sufficient land to yield as much additional income under improved methods of agriculture as they expect to make from the public service or the learned professions. In some cases the resort to these professions may be sheer folly. But the truth can be ascertained by a systematic enquiry instead of being left to mere conjecture and speculation. The other direction in which more careers may be opened for Indians is not quite so speculative. The great bulk of the work of constructing and repairing public roads and buildings is at present in the hands of the official agency of the Public

Works Department His Excellency has raised the question why much of this work may not be transferred to local bodies, and whether such delegation may not give a stimulus to private enterprise and provide more careers to Indian engineers. It was a complaint made before the Public Services Commission that a sufficient number of Indians are not employed in the Public Works Department. It is believed to be a very good department for making money, and careers therein are much coveted. Before radical alterations are made in the organisation of the department the Government would have to satisfy itself that the local bodies are competent to undertake the responsibilities which would devolve upon them, and that the local engineering colleges can turn out competent architects and engineers.

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Legal Hardships. THE structure of the Hindu family is gradually changing among the educated and the migrating classes. Certain portions of the Hindu law are therefore felt to be unsuitable to modern conditions. The courts of law sometimes add to this hardship by doubtful interpretations of the law. The Privy Council laid down long ago that a Hindu cannot make a transfer or disposition of property in favour of an unborn person. Eminent Hindus have been of opinion that this is not a correct interpretation of their law, and indeed that it allows them greater liberty than the English law, incorporated in the Transfer of Property Act of 1882. The Mahomedans too are placed under a similar disability, and the Shiyas, at any rate, protest that it is an unwarranted creation of the law courts. Fugured Hindus and Mahomedans have at last joined together to get the judge-made law altered, and the Bill introduced for the purpose by the Hon. Mr. Setalvad of

Bombay into the Viceregal Council has been unanimously supported by the Indian members. It will be remembered that the restrictions imported into the law of Waqfs by the Privy Council caused dissatisfaction among Mahomedans, and the legislature had to step in, though perhaps it would have been good for the community to accept the Privy Council's view, even if it might have been an innovation. In the case of transfers of property for the benefit of unborn persons, there can be no two opinions as to the equitableness of the proposed law. Several hardships under the Hindu law, as it is now administered, are well known to lawyers, and as this class is abundantly represented in the legislative councils, one Bill or another to remove a doubt or a disability will always be placed on the anvil of the Imperial or a Provincial Council. The newspapers are just now calling attention to the view of some courts that an insurance policy effected on his life by a member of a joint Hindu family does not inure to the benefit of his widow unless he creates a trust in her favour, and in this issue we publish a letter from a correspondent dilating on this hardship.

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**Rights on
Railways** THE racial ill-will now and then stirred up by incidents between European and Indian travellers in railway compartments has often been discussed in the press without any lasting result ; for such incidents continue to happen, though they may attract more attention in some cases than in others. The rights of the travellers are at any rate undoubted. Overcrowding in third class compartments, and sometimes in second class compartments too, is a hardship against which the public has long complained without securing any permanent relief. Public-spirited men have at last begun to discuss the rights of the

public under the law. Can a passenger in a compartment, which already contains the sanctioned number of travellers, resist the entry of more? A Court has decided that he may, and an Indian weekly has been publishing the following advertisement: "Wanted every Indian railway passenger to know that he has a legal right to offer resistance to any railway servant or to any member of the Railway Police whenever he attempts to overcrowd the passenger's compartment, and that it is the duty of every educated passenger to spread a knowledge of this legal right and rush to the help of those who are on the point of being ill-treated." If the decision of the Court and a general adoption of the advice given to the Indian public will bring about an addition to the rolling-stock and the provision of better accommodation, the public will be thankful. But the resistance to overcrowding may result in great inconvenience and hardship to unfortunate travellers themselves, who may be left behind if no accommodation is available. It is a good thing to know one's rights, but it is better to secure the best remedy, and not a remedy which will benefit the earlier occupants of a compartment at the expense of later arrivals, or arrivals at intermediate stations. Another question which has been recently fought out is whether a compartment may be reserved for Europeans and Eurasians. The Courts have decided that the railway administration have the power. Was it deliberately conferred for the benefit of any class or community?

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PRESIDING at Sudar Jogendia Singh's lecture on the

"Ideals of Government in the East and the

**Ideals of
Government**

West," Sir Valentine Chirol remarked the other day at Simla that Indians are endowed with a superabundant imagination, and in

the domain of politics it is apt to fasten on some distant goal and to overleap in one bound all the many intervening

obstacles which have to be slowly and patiently overcome before it can possibly be reached. On the other hand, the Englishman, with his more practical instinct, is apt it seems, to keep his eyes steadily fixed on the obstacles. Imagination, like sympathy, is a blessed word which is capable of various interpretations. If the Hindu magnifies the obstacles that lie in the way of social reform, he is not credited with the practical instinct of the Englishman. His imagination is said to conjure up difficulties which either do not exist or may be easily overcome. A great American writer has said that imagination weakens courage by magnifying difficulties. Why does not the imagination of the Indian operate in this way in the domain of politics, while it is said to work actively enough when he is called upon to face dangers? Or may it be said that he is not blessed with sufficient practical imagination, as distinguished from speculative imagination? These are interesting psychological puzzles. The probability is that self-interest often dominates one's imagination and either shortens or lengthens its range of vision in the case of Englishmen and Indians alike. In southern India the Brahman's eye is fixed on the distant goal, while the non-Brahman's is fixed on the obstacles in the way of Home Rule. Similarly, the Mahomedan and the Christian realise obstacles which the Hindu underestimates. Are they as a class endowed differently? The Englishman's imagination too does not always operate in the same way. If it was slow to work in the face of a prospective war with Germany, it worked quickly enough in South Africa, and in the history of India it has often overleaped the intervening impediments at one bound. Sir Valentine did not contrast Eastern with Western ideals of government. Is it the Indian's imagination or the Englishman's imagination that sees this contrast? Eastern ideals of the past can be made

out from history Were not these ideals at one time Western as well ? Could anyone have foretold fifteen years ago that China would abolish monarchy and establish a republic ?

Central Europe. FROM those who contrast the Indian's with the Englishman's imagination it would be interesting to have an appreciation of the German imagination The Teuton was at one time credited with a more sluggish imagination

than the Englishman's perhaps no one suspected what his metaphysics implied and his plodding industry received exclusive notice Nowadays imagination and practicalness are seen to vie with each other in the German We have before us an English translation of Friedrich Naumann's book on Central Europe It expresses the German hope of creating a federated Middle Europe consisting of the German Empire the Dual Monarchy, the Balkan States, Turkey, and some of the neutral States Of these Rumania has disappointed German hopes Greece is wavering Naumann, one of the most popular political writers of Germany, discusses at length the political and economic prospects of the world Power that is to arise as a result of the war But Mr Lloyd George's vision is entirely different He too is endowed with an imagination as vivid as that of Naumann Is not the Celt more imaginative than the Teuton ? In his vision he sees no combination but rather a dissolution, which is more likely to be productive of good to the world The decision is in the hands of the gods Meanwhile one may study both the pictures Meredith's translation of Naumann's book is published by Messrs. P. S. King & Son., Ltd.

Mr. Kumudini Kant Gongulee contributed to these pages last year an interesting article on the *True Import of Independence*. Encouraged by appreciative notices

of it by competent writers, he has expanded the essay and published it under the title *Self-control and Self-realisation*. It is a characteristic essay by a philosophic Hindu and will repay perusal.

(CORRESPONDENCE.

HINDUS AND THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACT.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—The above-named Act was passed in 1874. By section 2, it excludes Hindus, etc., from its operation. I want here to speak of section 6 which runs as follows :—

“ A policy of insurance effected by any married man on his own life, and expressed on the face of it to be for the benefit of his wife, or of his wife and children, or any of them, shall ensure and be deemed to be a trust for the benefit of his wife, or of his wife and children, or any of them, according to the interest so expressed, and shall not, so long as any object of the trust remains, be subject to the control of the husband, or to his creditors, or form part of his estate.”

As a matter of fact, a great bulk of married Hindus belonging to the educated classes effect policies of life insurance, and, understanding, rightly or wrongly, that this provision of assignment applies to the whole of India, assign the policies to wives in the first instance, and to wives and children in the second, precisely to the exclusion of coparceners. This becomes particularly necessary to a Hindu, on account of the law of joint family applicable to Hindus, which raises a presumption that all property is joint unless and until any part or all is proved to be separate property. In plain language, on the death of any male Hindu, his brothers and cousins of the same family take to the exclusion of the widow and daughters. If either the widow or any or all of the daughters claim any of the deceased's estate, she and they have to prove that what she and they claim is the deceased's separate estate. It is precisely to provide against this difficulty that the Hindu husband assigns the policy to his

wife or wife and children. The legal position is, however, never to be known by him.

The Act does not apply to Hindus and, the High Courts of Madras and Bombay have held that a policy forms part of the husband's estate in spite of the assignment. The judgment of the Madras High Court is to be found in I L R 35 Mad, p 165. The judgment of the Bombay High Court is to be found in I L R 37 Bom, p 471 and the pertinent words of the Chief Justice are as follow

"The policy in death therefore forms part of his (deceased husband's) estate, the right of action against the Company being in his executor or other representatives *untrammelled by any trust in favour of his wife*."

This knowledge, however, is acquired by the deceased's friends who desire to help the widow out of the clutches of the coparceners but they are helpless. Whatever may have been the condition in 1874 and whatever objections were to be raised against the application of the above quoted section to Hindus in 1874, the circumstances today have amply changed and call for a corresponding change in the law to be applied to Hindus. The Hon'ble Mr. Setalvad has already brought in a Bill regarding the Hindus' right of disposing of property, and there is a similar necessity of introducing a Bill in the Supreme Legislative Council for an enactment that the above section shall apply to Hindus. Woman's position is being attempted to be made stronger and better every day and the Hindu husband ought to be enabled by law to do so much for his wife.

I hope this attracts the attention of some Hon'ble member of the Supreme Legislative Council, European or Indian, Official or Non-official who will see his way to help the poor Hindu widow.

Yours faithfully,

A HINDU

Bombay

A SOUVENIR FOR WOUNDED INDIAN SOLDIERS

To the Editor, EAST AND WEST

SIR,—The women and children of the British Isles have been invited to provide souvenirs for our Colonial wounded to take back to their land together with the wounds, which manifest

their loyalty. The presentation of a silk Union Jack and Silver Shield was lately made to the Australian forces by H.R.H. The Princess Royal, as a joint gift from the *League of the Empire*.

In order to manifest our deep appreciation of India's ready help, may it be suggested that as many linguists must have crossed the water to aid England in her time of sore need, it would be an appropriate mark of gratitude if reliable authors would unite in forming a library, touching upon those places (described as "somewheres") at the seat of war in which our Indian brothers fought with our gallant allies? Such a library could be centered in one of those Principalities from which the greater number of men were drawn who formed the ranks; books, photographs, maps, and drawings could be included in this offering. Should it be possible to organise such a widespread gift, many writers would be glad and proud to contribute copies of their work and researches for such a lasting demonstration of good-will, fellowship and gratitude.

Yours, etc.,

C. M. SALWEY.

England.

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HOW to feed Baby is often a great worry to mothers who are unable to nurse their babies themselves. Ordinary cow's milk—however prepared at home—is not a suitable substitute for the mother's milk. It is acid in reaction, contains harmful germs and forms dense curds in the stomach that cannot be digested. Decide to use the 'Allenburys' Foods which are the only series of Foods scientifically adapted to the growing requirements of the child. You will be delighted when you see how well your baby thrives on this Method of Infant Feeding. The 'Allenburys' Foods are free from all dangerous organisms, they are portable, being in powder form and in sealed packages. The Milk Foods Nos. 1 and 2 require the addition of hot water only to prepare them for use.

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A Doctor writes:

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Dear Sirs, - A motherless infant in my charge, who has been reared from birth on your series of Foods, is doing well. He is at present over a year and a half old and though he has been weaned, yet your Food No. 3 is a major part of his daily diet.

I enclose herewith a photo of the said infant, and I shall try in my next to send particulars about, and a photo of, another motherless baby in a family I know of, who is being brought up at my instance on your milk foods.

Yours faithfully, (Dr.) S N P

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INEFFECTUAL GENIUS.

THERE are men of genius who are not artists, and artists who are not men of genius, yet no man who is merely either will become a permanent force in literature. The mere craftsman, without inspiration or originality, need not detain us. He may be quite pleased with himself, and may be the means of giving considerable pleasure to this or that little knot or nation of admirers ; but he is of no vital value to mankind. It is otherwise with the man who is elementally a genius. His function is to deal with things of enduring interest, and he may have little to learn, except the secret of the supreme way of dealing with them. Even if he should, as an artist, know little at the outset, his is yet a case in which, by taking thought and the right kind of trouble, the Ethiopian may change his skin, the leopard its spots, and a man add somewhat to his stature.

Turn, for example, to poetry. What are the things needful to the production of a perfect poetic work of genius ? Not only dramatic insight, imagination or creative power. These are indispensable ; but so, too, are judgment in the selection of themes and forms, an infallible sense of proportion, a faultless ear, a perfect mastery of expression, a taste that rigorously excludes defective or

ineffective words or phrases, as well as alien incidents, illustrations or reflections, and an art that knows when to stop with a verse, a paragraph, or a complete work. How many poems in the English language comply with these requirements? There are some so-called master-pieces which do not, yet they continue to live in spite of their defects

Let us assume that for the purpose in hand, Gray's *Elegy* is one of these poems, and having done this, read it as ending with the twenty-second stanza —

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

If we do this we have, subject to certain minor qualifications, a perfect poem of its kind. But Gray has added other verses which, while they continue to be part of the whole, prejudice the whole as a work of art

Of course, it is not proposed that the poem should now be altered; but we are trying to suggest, without disrespect to the genius or scholarship of Gray, how it might, perhaps, have been made more effective, and so more worthy of love and admiration. A discriminating reader will, no doubt, argue that the twenty-third stanza cannot justly be regarded as surplusage, but he will, perhaps, admit that it might, without prejudice to the general effect, be brought before the stanza which stands as the twenty-second, and that the twenty-second would then give the poem its finest possible finish.

It is certain that many a death-bed scene has testified to the truth of the twenty-third stanza:

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires

Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

“Do not leave me, George ; I feel safe while you are with me, dear brother.” So said a young girl just before she fell into her last sleep. “I am sinking, sinking—hold me, dear love. O hold me, dearest !” So spoke a dying wife to her husband. Gray’s verse is, therefore, indeed true to the human heart, and it would be a grave literary crime to tamper with it. Still, as a matter of art, would it not be more effective as the twenty-second stanza, and the twenty-second as the twenty-third and last stanza of the poem ?

If this suggestion is admissible, then what follows in the *Elegy* as Gray has left it is presumptively verbal and sentimental surplusage, which tends to destroy the effect of the antecedent symmetry, and deprives the poem of the artistic finish which otherwise it would have possessed in a very high degree.

There are other points in Gray’s masterpiece worthy of the consideration of those who are interested in the production of work intended to appeal to the human heart in all ages, climates, and countries. Observe how the *Elegy* teems with local allusions, and to what an extent it is pervaded by local colour—in other words, how very insular it is ; and can anything distinctively characterised by local colour and insularity appeal to mankind in general ? To men of English birth, or even of British race, the local allusions and local colour doubtless have a peculiar charm ; but how do they affect a cultivated Frenchman, Russian, Turk, Arab, Parsi, Hindoo, Japanese, Polynesian, Maori ? The subject of death itself is of universal human interest, and in so far as Gray touches its general aspects, the *Elegy* must be as valid and effective at Delhi as it

is at Stoke Pogis ; but even such exquisite local touches as :

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
and

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,

would probably be meaningless to men and women in any part of the world except England, unless they happened to be persons of exceptional knowledge, sensibility, and imagination. "The curfew tolling the knell of parting day," "drowsy tinkling lulling the distant fold," "the ivy-mantled tower," "the moping owl complaining to the moon," "the rugged elms," and the "yew tree's shade" stand for things which are part of England's imaginative heritage, and yet some of the things themselves have no longer an objective existence even in England. Their local colour, therefore, has become merely traditional even in the country of their origin, and so, even there, they are already on the plane of interest which they would have in the most distant and divergent lands, where they could be expected to appeal only to persons of exceptional knowledge and sensibility. There may come a time when these things will be so generally possessed by the human race that what has been interesting and significant to any of its members anywhere at any time shall be so to all its members everywhere, and at all times ; but at present the indications are that local colour and local allusions must disappear in the stream of Time like dissolving dyes in the current of a river, and that the literature which depends for its effects upon them can have only a transitory interest for mankind, and sympathetic acceptance nowhere except within the province or parish of its origin.

The philosophy of this is simple enough, but a few instances may be cited by way of illustration. In the second

stanza of Tennyson's *Dying Swan* we have an excellent example of photographic description dominated by local colour :

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky
Shone out the crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh ;
Above in the wind was the swallow
Chasing itself at its own sweet will ;
And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-course slept,
Shot over with purple and green and yellow.

Apart from the literary barbarism of rhyming "swallow" with "yellow," this verse is perfect in its way, in so far as its being surcharged with local colour can constitute perfection. Yet as poetry it is valueless, because the scene described is not only not transfigured by imagination, but is untouched by the suggestion of any universal interest. It is quite otherwise with eight lines in the fiftieth section of *In Memoriam* :—

To-night the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies ;
The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea ;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world.

The primary particulars in this fine description are peculiarly English and local, yet they are so vividly inter-fused by the transfiguring energy of the poet's mind that

the lines, as they stand, must appeal to men of sensibility in all parts of the planet.

A fine instance of the transfiguration of the particular into the universal is found in the verse in Burns's *Mary in Heaven*, which begin :

“ Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore.”

Here the whole scene is thoroughly local, but it is penetrated and clothed with a human interest which lifts it to the level of a world landscape of the first order.

This power of human emotion to transfigure the local and particular is exemplified also in Scott's *Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill*, and in Arnold's *Scholar Gypsy* and *Thyrsis*. The scenery described in these poems is distinctly local, but it is so effectively associated with a vital human element that all three have the quality which interests and touches men, as men, irrespective of race or country. Without this they would still have teemed with local colour, but they would have been mere topographical and botanical descriptions in verse, with no interfusion or touch of that spirit

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

And the round ocean, and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

It must be admitted that this power to transfigure can work wonders with literature that may be incrustated or even ingrained with inveterately local characteristics. For instance, the *Hebrew Scriptures* teem with the crudest and most barbarous localism, yet they are so penetrated with what is elemental in nature, and so pervaded by what is deepest and highest and most enduring in the spirit of man, that their localism, extreme though it be, counts for little more than the gnarled bark of an oak in the complete character of the tree.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Thou that killest the prophets and stonest them
which are sent unto thee,
How often would I have gathered thy children together
Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,
And ye would not !

Here we have the cry of the idealist for all time, and the local word " Jerusalem " is eternally interchangeable with the name of every other place in the world inhabited by men and women.

This characteristic is nearly everywhere present in the *Hebrew Scriptures*. Hence these writings are amongst the truest in the world ; that is, in them, what is vital and enduring in human nature dominates what is local and particular, or merely peculiar to the Jews as Jews. If we read aright the lesson thus taught to us, we should soon learn to discriminate between what is temporary and what is enduring in the literature of our own day. For instance, when an author writes of a man as an Englishman, he necessarily gives us the insular, and, relatively, the particular, the parochial ; but when he deals with an English man as a man, on account of his human qualities and experiences, apart from manners, modes and interests strictly peculiar to him as an Englishman, we have the universal. In the first category, the man and his doings are subjects for gossip, journalism, history, material for the interests and reputations of a day and a locality ; in the second, for genius and art, and objects of abiding interest to all men.

This question of localism or local colour has other aspects. Authors who seek popularity by writing on occasional moods of the moment, and in language which directly appeals through its vulgarity or slanginess to the

uneducated portions of the community, do so at their own peril. Even a paramount mood of the moment of to-day will have no interest to the masses who will have their own paramount moods, not only a hundred years hence, but even next year, or month, or week. The work which embodies such things is not literature, but journalism, which concerns itself with what everybody is talking about to-day, but no one will think about to-morrow. Slang and catch phrases are similarly deficient in the quality of durableness. Hence the abiding writers are those who deal with what is vital and permanently characteristic of human nature, not with evanescent moods and interests, phases of life which are crude and transitory, vanishing modes in manners or transitional types amongst men. To be abiding they must write, too, not in the dialect of a sect or a class or of a crude undeveloped people, but in language which the simplest educated mind can understand, which is strictly in keeping with the persistent genius of the tongue used, and as pure and perfect as the long results of time and judgment and taste can make it. All else must perish practically with the mood it represents, and the vulgarity whereby the mood appropriately expresses itself. Compositions of this class soon cease to be readable except with the aid of a dictionary; and a perfect work of art is always of universal significance and self-explanatory and requires no mediatory expositor. It needs no notes or commentaries, and should have no label except its name. When more than this is necessary, the necessity proves the work to be transitory in value or provincial in character.

It may here be asked how this doctrine affects the really fine poets who have written, or who may still write, in dialects, and doubtless the case of Burns will at once present itself for consideration. But so far as Burns is

concerned, the reply is that with his period and place, he could not help expressing himself as he did ; that practically he had no choice in the matter of an effective medium of expression. Besides, his medium is only in part a provincial dialect ; and then his matter is, in the main, so universal in kind that the world agrees to work through what is uncouth in its encasement, as men will press through a hedge or jungle for the fruit, or pure water, or a beautiful stretch of country, which cannot be reached in any other way. But there can be few such instances in literary history.

It must be admitted, too, that there is a difference betwixt a dialect spoken by a provincial nation or people and the jargon or slang used by persons who are merely the fungoid growths of debased social conditions which cannot last ; but nowadays the poet who expresses himself in a dialect in preference to doing so in a language, deliberately handicaps himself, even if he should be a Burns. Therefore, while allowing for all the qualifying considerations, it is still true that specific local colour in expression, or anything else, is merely the mood of the moment in another aspect. Hence, to make it a paramount quality in literature is to insist on the parochial in preference to the national, or the national in preference to the cosmopolitan ; or on a photograph, which gives the mere letter or external part of a person or place, in preference to a painting which does not, it is true, ignore the external part, but lifts the whole subject from a local into a general interest by also reproducing its spirit or imparting to it the touch of a universal interest. Indeed, mere local colour in human character or manners, or dialect, or scenery is, in a pre-eminent degree, an instance of the letter that kills, unless it is interfused with a spirit which places it permanently within the sympathy of men in

every part of the world. It is not what interests a few that can interest all, unless the few, while so interested, stand within the circle of universal feelings and relationships. The sum of the whole matter is that hitherto some men have achieved a local fame by writing to and for clans, communities, nations, as others still achieve an evanescent reputation by writing to suit sects, cliques, classes or isolated peoples; but now and henceforward real and lasting fame will be won only by writing to and for the human race.

Men of genius who fail to learn this lesson and to duly weigh other considerations bearing upon the adequate fulfilment of their great function will certainly become mere skeletons by the highway of fame or mummies in its museums; and not, as they should, stars that shine in the ether of eternity. Mere genius without knowledge and without art is not sufficient to enable a man to write supremely well even for his own age, let alone for all time. For his impulse and the circuit of his own power he must be primarily under obligations to no one but himself; but his art, his method of realising his impulse and expressing his power, can become perfect only through the vigour, the insight, the skill, the taste, the comprehensiveness with which he nourishes and educates his own artistic talent with the lessons to be learned from his predecessors and contemporaries, and from his own work critically regarded by himself. On this side of his work his reverence for his art should be greater than his reverence for the greatest masters of that art, for the judicial detection and the right use of the errors or shortcomings of those masters may be instrumental in enabling him to excel even them in artistry—in the consummate use of his medium of expression.

The lesson to be learned from the verbal and senti-

mental surplusage at the close of Gray's *Elegy* should ever be remembered in this connection. But even greater lessons than that await the sympathetic assimilation of modern men of genius. Much mental power is wasted through not being confined to the sphere within which it can be at its best. A gifted man fails somewhat in his mission when he omits to exercise discrimination in this connection. For example, Chaucer's reputation as a poet would have been greater than it is had he written only his *Canterbury Tales*, with their incomparable prologue. But he, as most poets have done, ran into extravagances and redundances, and worked in interior veins not suited to the display of his genius at its best. Milton, more almost than anybody else, exhibits sureness of discrimination in respect to subjects suited to his genius, though he encumbers his treatment with some things without which his work would be greater than it is, because it would be even in the power with which it aspires to be interesting to what is unchanging in the mind of man. This power is at its best in his portrayal of Lucifer and the other devils, because these are magnificently made up of permanent elements in human nature. But when he deals with the Deity and the angels, and with the theologies of schoolmen, Hebrew priests, and English Puritans, then -

In the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour him, opens wide

The reason is that such things in their particulars are of no permanent interest to the human mind, because, though man is pre-eminently a religious animal and a maker of gods, he is constantly changing, or on the point of changing, his religions and his gods, or, rather taking up new spiritual relations to the universe, and seeing Eternal Providence in fresh lights and aspects. No

doubt every god is holy in his day, and has power unto salvation, so long as he is believed in by men : such is the miracle-working potency of faith ; but when his day has passed, his cult and creeds are dry bones for the museums of the antiquary, and not metal for the furnaces and forges of the creative artist. Hence, even the Miltons of the race fail in themselves, and vainly vex the souls of their kind when they aspire to invest with perennial interest the dead or dying dogmas of past ages, concerning things about which the mind of man is in a state of chronic ebb and flow

This failure to exercise judgment in connection with the exercise of genius has been woefully overlooked by men of great parts, with the result that libraries are crammed with lumber, and some of the brightest minds of the race are buried in rubbish which they themselves have piled upon themselves, like Samson with the temple of the Philistines. Even a writer like Goldsmith would have had a more felicitous fame had he left us only his two poems, two plays, and his one novel. So, too, with the greatly gifted, yet too-many-volumed Scott. It might have been better for his genius and for his permanent influence had he concentrated his splendid powers, instead of writing hurriedly and overmuch for the people who rush through a book as a railway train might through the Garden of Eden for the sake of getting to the end. Every great work should have an atmosphere within which he who once draws breath must be fain to breathe for ever ; but this character can never be adequately given to a book by any man who writes for the multitude of persons who read for mere excitement.

It must be admitted that, in the case of original genius, much of what a poet writes may be written almost in spite of himself, when his sensibility and vocal gift yield

inevitably to the pressure of the spirit of his time as the branches of a tree do to the wind. Indeed, it may be said that no poetry really worth reading or preserving is ever written except under this influence ; but even work so done will lack enduring efficacy unless it is expressed in the forms and terms of perfect art. Mazzini, in his essay on Byron and Goethe, ascribes this character of inevitableness to Byron's *Laras*, *Corsairs*, and *Childe Harold*, and finds them full of interest and instruction, because Byron, through them, sums up an epoch in which the human soul fruitlessly sought happiness in mere self-aggrandisement, self-assertion, and self-sufficiency. But though that may make them interesting and instructive to the sociologist, and may have been a factor in their popularity with Byron's contemporaries, it does not give them a permanent claim, as poems, on the interest of the world. A great poet may be the voice or interpreter of an epoch, but his greatness will be only half realised unless his vocal methods answer the tests of his art at its highest in all particulars. This is where Byron fails in much of his work. Poetry must do more than interest or instruct the sociologist ; even in dealing with a given phase of the human spirit a poem must so deal with it that that spirit shall, in all ages, find it stimulating, strengthening, edifying, or entertaining—a place of perennial refreshment or perfect rest ; and in itself, as a work of art, it must breathe all through of the rose of perfection. *Beppo*, *The Vision of Judgment*, and *Don Juan*, notwithstanding defects in their literary workmanship, approximately satisfy this test, after their kind ; few, if any, of Byron's other works do, and hence their character as instances of ineffectual genius. It may be quite true that *Childe Harold*, *Manfred*, *Cain*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Mazzeppa*, *The Siege of Corinth*, and other poems of his would secure

to any other poet an enviable reputation ; but Byron's own fame would have stood higher had they not been written by him. In their way they are good enough, but they are not, like *Don Juan*, *The Vision of Judgment* and *Beppo*, in Byron's most congenial manner, or in his most distinctively native vein, and, therefore, as they do not represent the poet at his best, they prejudice the reputation and the poetic effectiveness, which would have been so much the greater but for their qualifying qualities.

A more modern, but equally instructive, instance is that of Matthew Arnold. He, too, although an accomplished critic as well as an admirable poet, has written much that prejudices his best work. His inferior writings may have been, or may still be, temporarily interesting, but in their essence and form they belong to journalism which deals with things of the day and not to literature, whose business is with the prevailing purposes of nature and the prevailing passions of man, not with their purely local or sporadic manifestations. It is with what is thus prevailing that Arnold deals in the vein in which he is supremely at home ; elegy in poetry and criticism in prose. Elegiac poetry is not necessarily sad or saddening, but must be tender and true, and this condition is fulfilled in the highest degree by Arnold's elegies, which, in addition to their exquisite poetical form, have a full-flavoured humanity and high serenity that must preserve their charm to the latest ages. Then, the luminous discrimination and verbal urbanity of his finest literary criticism make his prose in this department fit to rank with his work as an elegiac poet ; and, hence, if he had written and published only his elegies and best critiques, his legacy to the world would have been much choicer--altogether richer than it is ; for as we have it, it is prejudiced by inferior work, work that mars his best with elements of ineffectual genius

with instances of labour expended on things of merely local or temporary interest. Of course, his elegies and critiques would fill only a small volume, but then, what a volume ! Judged by the enduring charm and permanent value of its contents, it would be one of the perennial fountains, one of the sweetest sanctuaries, one of the Elysian everglades of literature.

The list is not yet exhausted, indeed, there is hardly a poet who could not be brought into the catalogue. Even Shakespeare has Gothic extravagances and slovenly details full of educational value to the pilgrims of literary perfection. But, take him all in all, he is Nature's other self, and, as with Nature, the more one understands him, the more one loves, admires, and sees at least the casual rightness of what appears wrong at first sight. It is not suggested that Shakespeare's errors in style should not be called to judgment or most carefully avoided, nor that the great poet himself should be made the object of a demoralising fetishism. But, as a whole, he is so great in the conception and execution of his work that one sooner or later learns to look upon his literary lapses or shortcomings as we generally look upon the gnarled knobs of an oak or the irregular outlines of a mountain ; they are of no moment in view of the central greatness of the object, and may even be dramatically quite in keeping with the subject.

As a matter of fact, Shakespeare's chief lesson for the man of genius lies less within the literary than the moral sphere. The circumstance that millions of men who have never heard and never will hear of the mighty poet are yet happy enough, and succeed fairly well in their respective paths in life, is surely an immemorial lesson in intellectual perspective and modesty, for it teaches that even the greatest man is not indispensable to his fellowmen. It

is they who are Nature ; and he at most is only Nature's interpreter, or double in miniature. The greatest man does not create himself nor anything else ; he is the progeny of Nature, and at most can only interpret his mother, and turn himself and all he knows about her to an interesting account, and perhaps even improve Nature. But in all this he is only a means, and Nature made the means What does Shakespeare himself say ?

Yet Nature is made better by no means
But Nature made that means
.... This is an art
Which does mend Nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is Nature

Yet it has to be remembered that, although even Shakespeare may not be indispensable to mankind, all men are made intellectually and spiritually richer by seeing the world and themselves mirrored in work like his and that of others of his creative kin ; for it is only when they see their faces in a glass and their natures in art that they truly know themselves.

It is this fact which justifies every lover and well-wisher of genius in suggesting whatever he honestly believes will help it to realise itself to greater and greater perfection. Yet in doing this the critic will merely ask genius to do what the world asks in the case of every worker and craftsman, namely, to learn somewhat from the past, to bring principles into a clearer light, and to follow such methods as enable every doer to do his best. This is done, or can be done, in all callings ; and if genius cannot do likewise in its own sphere, wherein, apart from its primary creative faculty, is it superior to common talent or common sense ? The creative or inspirational power which is one of the factors of genius is sometimes found in alliance with idiocy

and apart from understanding, and in such cases it is as incapable of being taught as forked lightning, which it somewhat resembles ; but there is in the greatest minds a co-ordinating, self-mastering will which, like the Jove of the Grecian mythology, holds the lightning in its hand and controls the thunderbolt, and it is to intellect with this power that the serious critic naturally addresses himself. Surely, of genius so endowed it is a small thing to expect it to be able to distinguish between what to it is a fruitful and what a barren soil, and then to use its divine energy with judgment.

In exercising this high judicial faculty in connection with his work the competent disciple of art will sooner or later come to see that in its last analysis the human spirit is exceedingly materialistic, that is, it hates futility and loves and insists on substantial satisfactions. Therefore, the man of genius not only fails to satisfy it, but he offends it when he presents it with failures, these are felt to be reflections on the humanity of which it is a part, and which it feels should be ever ultimately successful and triumphant, as every man and woman hopes and expects to be in the long run, notwithstanding all examples to the contrary in the history of the race. Representations of gratuitous suffering or useless effort cannot, therefore, in the nature of things appeal to mankind ; and every man, in so far as he is in intimate relationship with the main permanent tendencies of his race, will recoil from them as essentially feeble and unwholesome exhibitions of human talent. " Though he slay me, yet will I trust him," says the chief character in the great poem of *Job* ; and this faith in, this loyalty to, this victoriously intimate alliance with the ideal and with eternal purpose must emanate or flash from the human soul at its darkest or direst crises, or it fails to justify its kinship with humanity ; and the poet

who does not show in his work that he realises this fact, fails to establish his claim to effectual genius, and will assuredly never receive the suffrages of mankind, however he may stand with the undiscerning of his own day or with the curio-collecting minds of other times.

Of course, it is not meant that a creative artist should shirk the portrayal of grief or suffering if it is in the line of the work he has in hand ; neither is it suggested that art should refuse to reflect or reproduce the melancholy incidents of life, or those phases of thought or feeling which are as sad as death, though they may be as transient as clouds, and yet also as natural to human nature as clouds are to the sky. But the man of genius most certainly should shun as a heinous sin the least inclination to indulge in the poor theatric talent which manufactures sadness or sorrow merely for the sake of moving the emotions. That is to get very far away from Nature, and it is the glory of art to reflect, not only her external features, but to keep in intimate touch with her soul. True art, therefore, never harrows its lovers with merely manufactured ills or gratuitous grief, and never breaks humanity upon the wheel of destiny without exhibiting, in vision or reality, the destruction or transmutation of the conditions and agencies which have caused the tragedy, through which, indeed, there comes surer salvation or greater righteousness to the individual or the race. It may seem sometimes, on a narrow view, to be unwarranted to show this ; but the drama of the world, studied on the great scale, teaches that not to show it is to miss the main issue, for the ultimate fruition of every tragedy is the justification of righteousness or the indictment of iniquity at the bar of Eternal Justice. Hence, representations of sheer, unrelieved, unillumined sorrow or suffering violate the vital truth of Nature, and can be acceptable only to persons who are devoid of the

moral sensibility which makes other hearts turn away from them as gratuitous exhibitions of falsehood.

The last word is, that the man of genius who would do work worthy of genius must beware of the merely local and particular, and keep his eye fixed on Nature's universals—earth, sea, and sky, day and night, wind and rain, the interchange of seasons ; the prevailing passions and experiences of humankind—love, hatred, egoism, altruism, life and death ; spiritual unrest ; man's yearning for the face and favour of woman ; woman's for the man or the child she loves ; and the everlasting effort to translate the ideal into the real and the real into the ideal in all things. He must also press into the service of his creative faculty everything essential to the production of a perfect organic whole, as an architect, in planning and constructing a great original building, draws within the co-ordinating scope of his own genius all the lessons to be learned from his predecessors, and the best in kind in all the materials requisite to the harmonious execution of his perfect design. This is indispensable all through in poetry, as in other arts, whether a man is writing a true and enduring song, a decisive satire, a perfect comedy or work of humour, or an epic or a tragedy.

It is, above all, necessary that in these graver efforts the creative artist should never forget that the human soul is not only born to struggle, but also to triumph in the main. Its function is to surmount difficulties and to bring order out of chaos, through spiritual insight and the application of knowledge and wisdom to character and conduct. Though the history of mankind may show many particular instances in which this function is not fulfilled, but piteously frustrated, yet the heart—while it tenderly pities the individual victims of defeat and of deflection from its general destiny—never crowns with its complete acceptance the

works which devote themselves to the literal treatment of such lives. The cause of this may be egoism, but it is a wholesome egoism, for men and women cannot be permanently helped or cheered by discouraging instances of piteous or ignominious failure. Immortality and universal acceptance, therefore, are assured only to works which exhibit the triumph of the soul. They may show it struggling with the direst afflictions and the bitterest trials, but, through and under and in spite of all these, it must gain in character and in strength, in its ultimate aspect and attitude it must be seen to be a gainer in itself or in its relations to universal humanity, or in both. And the reader or spectator must not be made to feel that even the most tragical death is like that of a crushed worm, which in so far as the intelligence of man apprehends, imparts in dying no impact of any kind to any sensory nerve in the universe. Weak and passionately pessimistic writers and artists produce work of this kind, but it helps no one, and humanity on the great scale wisely will have nothing to do with it. But it holds in loving and lasting remembrance all who, with adequate art, represent the struggle and stress of life, and at the same time satisfy the genius of the race by exhibiting men and women like ships that pass through all kinds of weather, but reach port at last; for even when a life goes down in the storm, the soul has always a port at hand in the realisation of its own moral integrity and in the spiritual transfiguration of folly into wisdom, weakness into strength, falseness into truth, seeming or temporary loss into actual gain for what is abiding in human feelings, aspirations, and interests.

Between the stirrup and the ground
He mercy sought, he mercy found.

This couplet describes, in the terminology of the age of faith, a process which is psychologically available to

men in all ages. A readjusting transfiguration may take place in the human soul up to the last thrill of its mortal consciousness. What then and thus happens may not make complete amends for all the past, but the process itself proves that though there may have been defeat or debasement, neither the one nor the other has entailed utter destruction or irremediable demoralisation. At least the elements of spiritual regeneration, readjustment and victory remain, and with this residual, irreducible, psychological fact before him, no writer is justified in making a pervasive presentation of sheer unrelieved, hopeless grief or gloom. To do this is to do violence to an essential, ultimate truth in human nature, and to harrow gratuitously the heart of the reader, listener, or onlooker. Even if a writer made it his business to delineate the process whereby a soul might be presumed to bring about its own absolute extinction, it would be bad philosophy and bad art to overwhelm the reader with horror at the tragedy of the result. The truth of Nature requires that, even in such a case, room should be left for a touch of moral satisfaction at the utter annihilation of so vile and irreclaimable a spirit. Such a tragedy would still, in its way, justify the ways of God, and should in the main stimulate and raise as an exemplification of the spirit of rectifying righteousness in human affairs. Hence it comes that no poem or work of art which fails to disclose a sympathetic recognition of these principles will ever adequately express or satisfy the human spirit, or be in itself, even at the most favourable estimate, more than an exhibition of ineffectual genius.

JOHN CHRISTIE.

New Zealand.

REFORMS AFTER THE WAR.

HOW to wrest from enemy nations after the war the advantages enjoyed by them in the British Empire and the dominions of the Allies before the war, is a question which may well be discussed at the present stage. But is it seemly that His Majesty's subjects in any part of the Empire should at this time claim fresh privileges as a reward, as one might be led to suppose, for the services hitherto rendered, and that may be hereafter rendered, during the war, as the bounden duty of all loyal citizens? Would anything be lost if the demands be deferred in the present period of anxiety and absorption in the war and put forward when the clouds have dispersed and sunny weather has returned? Is this the time to make hay, and what will the world think of a nation that discovers an opportunity for self-advancement, not against the enemy, in a world-wide calamity? These are some of the questions which arise from the memorandum on constitutional reforms submitted by nineteen of the elected members of the Imperial Legislative Council. Old Hindu writers are never weary in insisting that a wise man must know the fitness of time, place, and circumstances. Could these nineteen worthy gentlemen have overlooked the risk of placing the character of their countrymen, not to speak of their own reputation for statesmanship, in an utterly false

light? It is incredible. Altering the rule followed in the early part of the war, the Government has announced its intention of publishing the Report of the Public Services Commission. H. E. the Viceroy referred the other day at Simla to the necessity of extending his powers of nomination to the Legislative Council, without adding that the consideration of the subject would have to be deferred until after the close of the war. In view of the spread of the Home Rule movement, it is not improbable that the Secretary of State and the Governor-General are considering the advisability of conferring upon the people some fresh constitutional privileges and throwing open more appointments to Indians in the public service. These may be controversial questions, but it is probable that in the opinion of responsible authorities the necessity for postponing their consideration no longer exists. Who knows that some dramatic announcement may not be made to the people of India after the close of the war, just as sensational announcements were unexpectedly made at the Coronation Durbar at Delhi? These possibilities are perhaps conjured up by my own imagination, but it is an imagination that works upon the facts of recent history and signs of the present time. In the circumstances the signatories of the memorandum may have thought, for aught I can believe to the contrary, that the time had come to place their views before Government without delay. Only, it would have been well if the document itself had clearly stated the reason of the apparent unseemly haste.

The memorandum discloses certain defects in the Government of India, which are bound to be removed sooner or later. They were not defects in the past, but whatever is proper and suitable in one set of conditions does not always continue to be such. Whether the shortcomings will be remedied in precisely the way demanded in the

memorandum, is another question. Autonomy to provincial Government is not a new proposal, nor altogether a non-official proposal. The creation of an Executive Council in the United Provinces is an idea which is largely supported in official circles. The departures recently made in the recruitment of Indians for the army point to the probability of further changes, and it is not an extravagant hope that we are within measurable distance of commissions being granted to Indian youths in the army, and Indians being allowed to form Volunteer Corps. The invidious distinction made between Europeans and Indians under the Arms Act cannot remain indefinitely on the Statute Book, but how it will be removed is another question. It would be removed, for example, if Europeans were required to take out licenses as Indians are. The officers who grant the licenses may oblige Europeans as readily as the latter find it necessary, and the scrutiny of the reasons in the case of Indian applicants may be more careful. Nevertheless, the invidiousness would be removed, apart from the proportion in which different races happen actually to be armed. The misuse of arms sometimes made by Europeans may well raise the question why they should not be subjected to the same restrictions as Indians. A full measure of local self-government may not be "immediately" granted: indeed, language of that kind detracts from the dignity of a document of the kind presented. But it is the settled policy of Government to extend local self-government as rapidly as local conditions permit.

More controversial than these are the proposals which seek to modify the constitution and powers of the Legislative Councils and the share of Indians in the government of the country. They would not place India on quite the same footing as the self-governing Colonies, but they

make a near approach to that goal. When we speak of self-governing Colonies, it is worth remembering that only the white inhabitants there have a real share in the government. In New Zealand 4 out of 80 members of the Representative Assembly are elected Maoris and 4 more may be nominated. They can scarcely influence the legislation of the country. In Canada the coloured races form an insignificant fraction of the population. In South Africa, where the colour problem presents a real difficulty, the Union Parliament does not admit members of other than European descent, and though this restriction does not seem to be formally laid down in the provincial councils, the native races have really no share in the legislation of the country. For the protection of the native races and other coloured inhabitants, the autonomous powers of the Parliament are specially restricted. The question is whether in India the racial problem does not present difficulties similar to those existing in South Africa. Apart from Europeans, the Indians are divided into several religious communities, and the Hindu community is divided into so many castes, some high, others low or backward, and still others so unspeakably low in orthodox estimation, that in the opinion of many Indians themselves self-government would mean in practice government by certain high castes and educated sections. As His Majesty the King-Emperor graciously remarked in a speech not long ago in England, the progress towards self-government in this country would depend upon a change in the social conditions and on educational progress. The question is whether the proposals in the memorandum are open to the criticism that they are not suited to the present conditions in India. Taking the Legislative Councils, it is proposed that the Imperial Council should consist of 150 members and the Provincial Councils of 60 to 100 members. These

are not extravagant figures : the very fact that the population is divided into so many castes and communities furnishes a reason in support of the proposal. They cannot be adequately represented in small councils. The next proposal is that in these legislative assemblies the elected members should constitute a substantial majority. When constitutional reforms were being discussed in Lord Minto's time it used to be pointed out both in these pages and in the columns of the *Indian Spectator* that the device of putting official and nominated members into the field as against elected members so as to secure a Government majority, could only be a temporary makeshift, inasmuch as the councils were bound to grow rapidly with the spread of education, and the Government would not always be able to spare a sufficient number of officials, and with the spread of education election would be preferred to nomination by the very communities or sections on whose behalf the Government would exercise the powers of nomination. In the recent article on "Government Defeats," attention was called to the futility, not to speak of the doubtful moral propriety, of the Government relying on the support of nominated members, who ought to, and who do, vote independently. The time has come to recognise that the arithmetical device of placing real power and responsibility in the hands of Government is not suited to this country ; that the rationale of the presence of official and nominated members in the Legislative Councils should be other than securing a Government majority ; and if the Government ought to have a potent voice, it must be secured by express statutory provisions and not by a balancing of numbers. Communities and interests must be represented either by election or by nomination for the sole reason that they deserve representation as a matter of justice and without reference to the question who will be in the majority and

who will be in the minority. When the memorandum concedes that the Governor-General in Council may veto a resolution passed by his Legislative Council, it is acknowledged that the ultimate responsibility for government must be vested in him. If the assent of Government be made a necessary condition of the effectiveness of a resolution or the operation of a Bill passed by a certain proportion, not merely by a majority, of the members, just as the Judge's concurrence is necessary to make a jury's verdict operative in certain cases, the Councils will have a real voice in the government of the country, in the sense that a trial by jury is a reality, while the backward classes will have no reason to complain that self-government means only government by a few educated members of certain communities who have in the past prevented others from rising and held them down for their own benefit.

While the signatories of the document are ready to exclude military affairs, foreign relations, declaration of war and the making of peace, from the powers of the Legislative Councils, they would insist on fiscal autonomy being granted to India, this autonomy being controlled by the Imperial Legislative Council, and they would have the budgets passed as money bills. This part of the memorandum could not have been sufficiently well considered and constitutes the most vulnerable point of the scheme. The most important of the spending departments, as they are called, is the military department, which in the self-governing Colonies is under local control. The signatories of the memorandum are not prepared to vest the control of the army and the navy in the Legislative Council of the Viceroy, but would claim for it absolute financial control, subject no doubt to the veto of the Governor-General in Council. But what about initiating and carrying out financial legislation? What is to happen

if a money bill is not passed ? If military schemes are to be held up for lack of funds, what is the use of placing the army and the navy outside the control of the Legislative Council ?

If an executive council, exclusive of the head of Government, consist of an even number of members, one half of the seats may be reserved for Indians. But the demand that the other half should be reserved for Europeans trained in the public life of England is not likely to find favour in England, much less will it be supported by Englishmen in India, unless perhaps the salaries attached to these appointments are otherwise made available to the Civil Servants who rise to the top of the ladder. The English people send their own sons to this country as Civil Servants, and they are proud of the achievements of "the ablest Civil Service in the world." It would be a queer way of showing their gratitude to these representatives of their civilisation, who toil the best part of a lifetime in a tropical climate, to deny them the highest prizes of the service for the benefit of stay-at-home politicians.

The abolition of the Secretary of State's Council is really not a constitutional reform. That council merely helps the Secretary of State as permanent officials would ; and it is for past Secretaries of State to pronounce on the comparative advantages to that responsible officer of the two systems.

'POLITICUS.'

STRAY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP TO INDIA.

(Concluded from our Last Number.)

BANDRA.

A GREAT part of my time in India was spent at Bandra, in the island of Salsette. As Bombay did not agree with my health, I did not hesitate to accept my good friend's invitation to return to his hospitable place after each of our trips ; my daughter could thus easily come and go to town, while I was able to enjoy a delicious *far niente* in a cool and comfortable suite of rooms.

Bandra, once a Portuguese settlement, after having been plundered by the Marathas, became under the British *raj* a flourishing suburb, now connected to the Island of Bombáy by the Mahim causeway. Between the railway and the sea there extends a large area of cocoa trees, palm trees and gardens commanded by a small hill crowned by the plumes of the jagged leaves of tall *khajuris*. In the thoroughfares, large and gaudy crosses reminded us directly that we were in a Christian land. The converts of Manoel Gomez, the Apostle of Salsette, have remained faithful to their old-fashioned Christianity, and Catholic churches are seen either lining the high-street, almost within a stone's-throw of the Parsi *Agyari*, or, at Chimbai, inscribing austere outlines on the fiery Indian setting sun. But the famous College of the Jesuits has long since been destroyed, and the slaughter-house now fills its place ! The harbour, where the Portuguese fleets

used to take water, is still marked by the *agoada*, a small fort at the base of the hills, which falls abruptly into the sea. It became one of our favourite resorts, with that of the revered shrine of N. S. do Monte, perched on the spur of the hill, then an unpretending chapel surrounded by low fences covered with American creepers, but now, I believe, replaced by an imposing building.

Cosy bungalows have replaced the *aldeas* of the Portuguese grandees ; our own was the first on the road crowning the crest of the hill, and facing the sea. The view was splendid ; from our windows we embraced the beach with its soft retiring waves and glorious sunsets, and, in the distance, Danda and Versova, as far as the eye could perceive the line joining the water to the sky.

We soon learnt the way to the station, where we often repaired to catch the crowded train, which, every morning, conveys to Bombay the business men, Indian and European ; and we never failed to admire the beautiful creek where large sea-birds hovered over the waves, addressing a grateful thought to Lady Avabai who provided for the security of the wayfarers ! At night, after a fatiguing afternoon, the drive home in the cool air was simply a treat.

We were allowed to share the calm and well-regulated life of a Parsi home. In the afternoon we exchanged calls with our neighbours, Mohammedans and Parsis ; let all these amiable friends rest assured that I have not forgotten their kind welcome. The little ones, who played with the children of the house, had taken a fancy for the French lady ; they used to sing snatches of Gujarati *garbas* and danced merrily to the sound of French tunes which escaped from the touch of my fingers on the piano. Now, boys and girls are grown up young men and mothers of large families ; some have come to see me, when touring in Europe ; but I like to remember them as they were

with their *jhabla* and *topi*, instead of their stylish English dress. The heat confined us inside ; at the close of day it was delightful to breathe the sea air on the beach or to drive to shady Mahim or wooded Palli. We were forced to avoid the picturesque village of the fishermen ; plague had once more paid a dreary visit to its inmates ; the huts were deserted, and, in the bazaar, the shops shut. Of the beautiful silvery nights which we enjoyed so much, I must mention especially our return very late from the distribution of prizes at the St. Joseph's Convent. Never have I seen such a splendid moon, shedding torrents of light on the whole landscape. The ceremony, presided over by the Bishop of Bombay, was, besides, most interesting ; it took place under a large *shamiana*, tastefully decorated and profusely lighted. The girls sang, played, and danced ; many different races and creeds were assembled and gave me a rare opportunity to judge by myself of the possibility of establishing an "entente" between the members of these communities, without hurting the feelings of any.

It was on the lovely terrace, on the top of our bungalow, that our host introduced us to several leaders of public opinion and British officials. We were present at many serious talks about the preoccupations of the Government in 1901. Famine and plague were still raging in some parts of the country and required stringent regulations to put an end to the two awful calamities. If we did not attend the Congress at Lahore, we had the advantage of meeting the president several times, and considered it a great privilege to hear him discuss with our host the most pressing problems of social reform and their possibilities of success, failure or delay.

Now if I presume to register a few observations of my own, which I could not help jotting down, people may find in them a proof of the persistence of curious customs,

and I will base their comparison on some of Anquetil's statements. Before leaving India for ever, Anquetil undertook a pleasure trip along the old Portuguese province of the *Certe do Norte*. Nothing escapes his eagle eye, from Daman to Bombay he inspects the old Forts, notes the strength of their bastions and the number of their guns; he breakfasts with the *padris* in their small vicarages, hidden in shady groves of cocoa-trees. Everywhere he is courteously received, at Thana, he excites a real enthusiasm among the assembly of native Christians; when invited by the "Curé" he sings a *Credo* "en faux bourdon" at the big Cathedral (*A Igreja da se*). But let me come to the point. He was struck by some practices which do not escape the notice of a thoughtful observer. At Thana, after the Mass, he saw several *Indiens païens* bringing their children to the *padris* to have gospels recited on their heads, others were taking some oil from the lamp burning before the altar of the Holy Virgin. After the lapse of one hundred and fifty years how many times have we not been able to witness at Bandra the same "naive" confidence of the *Indiens païens* of the twentieth century in N. S. do Monte? Fifteen years ago the church was very modest a white silhouette discernible very far at sea, the nave was painted in blue stucco, and the light diffused in the whole building, softened by stained glasses, enveloped the charming chandeliers decked with flowers, the gildings and muslins of the altars and the painted statues of the saints. It was indeed affecting to see the unbeliever barefooted, gliding noiselessly on the marble pavement, to beg a favour of "Matubai" or bring offerings in acknowledgment of those already received.

More remarkable perhaps is Anquetil's statement that the Marathas had left to the Christians the use of almost all the churches, and granted them full liberty to

practise their religion. The Catholic services were celebrated at Thana with as much pomp as in Goa. The processions were allowed to defile in the streets, and were even viewed with a sort of respect by the Gentiles. Again, at Bandra, the processions used to defile before our bungalow, their banners flying; once at sunset, during lent if I am not mistaken, the *ora pro nobis* of the nuns and orphans was accompanied by the distant noise of the tom-toms of a Hindu marriage, while a Nawab from up-country ordered his fine pair to halt and let free passage to the Christians of the most humble classes!

Living, as the chance had it, among the remains of the Portuguese rule, in the Island of Salsette, we could not remain indifferent to our surroundings, the population, and the ruins which mark on the soil the cathedrals, palaces and convents, once so proud and flourishing. I have little to say about the population, having not been able to see much of them I cannot generalize or criticize. As for the ruins, no need to insist on many excursions which too often proved disappointing. The island seemed to me rather neglected and undervalued, industry will no doubt give it more life. Yet what glorious souvenirs can be evoked! There was a time, ah, how long ago! when Kanheri, rich and famous, differed from her present state of loneliness. The Buddhist yellow-robed monk adorned the relic mound with flags and garlands; crowds of worshippers mixed with them and the nuns. At night, it is said, the shrines were ablaze with lamps. To return to the Portuguese period, there was a time also when the Jesuit rural organization was admirable, and the husbandmen were excellent cultivators and good Christians. In the woods, the boys and men were chanting holy songs from the tops of the palm trees! But the failure was complete; the cause is well known.

I must confess that one of our excursions at least surpassed our expectations ; I mean our visit to Bassein, the capital of the " Corte do Norte," the rival of Goa. It took place almost on the eve of our departure on one of the hottest days of May. The trip was really enjoyable. We left Bandra by an early train and soon reached Bassein station. After much jolting our *tonga*, drawn by a pair of miserable lean ponies, brought us to the shady little town of Bassein, and we alighted, quite fresh and happy, near a large gap in the wall, not far from the *Porta do Campo*. The solitude was complete at this early hour, and our long-cherished dream of having the ruins to ourselves was to be realized

A light refreshment had been prepared for us in the small bungalow belonging to the L. family, the inmates of the Fort. We partook of it in haste, and immediately began our tour, having for our guide a young native Christian, reputed to be a famous snake-killer (the cobras swarm in the fort !) Dear me ! I could not help saying, how many people have come like us in quest of an evocation of the past splendour of the Portuguese settlement, but how long will the noble ruins preserve the aspect which immediately struck us, and sustain the yearly destroying work of the monsoon and its heavy rains, soon dried up by the intense Indian sun ? In reality the decline was rather slow. After the fall of the Portuguese, the capital of the " Corte do Norte," doomed to perish, still preserved a warlike aspect under the Marathas. The " *fidalgos* " fled to Goa, leaving behind the monuments only. Yet Anquetil noticed the respectable number of guns drawn up on the bastions. But from the time Wilkinson took possession of the Fort for the British, no use of these immense buildings was found by Government, and year after year the solitude grew worse. No

inmates in the houses and palaces, no monks in the cloisters, no attendance in the cathedrals and churches ! Heber and Mrs. Postans have described the beginning of the decay ; the fabrics were still in good repair, but the solitude was awful. With da Cunha it was absolutely complete. His excellent book was to be our guide.

The snake-killer proved very useful to clear the way in the jungle of weeds and rank vegetation which surrounded us. The lines of the old streets are not easily traced. Everywhere palms and brushwood have grown profusely. After an admiring glance at the big walls and the massive teak gates cased with iron bars and spikes, we bravely followed our young guide Gonzalez to explore the fort ; not an easy task, indeed ! It took us the whole day, unmindful of the Indian sun, to see leisurely the Cathedral, the convents, cloisters and fragments of the stately buildings, formerly the pride of the *fidalgos*. No carpet was spread under our feet, as was the custom for the proud *senhoras* of yore ; but we did not complain !

The general aspect of the fort is the same as that of Goa or Chaul, the contrast of our European architecture and the tropical vegetation, crumbling walls, tottering spires, roofs gone, mounds of ruins, and here and there elegant festoons of climbing plants garlanding porches and cornices. One feels the sort of melancholy we experienced at Surat before the European tombs, a melancholy arising from the regret that so much strength and abilities had been wasted on an unsuccessful work. Here the failure was complete ; what subsists of the Portuguese rule is confined to the accounts of the travellers about the *modus vivendi* of those proud people, whose tombs are covered with dust and broken slabs whereon are inscribed their names and titles. Alas for those noble Captains, as also for the poor Juonas, Filipas, Giomars ! Much unfriendly

gossip has hauled them over to posterity. We will not insist on their faults and even crimes. They are not wholly responsible for them.

We made a long halt near the pillared portico of the church of the Jesuits and enjoyed there a frugal meal. The convent established by St. Francis Xavier, and the college so famous and grand, have long since disappeared as living institutions ; they had a world-wide reputation. Now the whole fabric is overgrown with grass. In the cloisters, still well marked, plantain-trees are cultivated (the Bassein plantains are exquisite). The name of St. Francis Xavier, patron of Bassein, (St. Stanislas was at first the patron of the fort,) is specially associated with the oldest and one of the largest buildings, the convent of the Franciscans, the centre of the missions of India, started by Antonio do Porto. It was here that the great Apostle stayed during his three short sojourns at Bassein. It is incredible that the Catholics have taken no care of a church which is in a fair state of preservation, and ought to be so dear to them.

The solitude which heretofore had been so complete was at last broken by the welcome presence of the *mamlat-dar* and the Inspector of the Salt Department, a Parsi gentleman, who having been warned of our presence, came to *salaam* Mr. B. M. The sun was already on its decline ; the sea breeze shook the cotton-trees and spread all around their light down. In the meantime we discovered a Hindu temple, which we avoided of course, and the bungalow of the Inspector, where we paid a short visit to the lady of the house.

A gap in the wall brought our small party to the sea-side ; a little boat took us to a pontoon, anchored in the creek, and used as the office of the Salt Inspector. From the deck the view was splendid. It is generally in

this harbour that the yachts of the tourists halt. Thank God, on that day there were none. The big walls, sharply inscribed on the clear blue sky, were surrounded by a belt of sea-weeds ; from all sites the golden haze of the setting sun enveloped the landscape. The silence was perfect. . .

Is it not sad to realize the fall of such a place as Bassein, once ruling the eight divisions of the *Corte do Norte* submitted to her jurisdiction ? But, if you look at the map, you can soon perceive that the Portuguese had not made a judicious choice in selecting the old Mohammedan fortress. If the harbour was sheltered and safe, it was narrow and difficult of access. The Viceroy Linhares had as early as the XVth century praised Bombay, the modest *Ilha da Boa Vida*, as a naval base of first-class importance, and Dom Antonio de Mello de Castro had, with rare prescience, declared that its roads were even superior to Lisbon !

On our return the clash of our oars was the only perceptible noise ; we silently crossed the old fort invaded by the evening dusk already spread all over the country. We resumed our seats in the uncomfortable *tonga* which brought us safely to the station. And when we crossed the bridge which separates Bassein from Salsette, we sent a last adieu to the noble *Corte do Norte* whose outlines were scarcely visible in the hazy distance.

We left Bandra on a beautiful day in June ; at day-break I threw away my mosquito curtain anxious to cast a last glance at the familiar landscape which I had so often admired. Never had the Arabian sea looked so smooth and so majestic ; the soil was still moist with the abundant dew which, every night, vivifies the whole Indian nature. Under my windows my fair Mohammedan neighbour, wrapped in her large mauve silk mantle, was taking her usual constitutional with her husband ; and the English " blond " baby on his white donkey was " eating

the air", accompanied by his *ayah* and native servant. In the farm below, buffaloes were lazily stretching themselves under the thickets of palm trees ; opposite our house a splendid *gulumohr* in full bloom expanded its fiery clusters as an immense flaming parasol. It was the awakening of the daily life thus to be continued from day to day, but for us it was to be the end for ever and ever !

My solitude was soon exchanged for the bustle of the departure and the sadness of the adieux. At 10 p.m. we were on board ; the " Indus " slowly steamed off the Victoria Dock. Alas ! the flowers heaped in the dining room of the steamer were soon to be the last visible proofs of the painful parting from the givers, our good hosts ! Scarcely had we left the Bombay roads then the monsoon burst violently and raged as far as Aden. We had a little respite in the Red Sea, but a tempest caught us in the Mediterranean and after a very unpleasant passage we reached Marseilles in fair health. Our Indian dream was at last a reality.

I may perhaps appear ungrateful and unkind if I do not speak of Bombay. We found there dear friends, we had already met in Europe, and my daughter was anxious to see those who had been so courteous and obliging and whom she was eager to know personally. At any time it would have been rather difficult to do ample justice to each and all, and also to give an account of those hours so diligently and successfully employed under the guidance of our amiable friend Dr. J. J. Modi. Yet I would have attempted it, but under the present circumstances I am obliged to content myself with assuring my Indian friends that I am still and always will be a sincere well-wisher of their country. I am obliged to lay down my pen ; these last lines are jotted down on a very eventful day. The distant roar of the German guns is now

distinctly heard in the charming orchard behind the chapel of the St. Joseph Convent, wherein I am comfortably ensconced in my armchair in company of brave Senlis ladies (one of them, alas ! was soon destined to be the ever-respected widow of our noble and courageous *maire* martyred by the Huns !). Great preparations are being made by the staff of our ambulance and the Lady Superior to meet any emergency. The enemy is reported to be advancing rapidly and threatening the line of the Oise River.* At any cost I must leave either by train or motor car. I am too old to incur unnecessary risk. If I have to face the invaders, it must be in my own home in Paris, near my husband's tomb !

We are in God's hands.....

I. MENANT.

Senlis

* It may be mentioned here that though Senlis was reduced to ruins, the St. Joseph Convent, where the narrator of these interesting recollections had taken refuge with her daughter, was spared, thanks to the courage of the Lady Superior who was decorated with the *Croix de Guerre* with another nun of the same Order and two daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, Sisters of Mercy.—Ed. E. & W.

LAW OF EVOLUTION IN INDIAN HISTORY.

PHYSICAL Science owes a debt of deep gratitude to Darwin and Spencer, whose monumental researches into the vast realms of Nature led to the establishment of the Law of Evolution as the corner-stone of the present-day conception of the Universe, and revolutionised all our fluctuating ideas and beliefs regarding the province of creation. Even the man in the street now knows that higher organisms or forms are developed from the lower, in conformity to this universal law of progress, which, in fact, holds sway in every sphere and phase of material, mental, moral, and spiritual existence. The working of this law has been traced link by link in all departments of physical science. But it has not received as much attention as it deserves in the intelligent study of Indian History.

In fact, contrary to the principles of this universal law of progress, there are many who still believe that there has been deterioration all along the line in the whole past history of India; that from the golden age (Satyugá) India passed to the silver age (Dwapuryugá); from the silver to the copper (Tretáyugá) and is now fast going down through the iron age (Kaliyugá) into the vortex of destruction. They believe that human beings, at least in India, in ages gone by, were much taller, stouter, more long-lived, and much more advanced in Sciences and Arts than

what they are at the present day and that a time will come when their stature will become so small that they will live under the stalks of gram-plants like the imaginary men described by Gulliver in his travels. But all this is sheer nonsense in the light of the Law of Evolution. In every age and every clime men have not been wanting who have believed in all sorts of absurdities out of pure ignorance or, what is still more dangerous, little knowledge ; but the most absurd of all beliefs is the belief in the continual deterioration of the human race. In the British Isles such a belief has received a mortal blow from the pen of Lord Macaulay. In his History of England (Chapter III) he says, "In spite of evidence many still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. It is in some sense unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But in truth, we are under a deception, similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare ; but far in advance and far in the rear is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand, where an hour before they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake, where an hour before they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degree of opulence and civilisation. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of

comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman ; when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves, the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern work-house, when men died faster in pure country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana."

Although set at rest in the British Isles and on the continent of Europe, the belief in the continual deterioration of the human race still persists in India and is the cause of much unrest. In this article it is my purpose to show the absurdity of the belief by tracing in outline the working of the Law of Evolution in the history of India.

There is a general consensus of opinion amongst all historians that culture and art, civilisation and progress, in India owe their origin to the advent of the Aryans some five or six thousand years ago. Prior to their arrival, India was inhabited by races hardly less savage, rude or barbarous than the aboriginal inhabitants of Europe before the arrival of the Celts—another branch of the Aryans—who migrated from Central Asia to Europe—or than the aboriginal tribes which wander naked through the wilderness of Central Africa in search of their precarious sustenance. It is only when the Aryans first settled down in the Punjab that the history of India really begins. From this time forward we can trace the slow but sure upward movement of India in the scale of civilisation and culture.

The earliest glimpse of civilisation we meet with is contained in the Vedas. These remarkable scriptures were compiled by the Aryan Rishis during the period of their occupation of the Land of the Five Rivers. This may be called the Vedic Age in the evolution of India. At this time the Aryans were simple warriors engaged in

warfare against the aboriginal tribes that had been driven from the Punjab to the banks of the Ganges and Jamna. The Vedas display a high standard of morals and a complex system of rituals. But the state of the society as displayed by the Vedas is characterised by simplicity rather than a high state of civilisation. Aryan society seems to have been differentiated into three main classes, *viz.*, Brahmins, Kshatriyas and Vaishyas. Those aborigines who remained behind in the Punjab were classed as Sudras, and treated as being beyond the pale of civilisation as represented by the above-mentioned three higher classes. In times of peace the Aryans were thrifty and industrious cultivators, with none of the refinements of arts which they acquired at a later stage. Their mode of living was simple even to being bare; luxuries were unknown and the great mass of people were unlettered and under the implicit spiritual leadership of the Brahmins. This is also known as the Patriarchal Age in which the head of the family was also its ruler and guide.

The next period which marks an advancement in civilisation and culture is, what is called, the Age of Manu. By this time the Aryans had extended their dominions as far as Bengal in the east and the Narbudda in the south. During this period, the influence of Brahmins had become paramount, and the Kshatriyas had become the ruling power in the State. This age saw the beginning of the monarchical institution in India, but the temporal power of the crown was limited by the spiritual power of the Brahmins. It marks an advance in every department of human life over its predecessor. But it was still far from ideal. The great respect paid to the past, and its conservative tendency and bondage to forms rather than to the spirit of ancient religion, were great hindrances in the way of its further progress. Science, philosophy, arts and handicrafts

were still in their infancy ; but we have every reason to think that the majority of people were still sunk in ignorance and were under the leading strings of the Brahmins in all things pertaining to the spiritual nature of man.

The third period, during which India reached a higher stage of evolution, is the Age of Rama, the conqueror of Southern India as far as Ceylon. We need not dwell upon the special features of progress attained during this stage, as the *Ramayan*, after making due allowance for the natural exaggeration of the poet, is the embodiment of all that was best in that age. As the work is well-known throughout India and has been made familiar to the English-reading public by the translation of Griffith, I will pass over this age with the remark that the ideals of monarchy, faithfulness, chastity, affection and nobility of character presented by the story of Ramayan cannot be surpassed by anything in the same line anywhere. But still it is an age which lacks an all-round development of all the human factors of which it is composed.

Next in point of further development is the Age of Krishna and Mahabharata. By this time the whole of India had become practically Aryanized. The state of society was still simple, and although luxury had become the order of the day amongst the higher classes, it was still in a comparatively undeveloped state. The great war of the Mahabharata is itself an incontestable proof of the fact that the social organism had not yet attained the homogeneity of co-operation and co-ordination. Though Krishna preached a high standard of philosophy, it had its influence only on a chosen few who had the mental calibre to understand it. But by this age monarchy had become firmly established on the soil of India ; trade, arts, and sciences had begun to receive due attention. Poetry and philosophy soared higher than before, and the

people, generally speaking, were much better off than in any previous age. From this time till Alexander's invasion we find still further progress in the realms of philosophy, law, literature and science. The six schools of philosophy came into existence, literature was enriched by finer flights of poetry and drama, and the bases of modern arithmetic, algebra, geometry, astronomy, medicine, art of warfare, art of government, art of trade and the science of chemistry were further developed. From the time of the Mahabharata up to the time of the Greek invasion there was continual advancement in all branches of knowledge—human and divine—and the Greeks paid a just mead of tribute in the shape of well-deserved praises to the Indians of their time for high attainment in all directions above referred to. During the period that elapsed between the Greek and Mohamman invasion, the history of the evolution of Indian civilisation is summed up in a word—stagnation. Although here and there, at long intervals, attempts were made to carry the light of knowledge still further, in many cases, owing to the apathy of the masses and self-sufficiency of the classes, such attempts were mostly abortive. The advance so far gained in most departments of culture had engendered the most pernicious and antiprogressive state of pride, which barred further steps towards advancement. It made India too proud to learn from others and too arrogant to make further efforts in the path of progress. The Mohammadan invasion added a fresh dynamic force to the inert moribund mass of the then Indian life and sent it pulsating in a new direction. Had it not been for the fresh supply of dynamic energy of the Mohammadan conquest, the civilisation of ancient India would have become as extinct as the 'dodo' or as much a matter of the past as the culture of ancient Egypt, or as fruitless as

the waters of the river Saraswati which ends in the desert for want of fresh dynamic force. Had it not been for the Mohammadan invasion India would have been like Europe in like circumstances, still in the grasp of mediæval scholasticism. Europe and India both owe their renaissance to the Mohammadan invasion which set free, from the chains of insularity and stagnation, all the arts, manufactures, trade, architecture, religion, philosophy, poetry, music, painting, literature, and sciences of India and Europe and gave them a further lease of life to fructify. But in Europe, having set the ball of civilisation rolling once more, it gave place to more powerful impetus working in the same direction. In India the ball continued rolling for some time and to a certain distance, then its speed slackened and in course of time it would have stood as stockstill as it has done in Persia, Afghanistan or Arabia. But before its velocity had time to get perfectly exhausted, there appeared on the scene certain other forces which opposed this natural tendency on its part. The English appeared on the scene, fortunately for India, just in the nick of time. Indian society was at that time suffering from acute delirium which threatened total disruption. Limb was fighting against limb, one hand was striking against another, heart was at daggers-drawn against the bowels, and the bowels were doing their utmost to destroy the heart, the brain had lost all control over the natural functions of the body, the feet had usurped the functions of the hands and the hands had perforce to perform the functions of the feet. Such a hopeless case of advanced mania was entrusted to the treatment of Dr. English by kind Providence, and although the fee charged was rather high, the Doctor at length succeeded in restoring the Maniac to reason by a course of judicious treatment. It is nearly a century since the organism of Indian society has

recovered from its dangerous malady, and although it had a short and partial relapse in 1857, its recovery may now be pronounced as perfect. During the time of its malady it had been deprived of its arms so that it might not be able to hurt itself or its physician. It was also deprived of its superfluous wealth because it did more harm than good by promoting vicious propensities whilst it was in its possession, and has been doing more good in the hands of those who have been using it for the advancement of science and the conquest of Nature. But there can be no doubt that the social organism of India has not only recovered, but that it is again on its onward march towards further development in the scale of civilisation and culture. The influence of universities, railways, roads, telegraphs, scientific education and security of person and property, has been incalculable in the evolution of Indian social organism. In all its past history it has never had the self-consciousness of its existence as an organic whole directing its subordinate parts and functions. But of late years its evolution has nearly reached that stage when it has begun to be dimly aware of its own self-existence. When this stage has been fully realized its further development is assured and is bound to be as swift as that of Japan. Let every individual try to develop the self-consciousness on the part of the Indian society as a whole. Universal education and adoption of a common language will lead us to the desired goal sooner than anything else, and it is the duty of every true Indian to exert his energies in these directions. When this self-consciousness has been developed to its fullest extent in the social organism of India, it will be the proudest achievement of the English. India has been placed purposely into the hands of the English by kind Providence with a view to its ultimate self-realization. The defeat of Dara, the accession

of the iconoclastic Aurungzeb, the incapacity of Muhammad Shah, the rise of the Maharattas, the crumbling of the vast fabric of the Moghul Empire, the downfall of the Maharatta Confederation, have one and all been the factors designed by God to place the destinies of distracted India into the hands of the progress-loving English. To one who has closely traced the course of evolution in Indian History the finger of God appears at every critical stage of its chequered progress, and there can be no doubt that in the course of a very few years India will reach a stage in its evolution which it could never have hoped to do without the most efficient aid which a kind Providence has procured for her from an insular people living six thousand miles away.

AMBIKA PERSAD CHATURVEDI

Jubbulpore.

EGO AND NON-EGO.

[A tale of INDIAN Folk-lore, which shows that no one in this world is indispensable.]

“Tis so.....”

SHAKESPEAR, *Henry IV, Act V, Scene III.*

All men think all men mortal but
 Themselves—and this has been a nut,
 A chestnut, Colorado beetle,
 A Gordian knot, conundrum, riddle,
 Since Young his night thoughts did entwine,
 And wrote that memorable line :
 Each thinks himself of different clay
 From others whom he doth survey,
 And cast within a different mould,
 All others brass, himself pure gold ;
 Each thinks himself the cynosure,
 The thing at which all people stare ;
 Or promenading at the band,
 With forward lurch deemed ‘a la grand,’
 Or strutting knock-kneed up the aisle,
 Right hand his cane, left hand his tile,
 Or sitting wooden in his pew,
 Adjusted to the general view,
 He hears the world say only this :
 “ See, there he goes,” or, “ There he is.”

Some think the world will come to end,
When they to Hades shall descend ;
Some think the Government will go
To pieces, or to Jericho,
When they are sacked, or go on pension,
Or transferred to another station ;
The man who waters khus-khus tats,
The Clerk on monthly twenty rats,
The Peon who carries office box,
And knows the key to all the locks,
The Chowkidars, and the Farrashes,
The Scavenger who scrubs and washes—
All think the world hangs on their will,
And they are indispensable.
Some think of themselves a great deal,
Because there's no one else that will,
And then convince themselves that they
Are not like others o'er the way :
As some Eurasian who by fluke
Has come off with a whitish look,
And greyish eyes, and brownish hair,
And thinks she's not what others are,
Nor what her father is, nor mother—
They're brownish—she is something other—
And thence she grows, and swells with wind,
With pride and envy feeds her mind,
Will not consort with other lasses,
And thinks she's of the ' better classes,'
And shows herself, and pokes her nose
In places—so some might propose—
But no one will, or big, or small—
Know she's a goosie after all,
And, like the goose in Lessing's fable,
To turn a swan is never able ;

But still her strong hallucination
Doth prompt her she is not Eurasian,
Will not acknowledge to herself
That she is put upon the shelf—
Form dwindled to a whipping post,
Her saucer eyes in sockets lost—
No milliner, for gold, or stones,
May fit out now this bag of bones—
Without one genuine feeling blest,
All make up, faked up, and professed,
From hair pad down to wooden heel,
Nought genuine—wheel within a wheel—
Bereft of all, inside, outside,
But not—but not—of stinking pride—
Still twangs upon one wretched string—
Her whitish look—O wondrous thing—
Still hopes—will not put up with less—
Still hopes to catch an—I.C.S.
The Kunbi thinks the world's all weather,
The Chuckler thinks it's made for leather,
Physician that it's made for pills,
The milliner sees only frills,
The Vakil planks all down on's brief,
The butcher thinks all live by beef,
To Chinaman the sun doesn't shine, or
Rise beyond the great wall of China,
The padre he sees nothing next
His old theology, and text,
Scents heresy, and sees damnation,
If all think not to his own fashion—
Thus everywhere one turns one's eye
One sees it's only I—I—I ;
And if there's such a thing as 'thine,'
It's nothing half so good as 'mine'—

Himself is all—he cannot see more
Than that one spot—his rotten ‘ego’ ;
And though this earth is proved to be
A planet like the rest we see,
And round the sun doth gravitate,
All small to great subordinate,
This little tin god swaggers so,
As if he’s boss of all the show,
And gets into his head a whim,
The universe was made for him.
Th’ eternal Saki still doth pour
A million bubbles, and still more ;
One’s place another fills up still ;
And none is indispensable.
Far from all towns, and cities, far
From where the roads, and railways are,
In rolling plain, and jungle lost,
Beyond the telegraph, and post,
Linked to the outer world, and great,
Only by P’liceman on his beat,
Or prowling gentlemen Shikari,
Or Exciseman in search of tari,
Or Kotwal bringing information
Addressed to nearest Police Station,
Of birth, or sudden death, or rape,
Theft, battery, or other scrape—
Far in a village lived an old—
How old has never yet been told—
Old woman, without kith or kin,
Whose tip of nose met tip of chin,
Of one eye blind, of th’ other eye,
So much to see the sunshine by ;
Her earthly wants were few and little,
Her property, no jot or tittle,

Save two small items—all her wish—
An old cock, and a chafing dish.
And every morn her cock would crow ;
Her chafing dish she then would blow ;
And when the bratties were ablaze,
Lo there ! the sun's first morning rays.
Then all the village people came
To mud hut of this ancient dame,
And asked, and got, the story says,
Some fire to light their fire-place,
To cook their morn, or mid-day meal ;
And thus she helped the common weal.
Men, women, children, they will tell,
Prayed that she might live long, and well ;
All blessed the dame with heartfelt wish,
And blessed her cock, and chafing dish ;
And brought her knick-knacks from bazaar,
Contributed *per capita*.
And this went on from year to year ;
How many years doth not appear,
But long enough for her to see
A sequent continuity :
The four events did follow still ;
One followed on another's heel :
For when her cock to crow began,
She rose, and sought her warming pan ;
And when the bratties 'gan to sparkle,
The sun appeared above the dark hill ;
And then the people came to her
For fire to cook their daily fare.
These four events, without deflexion,
Came daily round in due succession ;
And daily did the people praise
The dame, and wish her length of days.

She thought on one, she thought on th'other
And pieced them one by one together ;
She took them singly, separate,
And then began to cogitate.
She fastened first upon her cock,
And 'gan the secret to unlock,
And then she turned her thoughts upon
The rising of the morning sun,
And how the people left their bed,
And came for fire to cook their bread.
But if she left her warming pan
Unlit, 'twas certain then no man
Could get a spark of fire from her ;
And there was nothing certainer
That when the cock began to crow,
She left her bed and 'gan to blow.
But here the syllogistic chain
Did seem to snap right off in twain .
She could not for the life of her
Guess how the sun came to be there --
Or what this item had to do --
Or should she let this item go --
But after scratching long her scalp,
And cudgelling her brains to pulp,
Concluded that the sun did show
Its face, because her cock did crow.
Then backward, like a witch's prayer,
She turned her syllogistic gear,
And tossed it up, as in a sieve,
From positive to negative ;
And now the truth at last she could
See plainly—now she understood
That all this mighty kettle of fish
Turned on her cock, and chafing dish :

That if she took her cock away,
The village then would have no day—
Or chafing dish—why then, for one,
No breakfast for a mother's son.
And thus from four small incidents
She made a system, with contents
Complete, without a flaw, or hole,
One rounded off organic whole—
O lightly on her ashes tread,
Ye men of science, and of head,
Ye men of law, still raking grist there,
Do likewise, for she was your sister,
Who see in time a mere succession,
Without effectual connection,
Or when the eye cannot detect,
There's no cause, and there's no effect,
Or what appears to be a cause
Is but another coloured horse ;
And cause is what but went before,
Effect what follows on that score—
A something, nothing just as well—
The world a pudding, man a cell ;
And if a thing has happened once,
It should again, and tons and tons ;
Or that a thing was done before,
It should again for evermore,
With interest at cent. per cent.,
Broad based upon a precedent.
Now on a certain day it fell,
This woman was not feeling well ;
And everything did seem to tease her ;
And nothing, nothing seemed to please her ;
Thought people were not dealing fair,
Not making quite enough of her—

As with some women oft comes round,
For cure has never yet been found—
Or call it vapours, or the blues,
Or sulks, or dumps, or pinching shoes,
Or bilious idiosyncrasy,
Or mugwumps, spleen, or phantasy,
Or nothing mere, or hanky-panky—
She got up peevish, dull, and cranky—
On village then to vent her spleen,
Packed up, and left the village, clean,
To satisfy her whim, and wish,
And took her cock, and chafing dish,
And said, "I'll see now how the sun
Will rise, or dine a mother's son—
And when I'm far away they'll see
Their folly, and the worth of me."
She sat beneath a sheltering rock,
Her dish beside her, and her cock.
Still as the hours went heavy by
She sat, and waited patiently,
And wondered how the people fared,
And how their daily meal prepared,
And how they groped about all day,
Without the sun to show the way,
Their stomachs empty as a drum—
"They'll look for me—but I'll not come—
In vain about my hut they'll flock,
But find nor me, nor dish, nor cock."
And thus this old ingenious dame
Did sit, and think till midday came.
"Ah, now they'll come—they'll come now soon"—
She waited till the afternoon.
And then a grazier passed that way,
In search of cow-calf gone astray—

Ah, there they come, she inly thought,
 At last they have found out the spot—
 “ Ho Rama—hither—Rama—Ho—
 Say, how do things in th’ village go ?
 Has th’ sun come up ? Has ’t shown its head ?
 Has all the village breakfasted ?
 Poor souls—but, blockhead—if you wish—
 Here is my cock, and chafing dish.”
 Then Rama spake—“ Why, woman—what ?
 What say’st ? I understand thee not—
 Has th’ sun come up ? Hast breakfasted ?
 Hast brains within that skull, or lead ?
 The sun shines there—and never fitter—
 For breakfast—we have ne’er fared better,”—
 As one who doth a mango suck,
 Round, pink, and pulpy to the look ;
 And when at last there’s nothing in,
 He takes the seed out of the skin,
 And finds that half of it at bottom,
 Is sickly looking, black, and rotten—
 Too late he learns—it will not come up—
 It’s gone down safe into his stomach—
 He spits out what within his throat is—
 The rest’s beyond the epiglottis ;
 As one who thinks he has somewhere,
 A roll of rupees hid in’s drawer,
 On which he may fall back, and pay
 A bill, or tide a rainy day,
 Finds when he pulls it out, and wide,
 The devil a rupee’s there inside ;
 As one who goes to get some fleece,
 And gets his own skin shaved with ease ;
 As one who’s built a mighty system,
 With syllogism, on syllogism,

And, when he's just about to finish,
Has doubts the thing is somewhat thinish,
Or finds that he has ought forgotten,
Or that his premises are rotten ;
As man of law who rattles on
Six stricken hours—and not yet done—
With store of precedent, and maxim—
The judge leans back, and his eyes wax dim—
On, on he goes, as if the caves
O' th' wind have burst themselves in halves,
And in the end finds out that he
By th'other side was had in fee,
His fabric out of plumb, and cracked,
And built upon mistake of fact ;
As who thinks he a hare did shoot,
And finds it is a bandicoot,
Or sees his float well downward dig,
And pulls a crab out, or a twig—
So this ingenious woman found
That she had quite mista'en her ground,
And ta'en a mule to be a horse, or
Had ta'en a cause for ' vera causa '—
One leg before the other put,
And sadly walked back to her hut.
And every morn she looked—in vain—
The people never came again
For fire from out her warming pan ;
For once a rule or custom'd plan,
Or social link is snapped in two,
It can't be patched up—will not do—
Her cock still crew, and she awoke ;
Her chafing dish did glow, and smoke ;
The earth still on its axis spun,
And every morning rose the sun ;

The people still their breakfast made,
Without the woman's help, or aid ;
Things still went round, and never missed—
As if she never did exist—
And she, with many a ' pah,' and ' pish,'
Still kept her cock, and chafing dish.

B. G. STEINHOFF.

Wardha.

"THE WINGED VICTORY."*

"THIS book may pass merely for a story full of character and incident; but the more discerning, reading with insight between the lines, will perceive that it has an obvious and prophetic bearing on the great question which is agitating the higher minds of to-day: 'How is good to be brought out of all this evil?' 'Where there is no vision, the people perish.' Intellect alone, however brilliant, however rightly used, is a blind guide which fails at the point where success seems most assured. Let mankind labour as they will by strength of mind for the attainment of their best ends, if the inner light be darkened, happiness, the one thing in the world worth having, eludes them. Material progress brought about by intellectual activity divorced from spiritual enlightenment and control, only produces physical results; the higher nature of man, upon the development of which his only lasting joy in life depends, uncatered for and unsatisfied, reacting, exacts a price in suffering which nullifies the good of every gain. Disillusion, disappointment, and disaster dog his efforts until the great purpose is achieved, which is not to punish but to teach."

In these words, elsewhere expressed, the world-famous author of the *Heavenly Twins* has summed up the purpose of her new novel, a novel that is not mere catering for the circulating library, here to-day and clean forgotten to-morrow. When, all too seldom, Madame Sarah Grand puts pen to paper, it is to give us the fruition of years, food not only for the imagination but for thought.

**The Winged Victory*, by Sarah Grand, author of *The Heavenly Twins* (Heinemann).

Although in no sense a continuation of Madame Grand's former work, *Adnam's Orchard*, in these pages we again meet the fascinating little lace-maker, Ella Banks, and her patrons, the Duke and Duchess. And just as intensive culture according to French methods formed a by-interest of Adnam's history, so here another economic question is brought to the fore, namely, the revival of the lace-making industry in England.

But what will send eager readers to the book is its powerful picture of social phases fortunately belonging to the past, the decadent "smart set," or rather "sets," characterizing the latter portion of the nineteenth century.

Now, for the benefit of the uninitiated it may be mentioned that society, so-called, of this period, was divided into two smart sets, the one strictly keeping within the bounds of decorum, the other defying alike public opinion and conventional codes of morality. And the former had already read the writing on the wall before the war came, dealing its death-blow

"The smart set is dead."

It was in the summer of 1916 that one who knew thus tersely put the matter to me. A county magnate and member of the most fashionable London club, my informant well knew what he was talking about, namely, that *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* had been written years before.

The story represents all that was meanest and most trifling of what has been called Victorianism, that is to say, society during the close of the nineteenth century.

The great Seventh Edward, politically speaking one of our greatest kings, succeeded to the throne at a period of unexampled wealth and self-indulgence.

Opposed alike in spirit and in practice opened the Georgian reign. Immediately all was changed. In the highest place was straightway set an example of rigid sobriety, unflinching subservience to duty, domestic duty, the invoking of conscience alike in small things as in great. Thus when the war broke out the nation was morally and mentally prepared. England arose to the occasion. Self-sacrifice seemed no hardship.

Well, for all that a great novelist was at hand to observe and depict a society, never again, we may be sure, to be representative, never again to afford such a theme for the satirist, the wit, the analyst of human character. For Madame Grand is all these and

more besides. Her new story, within a few pages lengthy as *Pickwick* itself, is a drama. Complex situations disentangled with marvellous skill lead up to a tragic *denouement*. Indeed, readers of *Adam's Orchard* would realise from the first pages of *The Winged Victory* that Ella Banks was to be the heroine of a tragedy, fearful as that of the Greek *Ædipus*. Here, perhaps, the author's warmest admirers will feel disenchantment, and wish to break a lance with her. Amid the realistic tragedies of to-day, most of us doubtless want to cite our Lord of the Admiralty as to what he prefers, that is, "a novel that cheers us up." But the vivacity of the style, the array of personages, always brilliantly portrayed, the varied situations, the depth of thought and beauty of style more than make up for defects. No novel ever written can be pronounced perfect.

Perhaps a more chastened conclusion, and quite certainly, a more closely knit plot, with sundry omissions, would heighten the value of the book as a work of art.

As the greatest critic who ever lived, wrote — "No matter how interesting, any extraneous incident drawing one's attention from the purpose of a drama (the criticism of course applies equally to a novel) is a defect."

Voltaire was right. The beautiful reflective passages here given, however, condones the over-exuberance of Madame Grand's pen. Her book is one to place in a favourite corner of our library shelves. Here are one or two citations of great force and beauty. Let me first quote from page 45 —

"The vision and the dream repose upon the past, and old lace is idealized by the associations that cling about it. Preserve the old lace with tender respect, but give us also the new! Why be looking back for ever? Why put a period to beauty? Beauty is eternal as the seasons, it was and is and is to be. There is reality in the present and in the new. Vision and dream are for the mystic whose blood is cold, the barren mystic in whom endeavour centres on the salvation of his own soul. The warmth of those to whom life calls finds fuel in beauty renewed in endless production, in the ever recurrent loveliness of ever recurrent springs. And here is beauty. Nature and art are married in lace, and ethic smiles upon the union. Here is beauty of nature reproduced in leaf and spray, in bud and bird and butterfly, in full-blown flower; beauty of women revealed and enhanced;

beauty of mind engendered in endeavour, in refinement and
 * taste ; beauty of labour, of story, of song. Sing us the songs
 of needle and bobbin, tell us the stories ; but not as of the past
 and gone. Let the tale continue. Let the new work inspire
 new songs, each more lofty of import than the last, songs of
 progress. Let the fairy fabric as of old, reflect the spirit of the
 age, of this new age, with its new dawning heroism of altruistic
 co-operation, of noble aspiration, of self-sacrificing love. Fashion
 our lace with sprigs of ivy for constancy, with garlands of olive
 for peace ; and purify the bays ; let no more bloodstains contami-
 nate them ; let them be kept to crown the hero who has done
 great deeds on the battlefields of Good against Evil, and won for
 mankind another inch upwards on the way to heaven."

Again, take this passage from page 367 :—

"Representatives of all shades of opinion come here," she
 argued, "I gather honey from their various flowers of thought
 and find poison in it."

"The Corner House has become a sort of clearing house to
 which people come to relieve their minds of anything that happens
 to be in them," he replied. "Not half the things said are true
 expressions of opinion. The poison is often generated by some
 bitterness caused at the moment, and got rid of as soon as
 expressed or it is a mere *jeu d'esprit*, the result of the reckless
 habit of playing with words without attaching any real importance
 to them. *The best side of the human nature of the set you see most
 of—the idle rich—is so covered with conventional artifice that it
 does not manifest often or easily, but it has a best side all the same.*"

How true is the insight here expressed and how admirable
 the description at page 192 :

"The healthy mind occupies itself. Lord Terry's provided
 him with pleasant distraction ; he did not try to think. When
 he went on deck the morning was still grey ; light airs tripped
 across the water, rippling it, like smiles heralding a laugh.
 Sea-birds with white breasts and grey wings dotted with black ;
 beautiful, healthy, happy birds, hovered round the yacht, their
 bright eyes intent upon him. He did not bless them unawares.
 More practical than the Ancient Mariner, he called for bread and
 bombarded them with bits, which pleased them better than a
 barren blessing, probably. It amused him to see them swoop
 at the bits of bread. When they missed one in the air, he called

them ' Idiots ! ' When they caught one he said ' Good shot ! ' Theirs the blame and his the credit. Finally, tiring of this game, he flung the remains of the loaf into the sea and left the birds behind in a bunch, squabbling over it.

" The yacht was bound east now, hugging the shore. In fairy bays and inlets, miniature paradises to bathe from, tiny waves broke on soft sands invitingly, and lapped up the ribs of rugged red rocks, festooned with flowering geranium and crowned with olive and palm. Here a villa aired itself on the outermost edge of a rocky peninsula, enjoying the view ; and there another vainly seeking seclusion, was betrayed by its own walls gleaming white through dense green foliage. And behind all, sheltering the fertile foreground, the russet hills growing ever more arid the higher they rose, like a self-centered saint who starves his heart to perfect his soul, cut the sky with jagged peaks. The landscape being reversed, nothing reminded Lord Terry of yesterday until they came abreast of the brown Estérel."

Full of depth and true wisdom is this reflection on page 569 :

" Intellect, barren of the subtler power of the spirit, laboriously climbs upwards, mounting the foothills' ridge beyond ridge, but never attains to the ultimate height where alone satisfaction is found. The thinker's mind, the alpenstock on which he depends, fails him always short of happiness. There is momentary elation in the successes of mortal mind, but no permanent happiness, and, missing happiness, the thinker misses the crown of achievement and suffers without profit. To reach the Goal Glorious he must have wings, and wings are of slow growth and painful. Suffering is inevitable, the common lot, and only profitable when it promotes the growth of wings. It is the privilege of the Elect of the Spirit to suffer to this end."

MATILDA BETHAM-EDWARDS.

England.

LETTERS FROM A WAR HOSPITAL IN FRANCE.*

A WAR TIME JOURNEY.

IT is a steep pull up the village street, which the width of the three horses fills from doorstep to doorstep. If the woman who yesterday was skinning a sheep beneath one of these time-worn walls, or if the neighbour who plucked flowers from the boughs laid across her lintel, were at work so early in the day, they would be obliged to make way for the coach horses whose flanks strain towards the crest of the hill, dragging the nearly empty omnibus. "The good God passed* by this way at night," grumbles the fat, taciturn driver, resentful of the extra effort imposed on himself and his steeds.

Fortunately, the road has gone down and come up again, somewhat relaxed from the severity of its perpendicular, before the coach is met by "the flock" flooding past in the narrow way in apparently endless monotony of jostling woolly bodies enveloped in swirling envelopes of dust.

There is no choice for coach and passengers but to halt in the midst of the tide until it has ebbed away; from the vanguard of donkeys, between the escort of goats, down to the black sheep dogs bringing up the rear, there remain only the clear ribbon of road, the shining river, and the hills smiling up to the luminous summer sky.

By-and-by, with the heat of the day just beginning, the little country has dropped back into a land of dreams, and for the present there remains the glaring railroad bearing the marks of war-time on its cinder-encrusted compartments, and its poverty of service.

* The last instalment of these Letters appeared in our issue of May 1916.

An old countrywoman gets in and rides to the next station, bewailing meantime and by turns the disaster of the war, and the drought which is spoiling the harvests.

For the crops, that might be borne, that comes by the good God, but the war,—when will all that be finished? When will it be over?

It is two years now within a few weeks that that question has been on every lip, and the answer seems as far off as ever. It is not asked so often now; we all know so well that there is no answer.

The big station of the terminus is full as always of jostling throngs, humanity of most nations and all colours. The high light falls on those whose connection with that nightmare land we call "the front" is most apparent. "Permissionaires" home for their seven days' leave, some of them carrying the baby again, women and children clinging to them. They look often as if they walked in the dream it all must seem to them.

An incoming train disgorges a company equipped for the trenches. "For me, the 51st", a woman guesses, regarding them. The casques shine with a dim reflection of that starry blue which the heavens gave us every night among the hills, the blue star which used to hang in the sky as we left the hospital at night, that one they call here "the Shepherd's Star". From thigh to throat their backs are harnessed with all the paraphernalia which goes to make the sixty pounds of marching outfit.

There is time enough according to the train guide to visit one hospital out of the two or three where former patients may be found.

And at Hospital No.—Corporal Serret still lives. It is Serret who comes limping into the dingy hall where visitors wait. Yet just at first it is hard to know him, gaunter and shabbier than he ever was before, with a week's beard disfiguring his meagre cheeks, and lame——

"Ah, Serret, what have they done to you? What has happened to your hip?"

It is the electric treatment which does not suit him, Serret says. He had it before at another hospital last year, and there too it did him harm. But those were other doctors, so, of course, that did not count. It must be done again. Yes, he did suffer very much. But now he has found a way to evade the treatment

A comrade takes his place ; it does not hurt him, and Serret is much better. Only, all these flights of stairs are hard for the lame ones. Four long flights of stairs to go down to wash in the morning—and up again ; four to go down for treatment—and up again ; four to go down to breakfast—and up again. And so on through the day. Serret talks along in his old matter-of-fact nervous way, passing quickly over his own affairs to tell of the troubles of the comrade who is unfortunately out just now, making the best of everything, solicitous of your own possible fatigue.

And you hear him a bit vaguely, distressed and resentful of all this suffering, resentful as Serret will not be. "It is the *vie militaire*. One must not seek to understand."

Clinging to memory are the words that Serret wrote lately in a letter, pleading for the comrade to be cared for rather than himself. "For he has five children, and as for me—if I suffer, my children will not," Serret wrote, in his mind remembrance of the tiny boy dead a few weeks before the mobilisation, the baby whom he regretted so sorely, but whom now he perhaps regrets no more.

"Noble" is perhaps an old-fashioned word. Nevertheless, it is the one which Serret oftenest brings to mind. Sensitive, unselfish, disinterested, proud with the pride that has nothing but goodness and graciousness of spirit behind it, should not life have had something better for Serret than to break him on the wheel of war, and cast him aside among the broken things ?

. . . At half past six it is still hot, and the station is still jammed with perspiring humanity striving to find its train and deposit its hand-baggage almost unaided by commissionaires.

The compartment is occupied by a *sous-officier* of the Zouaves, a stocky commonsensible-looking person, accompanied by an elderly woman, wearing the unassuming black-stuff dress of the middle-class bourgeoisie, head uncovered. He settles his baggage and then they get out and walk the platform together waiting for the moment of parting. There is something about them both that moves to interest, but it seems to centre more about her. Something which suggests the heroic in this figure of a commonplace elderly woman, shapeless in badly-fitted clothes. Seeing the two together one sees affection, mutual love and confidence,

one sees courage—courage sufficient to banish self-consciousness—one has the sense of sorrow, but neither of regret nor of shrinking.

They are as people too intent on a cause, a cause which is also the highest of duties, to have time or attention to spare for counting the cost to themselves. Seeking a word, one thinks of dedication.

When the train starts the Zouave comes back alone, and sits still for a while in his corner. Then he takes down the box in which a tempting supper is neatly done up, sets down the table by the window, and begins to eat. He has the *chevrons* on his coat sleeve which show him wounded twice.

But there is another traveller in the compartment, a woman alone, who has nothing to eat. That to the Zouave evidently imposes an obligation. And the courteous offer of breaking bread together naturally leads to conversation. The Zouave is one of four brothers, all of whom were mobilised at the beginning of the war. Now one is *réformé* on account of the loss of a leg, and one is a prisoner. The third has been wounded three times, and is back again at the front.

The Zouave was angry a little while ago, back there in the station. He had an altercation with some employé or other who had told him, rudely, that he had no right to do something or go somewhere, because he was only a soldier. There is a sort of sturdy, still air of dignity about the Zouave which inspires confidence. It seems as if he would be respected. But then it is true he is only a *militaire*, only one of those who are saving France—some of them say, for the benefit of the capitalists and the bureaucrats who are not crowding the trenches.

The Zouave is not contented with many things in the military system—and perhaps he is the more ready to talk in order to banish the thought of the old mother going home alone.

At Avignon the train takes him on to the north on his way to that hill, which official documents politely call "the zone of the armies." And at Avignon on the narrow humming platform is another mother and another son, a happier mother this, since they are going home together—she and her only son, *réformé* temporarily, and taking up his old work in the post-office. We used to call him the professor in the hospital, he was so wise and knew so much, no one would even dream that he is only twenty-one. And now after passing from hospital to hospital—fourteen

of them, he thinks, counting up—he is nearly well, only limps a little; but not quite cured, his mother wants that plainly understood. After the war she will have him take another treatment, but not now, not yet. The other boy died last year; he is the only one left. It was electrical treatment that cured his foot at last, the treatment that hurt Serret helped him. But he was well taken care of in a Red Cross hospital, "where there are *Dames de la Croix Rouge* there one is well cared for," the soldiers say.

When you come back you must stop and visit them at their home, you must not fail.

It is after nine when they leave at their station and at midnight the dozing passengers are awakened to be hurriedly deposited in a cinderheap masquerading as a second-class carriage, but full of third-class passengers unable to find accommodation elsewhere, and there can be no more sleep of any kind for anyone. The soldiers smoke and exchange reminiscences of the front in voices pitched to overcome the rattling of the old carriages over the rough roadbed. The train has become an omnibus and lingers at every station as if it were the end of the journey or of the world. It hardly seems possible that water can ever again wash away the all-encumbering all-pervading grime.

Daylight brings another change, and for the better this time. Finally, at the last station of all, there is the welcoming face of the little Cavalier.

If Serret, unseen during six months, struck dismay and a sorrowful regret into the soul, the little Cavalier wrings the heart. It took six months to wreck the one, and here it is only as many weeks since this pale phantom left the little hospital among the hills. He wears the same clothes as then, only more soiled and shabbier, and hanging loosely on his shrunken frame. And with the colour from his cheeks and the flesh off his bones have gone the old gaiety and the sweet contentment which were so endearing all through the months when he was nailed to bed or dragging himself painfully around on crutches. Now he can walk better, oh, yes, his knees are not so stiff, but he suffers, suffers, suffers. Suffers from the mechanical treatment much more from the poor food and absence of medical care, most of all from the moral shock, from the neglect, harshness, discomfort, from revolt at the injustice of it all. His story has been a long

"
misery since the day he left us. He tells it numbly as one who has lost hope, the hope of being well again, the hope of considerate treatment. It seems that his hospital is only a great barracks where hundreds and hundreds of disabled soldiers are herded together just as in the *casernes*, which some of the soldiers hate more than the trenches. To the dormitories is added a department of mechanical appliances for the exercise of stiff limbs, electrical batteries, bicycles which force rigid legs to pedal up and down, hot air baths, etc. There are no nurses in this hospital, only twelve hundred or so of more or less sick men.

In one ward at least there is no water, the men wash themselves and their table equipment of battered tinware in a little pond under the trees of the park. Elsewhere there is a faucet outside of the ward in the corridor. The drain is often stopped up with the lumps of bread that the men use to wipe off their greasy plates. The little Cavalier thinks they could afford to pay someone to wash the dishes and economise on the bread. The food all goes on the same plate; soup, but most often it is only a few cabbage leaves boiled in water, fish or meat patés, and vegetables. The orderlies serve it as they eat their own meal; if they waited there would be nothing left.

It is not the ideal régime for gastric trouble, and it explains why the little Cavalier has become so thin.

The shirt he wears, only about a third too large, has the mark of the American War Relief Committee on it. "We have a shirt once in two weeks and the sheets are changed once a month." Going down the ward one hopes that the month is nearly over, and does not dare to ask how often clean blankets are given out.

In the ward one patient lies in bed, a bearded middle-aged man, who appears to have been forgotten. When he first came and took the electrical treatment he fainted, and was afterwards so exhausted that the doctor said he was to stay in bed until he should see him again. So he stayed patiently for three weeks, and then in desperation got up and went into town for what an English soldier would probably call a spree. As he was back in bed at ten o'clock next morning no one in authority was ever the wiser.

The black-bearded man is not the only one whose first treatment was an experience not to be forgotten. The little Cavalier

fainted when his stiff knee was suddenly forced into place by the doctor and two orderlies. He is only a boy after all, in spite of his two years of soldiering, one in the field and one in the hospitals. And he cried that night for his mother, alone, in the dark. For it is so much harder to be brave at the end of a long sickness than at the bite of a new wound, just as it is more destructive of moral fibre to suffer harsh treatment where kindness is due than to stand up to meet an expected foe.

One hears often, from French or from English lips, tales, admirable, astonishing, or deprecatory according to the point of view of the comfort, the luxury, the air of festivity even which pervades the English hospitals for wounded soldiers. A well-known French author has written of it, and of his asking an explanation from an eminent Englishwoman, who answered him that the boys themselves demand that the life of the wounded and of the convalescents shall not be sad. Others have deplored the waste in English hospitals, have told of expensive delicacies lavished on unaccustomed palates, and pettishly rejected.

Perhaps one has no right to wonder at waste anywhere in war, which is itself the apotheosis of waste—waste of human life, waste of moral force, waste of suffering, waste of energy, of everything most precious and most beloved of gods and men.

Yet it is difficult to refrain from drawing comparison between English soldiers turning away with satiation from dainty dishes of asparagus and pheasant served by anxious white-capped nurses, and French soldiers wiping cabbage soup off greasy tin plates with lumps of bread. Which is most wrong, or most far from reasonable, may not be decided by the amateur. There is a strong opinion prevalent in France that comfort and kindness bestowed on the wounded spoils the soldier in him. The great dread is that he will be spoilt, softened for future service, by clean sheets, or clean shirts, by dainty food or by considerate treatment.

To an onlooker the reverse seems to be the case. The soldier who has accepted the life of the trenches with uncomplaining fortitude, and his wound with a gay serenity of spirit, loses courage and moral force in the long dead days of the hospitals, especially when he is passed from one to another, on and on in an ever-widening circle of monotonous repetition. More sensitive than the Englishman, in spite of his native gaiety, he feels to

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the fibre of his soul the sense of injustice, and it works him harm, physically, mentally, and morally.

On the other hand, the most intelligent observers among the French soldiers agree that the Englishman would be a still better fighter than he is if he did not demand such a number of things to make him comfortable and keep him feeling well fed.

The times are out of joint. The forces of evil possess the world to-day, and are manifest in little as in great affairs, in individual lives as in nations. To-morrow they must be trodden underfoot again, for to think otherwise would be to doubt the existence of the moral order and the sanity of the universe. Meanwhile, "it is the *vie militaire*! One must not seek to understand."

K. W.

France.

A SONNET.

Through clouds of mist I saw Death touch the leaves,
No longer robed in Summer's green, now red
Their tattered banners hang below the eaves,
O'er jewell'd windows and the restful dead.
I did not weep while watching Autumn's tears
Fall on her bosom, swath'd in tinted dyes,
Bright as Aurora's chariot appears
Upon the edge of broken, stormy skies
When light emerges from her Heav'nly tomb,—
As did the gods from sacred pools sublime
Hidden among the stars, before the doom
Of impotence was theirs—although each time
They could imbibe the less. Not thus! Divine
The nectar'd balm of *Thy* life-giving Vine.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford.

TRUE EDUCATION.

THIS war, which is shaking the very foundations of life in the countries which are fighting, and which is also economically and otherwise affecting every other country in the world, has, on the whole, not greatly influenced or touched the inner life of the great India that lies behind the few who come into close contact with the European. It is not that we do not recognise with gratitude the enormous help that India, as part of the great Empire, has rendered to her King-Emperor; it is not that we do not know of noble young men and older ones too, who have gone forth to fight for their King-Emperor, but it is a fact that the vast masses of the Indian Empire only know but do not feel, that this stupendous war is taking place somewhere in *Belati*.

And yet in the near future this war will have, it is bound to have, a great effect on even the masses of the people of India. Trades will be revived or kindled anew because the need will be so great to replenish the empty vaults of the big houses all over the kingdom. The Indian who returns to the 'home of his fathers,' will not return the same man as he went forth; more men will be coming to England year by year to carry back to India, not only the school and university education they before so treasured, but to assimilate the great problems

of trade which are assuming such vast importance in the new life that is awakening out of the war.

How will this affect the people, both the men and women of India? It seems to all it will result in a changed outlook, in a demand for an education that will fit them to fulfil the claims that this new life will open out for them. In the past, India has been content to educate a few of her leading men, to strive to teach a few more the outside leaf of the vast book of education; but alas! she has been content even with a great deal less for her women, the mothers of her men. It is our duty as the more enlightened (modernly, anyhow,) of the vast kingdom over which our King rules, to foster, to encourage, with all our power, this new feeling which will come to the people of India. And how can it best be done?

It will have to start with the old tools, to be brought home to the people gradually, and it seems that a very good beginning on the old foundations is possible.

But it is not my object to-day to go into this very important subject of the revision of the education given in India to the people; all I want to point out is what I consider the most essential part of that education, the fundamental part of it.

Education consists of the training of the young child, the strengthening of the power of the mind and body, the cultivation of the powers of each individual child; it also consists of the instruction necessary to the man and woman of the present day to carry on his life to the very best advantage to himself and others. It therefore behoves us to seriously consider in what way we can educate our children to be good citizens of the vast Empire to which we have the honour to belong.

The moral element must in all forms of education have the first place, as it matters not how learned, how

clever an individual is if the moral senses are not fully and perfectly developed. And this is essentially where the woman comes in, where the effect of the good mother means the making or marring of a life. Mothers, here is your chance, here the work that is to prove if your education has been of the sort which fits you best for the real duties of your life, the making or marring of the future man.

This great war has of necessity brought home to the European mother many things ; firstly, it has thrown on her, in the enforced absence of her menfolk, a responsibility that she has never before had to exert ; she has been left in close care of the home, a home in which in nine cases out of ten she has to manage on a very considerably reduced income.

So that it has thrown on her shoulders the task of readjusting her life, without most of the ease and luxury to which she had become so accustomed. Time alone will prove whether she has failed in her great task, and for the honour of our women, and still more, for the honour of our country, we pray that she has done well this noble work.

The school supplements what the home brings forth at all times to the child, and however good the school training is, if the home fails in its work, the child will not be much the better for the excellent precepts taught at school. The foundations to an edifice count for the safety of the whole building ; if the foundations are bad, the outside beauty of the structure are of very little avail. It is the same with our delicate, precious edifice—the child.

At the best the moral education given at the school cannot teach the deeper doctrines of life. It can teach the noble art of 'give and take,' the advantages of a

'straight*deal,' the trust that a reliant character inspires ; but if the pupil goes to school with the wish to get through life with the least possible effort to himself, the ways of evil are not far to seek, nefarious deeds not too difficult to accomplish. If the wish to deceive, to cheat or to lie is there in the child, the school-training will not eradicate it. It is the boy whose training at home has taught him that deceit is wrong, whether he is found out or not, that the wish to cheat will never come to him, or if it comes, it comes so feebly that it is pushed aside at once as not for him.

It is the same with all the temptations which arise in school life and in life in general ; the fundamental code of honour cannot be ingrained into the young child too soon, nor can anyone be so well fitted to do this as the mother who has the child in her care from the day it is born ; who by her constant care and attention to the child brings home to him unconsciously the fact that truth, honour, and cleanliness in word, action and thought mean the difference to him of happiness, of comfort and of everything that to a young child means life.

In this way there is instilled into his young life the meaning of honour, truth, uprightness, and through the love and esteem for the mother who represents to him her sex in the very noblest form, the horror of lowering any woman, or treating badly anyone of the same honoured sisterhood, thus paving the way to the ideal of manhood—the man who cannot use a woman badly, whatever the temptation. The child, who is to be the man or woman of the future, will have to learn to be less egoistical, less luxurious than has been the child in the upper middle-class families of England of the past. The struggle for existence in the future (the present, one might almost say) will be and is greater than it has ever been. The half-trained worker will find no opening for himself, and we have to look facts in

the face and realise that the young child just entering school, whether a boy or a girl, will have to be trained thoroughly to take his or her place in the world.

The future children must be efficient ; humane, heroic, and self-resourceful men and women ! The 'national business is to eliminate waste in human beings and to make each human being capable of realising to the full his or her potential capacity for creative work, whether such work be material, moral or spiritual.'

Here is an enormous responsibility thrust upon the mothers of the present day ; the mother, because on her rests the building up of the character, mind and reason of the young child. It depends on her if the future of her child is to be one of use or uselessness ; of happiness or of unhappiness ; of greatness or littleness—in a word, the whole of her child's future depends on her.

It is to be feared that the English mother, and perhaps still less, the Indian mother, does not realise fully this great work which lies so close to her hand, but the war brings it home to her more than anything else could do, and if it with all its horrors has done this, one sees the hand of the all-wise, loving Father leading His children towards the great goal.

Education, the true education is taught, fostered, and made to bring forth its great fruit in the noble lives of the men and women of the Empire by the mother in the home of the child. No school can give this great gift by itself, no man, however noble and filled with the highest attributes of the master, can supply this want unless aided by the home influences. Life is full of many new problems since the war began, but the greatest of all is this, how are we to educate our children to forward the great work of redemption ; to carry on the nobility of those men, English and Indian who have sacrificed

the greatest thing in their power to give—their life—to uphold the best traditions of a great people ?

R EMANUELL.

London.

AN EVENING SCENE IN DARJEELING.

(FROM VERBENA VILLA)

When standing on Darjeeling's height, with eyes
In pleasure fixed upon the shifting scene
And coloured pageant of the west, I see
The sun with undimmi'd glory sink, a ball
Of fire, a thought with deepest pain inwrought
Flashes thro' my mind, that this day's death
May be the grave of love, and life and hope.
And even then as tho' impelled by southern force
Dark clouds on darker clouds move slow across
And veil the gorgeous spectacle ; a mist
Arises from below and slowly spreads
Then fearfully with quickened vision I
Look all round and see the hills eminged
And bound with green and purple flow'ry chains
While at their foot a narrow valley runs.
Above, the clouds are piled, but to the north
The ice-clad peaks still shine ; they throw a bright
And reddened glow, the coppery sun's reflex,
And I remember well how in the day
They burned like gold, and in the early morn
Like to the silver sheen a sparkle here
And there a blue-like haze. My heart with joy
Is filled, a breathless inexpressive joy.
And now the mist has wrapped the earth in folds
And mingled with the clouds ; and sky and earth
Seem only one and I am all alone.

REGINA GUHA.

Calcutta.

TUKARAM.

(Concluded from our last number.)

TUKARAM was often invited to that place. He loved the villagers and was loved by them in return. A few days before his demise he had gone to that village and stayed there for about a month. At that time there was constant fighting going on between the Mahrattas and the Muhammadans, and plunder, murder and the burning of houses were daily occurrences in Maharashtra. While Tukaram was at Lohagram, the poor villagers were looted of their all by the Moslem soldiery. He consoled them by saying that the things of this world were of little or no value at all, and as God was obtainable by *Bhakti*, or pure sincere devotion, it was simply useless to express sorrow for loss of worldly property.

Sometime after Tukaram had returned to his native village of Dehu, the *Dobjatra* took place. Some ugly rites used to be performed on such occasions, but he, advising his fellow-villagers to the contrary, the obscenities of the *Holi* festival were at his desire done away with, and devotional performances and sweet innocent amusements took their place. In fact, the tainted atmosphere was cleared of its poison, and pure wholesome air commenced to blow all round. The *Purnima* (full moon) passed, when *Pratipada* dawned, on the night whereof Tukaram made *Sankirtan* all through. On that festive occasion he composed twenty-four *Avangas* which are known as "Kaya Brahma Karan," that is, the offering up of the body to Brahma. After *Sankirtan* there was the matinal *Aruti*, during which he gave some counsel to his disciples, and singing in raptures the holy name of Hari, came out of the temple and sent for his wife Abalanga; and when she came, he said, 'My dear, I am going to *Baikanta*, if you wish you may accompany me.' For sometime before this Tukaram

used to say, whenever he was about to set out on a pilgrimage, that he was going to *Baikanta*. The foolish woman, thinking that on that occasion, too, his assertion meant nothing more, did not pay particular heed to his words and, accordingly, did not stir out but stayed at home, only saying in reply, "How can I accompany you abroad, leaving the children and domestic affairs to shift for themselves?" On hearing this, Tukaram told his disciples—"I am going to *Baikanta* and shall not return home." Then addressing his kinsmen and others and beseeching them to take shelter at the holy feet of Vithoba, he left home, sweet home, for good, on his way to a place which knows no darkness and where pure unalloyed pleasures reign supreme through all eternity. His farewell song is so very fine and impressive that it is worth reproducing it here in English. It runs as follows :—

"Kinsmen and others, whoever ye be,
Go, seek shelter at the beauteous feet of Pandurang.
Please convey my thanks to the elders,
Bear in mind my last words of supplication,
If once the bee falls into the honey-pot,
Does it ever wish to rise up from it?
If time once passes away,
It is never to come back again.
If the Bhagirathi joins with the ocean,
Does she ever wish to turn back?
This is my supplication at the feet of you all.
Tuka is going away and will not return."

Then alluding to his wife he thus addressed his disciples—

"I have made clean breast of all I had to say,
Only one single word remains to be told.
This day I am going to the mansion of the immortals;
My wife remains in a house on earth.
You know she is not clever in domestic matters;
She has no sweet words in her mouth—a veritable scold.
Ye, Sadhus, what more shall I say to you:
Take charge of her at my earnest request,
I am indebted to her for many good offices done;
I made her wife by tying cloth to cloth.
O Pandurang, free me from the debt I owe her

And unloose the connubial bond which binds us both.
 Tuka says, by favour of the all merciful Hari
 He proceeds on the way to salvation after paying off debt."

His kinsmen and friends, evidently thinking that he was only going on a distant pilgrimage, tried to dissuade him from taking such a hazardous step ; but he laughing, as it were, in his sleeves, only told them that they need not feel any anxiety about him. He then uttering in raptures the name of Hari, approached the banks of the Indrani, where after composing some *Avangas*, so well suited to the solemn occasion, and singing them to his heart's content, disappeared in a blaze to the wonder and amazement of all present, who owing to the dazzling light could not for some minutes open their eyes ; and after a while when they did open them, they sought for Tukaram but found him nowhere. Mahipati vouches for the truth of this miraculous disappearance, and it would be the height of injustice to charge him with unreasonable credulousness, seeing that in the Holy Bible of the Christians the prophet Elijah is reported to have been taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire. In fact, as a great philosopher has observed, nothing in nature is wonderful or everything is wonderful.

The descendants of Tukaram have preserved with great care the MSS. of the *Avangas* composed by him, and actually worship the same, just as the descendants of the poet Kabikankan do with the MSS. of their ancestor's poem of the *Chandi*. At the close of the MSS. which was recovered from the waters of the Indrani appear these words :—" In fifteen hundred seventy-one, Saka era, in the month of Falgoon, dark side, early in the morning of the *Dwitiya* day (Monday), Tukaram started on his final pilgrimage " ; that is, as we understand it, made his way to *Baikanta*. No uncommon event, however, is here recorded. But Mahipati states that on the fourth day (*i.e.*, the *Panchami* day) after his disappearance, Tukaram threw down from heaven his favourite *Mandira* (an instrument of music) and his garment. This he did on finding that his disciples, with Rameswar Bhatta at their head, would not leave the place until they got some sign from him.* This day is taken to be the date of the demise of Tukaram, and every year on this day a *Mela* is held at Dehu to do honour to his sacred memory.

* The Holy Writ records that on his translation to heaven the Prophet Elijah let fall his mantle on his devoted disciple Elisha.

Tukaram's life on earth was one of sore trial. There was no end to his sufferings. Both at home and abroad he had to suffer greatly. But these sufferings did him an immense deal of good, for it was by and through sufferings that he became so very great, and, at last, they secured for him a seat in that blissful abode, *Baikanta*. Truly does the Holy Bible say:—"Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." We have already spoken of some of his tormentors. These persons at first bore very inimical feelings and dealt very hard with him; but when they came to know what very excellent stuff he was made of, they forgot all their ill-feelings and turned from fierce foes to fast friends. To these tormentors we would now add another. In this case the tormentor is not a stranger but his nearest and dearest kin: it is his own wife. Abalanga was a regular scold and was given to abusing her husband every now and then. Her bad treatment, however, was generally confined to abusive words and unseemly gestures; it was only on one occasion that she departed from her usual practice and from words came to blows. Mahipati says that one day, seeing Tukaram give away some sugarcanes to poor people, Abalanga, not satisfied with rating him severely for it, took up one entire sugarcane and broke it on his back. Upon this, the distressed husband merely said with great good humour, "Abalanga loves me so much that she gets the sugarcane thus divided for us both." Surely, this beats hollow the patience of Socrates who when Xanthippe, after grossly abusing him, emptied the chamber pot on his head, merely said in half earnest and half jest, "Rain followeth thunder."

Tukaram was essentially a family man and he died leaving some issue of his body. At the time when he disappeared from earth, his wife was in an interesting condition. Tukaram had directed her to name the child Bhagaban, as he would turn out a great devotee. The good man had left in all two sons and three daughters. All these children bore sacred names, that is, names of gods and goddesses. The two sons were called Mahadeva and Vithoba respectively, while the three daughters were severally called Kasi, Bhagirathi and Ganga. All the daughters were married on the same day. The nuptials took place with three boys of his own castè who were found playing in the public road. On this strange circumstance coming to the notice of the boys' parents the next day, the latter so far

from being displeased, expressed great joy at having had connections made with Tukaram's family. Indeed, the saint was held in high esteem by all from the highest to the lowest. We have already noticed Sivaji's high regard for him on several occasions. This regard was so deep and sincere that it did not cease with his life, but was after his demise converted to favour towards his family. It is stated that a few years after Tukaram had left earth for good, the King came to Dehu, and on being informed that his children were not in a well-to-do condition, granted some villages as Jagir for their maintenance and support. These villages are still in the possession and enjoyment of his descendants.

Tukaram was nothing if not religious. Religion was his life and soul ; but it had nothing very complicated in it as religions generally have. It was pure, simple and sublime. Love of God and his creatures was the corner-stone of his faith. He was a preacher of *Bhakti* (Devotion) seasoned with *Prem* (Love). He says that *Bhakti* joined to *Prem* is the royal road to salvation ; and what he preached to others he himself actually practised, thereby showing that he was quite sincere in what he solemnly declared. The path to Heaven is open to all inasmuch as everyone is capable of attaining supreme happiness. A Baishnaba, even though he have no caste, is well able to secure salvation for his soul. In this connection Tukaram has observed that " a householder should hold by the religion of his *varna* or caste until he has attained to that state which brings on *forgetfulness of self*."

As regards *Dharma*, he says that its end and aim is to draw humanity nearer and nearer to divinity. The greater one's religion succeeds in this respect, the higher he rises in the scale. Bhagaban is nobody's own in especial. He is all to all beings. The *Gita* truly says : " In whatever mode one gets at Me, in that mode I appear to him."

Tukaram tried to remove all thorns and brambles from the path of *Dharma* and to make it easy of attainment even by the veriest Chandal. To his mind *Dharma* is not the absolute property of the Brahmans, nor have *Bratas*, rites and ceremonies any real value in themselves. God's favour is not attainable by conventional observances ; the same is only possible by *Bhakti* steeped in *Prem*. Love of all created beings, purity of conduct, and

constant presence by prayer of *Bhagaban* in the secret recesses of the heart are all that is necessary to form *Dharma*, properly so called. The besmearing of the body with ashes or the having clotted hair on the head are the formal parts thereof—they are the shadow of *Dharma* without its substance—the shell without the kernel. The religion of a Baishnab is to view God as a lover. Tukaram was a Baishnab, but his views were different from those of the Baishnab community of Bengal. Unlike the Baishnab poets of this country, he did not conceive the relation between the Creator and his creatures merely as that of lover and loved. True it is, he has in some places addressed God as *Pati* (husband); but along with that he has not forgotten to mention Him as father, mother, friend, protector and helper. Awake or asleep, he always thought of Vithoba—always had his heart and soul and mind fixed in Him. Vithoba was “his dream, his passion, his delight.”

The Sutrakars have described *Bhakti* as “attachment to God,” and *Prem* as “too much attachment.” Thus, *Bhakti* and *Prem* are essentially the same, varying only in force and intensity. Both of them equally emanate from knowledge of God, with this difference in the nature of that knowledge that the *Bhakta* looks upon God as property or wealth, and the *Premick* as an object surpassingly sweet. *Bhakti* enjoins us to bow to God; *Prem* teaches us to embrace Him. Seeing His greatness and wealth the *Bhakta* sings His praise, while the *Premick* deeming Him as his own, lets Him into all his secrets, his pleasures and sorrows, and the lights and shadows of his life. For this reason *Prem* is given a higher place in the religious world than *Bhakti*, and, accordingly, the lover is in greater favour with God than the mere worshipper. The *Bhakta* as such is only a devotee, while the *Prem Bhakta* is one devotedly attached to Hari. Tuka was a *Prem Bhakta* of Hari—a devoted lover of Hari—and regarded Him as his own, aye, as one nearer and dearer than his nearest and dearest kin. In view of this circumstance some would place Tukaram above the Bengal saint, Ram Prosad. The latter was a preacher of *Bhakti* and dealt in *Bhakti katha*, or the mysteries of devotion. *Prem* was not preached by him, except as it is consistent with *Bhakti*, for, strictly speaking, *Prem* is *Bhakti* in its gay and lovely aspect. As a son to his mother, a faithful wife to her lord, and one true friend to another

make a clean breast of their respective desires, motives and aspirations, Tukaram used to relate all regarding himself, namely, his tales of happiness and tales of misery—in fact everything that concerned him—to Vithoba. When reproved by some as a counterfeit *Sadhu*, or jeered at by others for mock religiousness, he did not utter one single angry or unpleasant word to anybody, but referred himself to the Deity of his heart by composing some *Avangas*. Firm implicit reliance on God was the striking feature of his character. The controlling principle which guided him through weal and woe—through good report and evil—might be summed up in the following words of the poet :—

“ Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man and look above thee
Trust in God, and do the right.”

So far as he was concerned, Tukaram seems to have cut off all connection with the outside world. Like a true genuine *Sadhak* who should always remain *Udashin*, he had kept himself aloof from the daily concerns of ordinary life. He had no ins and outs, but was exactly what he seemed. Like a child his thought was speech and his speech was thought. Thus, he was an emblem of innocence, devoid of the frailties which common mortals are subject to. In fact, though living on earth, he had very little of earth in him. True to the character of a *Sadhak*, he made no distinction between man and man, but loved all human beings alike. He had rid himself of inordinate desires, shunned sleep to a considerable extent, and had become very sparing in his diet ; and as to passions which generally domineer over the human mind, he had gained such control over the strongest of them that he would rather lose his life than converse in secret with another man's wife. If he at all mixed in society, he would have only *Sadhus* and *Sannyasis* for his companions ; would always take Hari's name and sing his praise by composing *Avangas*. He says that one who spends his time in so doing, attains *Tatwajnan* (Divine knowledge) by the grace of God.

As we have already observed, Tukaram's life resembles a poem of which the verses composing it are the numberless *Avangas* which were the free and direct outpourings of his heart. These *Avangas* are of a varied character and deal with almost all matters

which the professed moralist treats of. It is said that a body of good sound ethics might be formed out of the teachings of Christ as recorded in the New Testament. The same might be said of Tukaram's *Avangas*. In fact, the pure, simple and sound moral lessons which they teach are their best points. The *Avangas* are directed, among others, against gambling, libertinism, marriage in old age, mock *Sadhuism*, and the giving away daughters in marriage for money consideration. In his time there was in Maharashtra a set of so-called *Sadhus* who, under the cloak of religion, followed the ways and practices of ordinary humanity. For their edification he composed an *Avanga* by which he proclaims to the world what a real *bona fide* *Sadhu* is and should be. The *Avanga* is so very beautiful and instructive that I cannot resist the temptation of reproducing it here, not certainly in its original but in an alien form. Rendered into English it runs thus :—

“ Whose words are sweet and heart pure,
 Even though he have no bead-string on his neck :
 Whose inner nature is ever attached to the God of souls,
 Though he have no clotted hair on his head :
 Who is impotent in his treatment of others' wives,
 Though his body be not besmeared with ashes :
 Who is blind to see others' good,
 And dumb to report others' scandal.
 Tuka says, you may take it as true,
 That man is a real *Sadhu* beyond doubt.”

Tukaram's *Avangas* are the best of their kind. They give utterance to real genuine sentiments. There is nothing false or meretricious in them. They exhibit the true workings of the man's mind. Tukaram was no formal conventional preacher, he actually practised in his own person what he preached to others. They show the man what he really was and give a better portraiture than any professed account that has been written regarding his life and labours. Even Mahipati himself has not been able to present such a faithful representation of the man as might be gathered from a study of the *Avangas*. These inspiring songs are the effusions of a heart which was full of the milk of human kindness—a heart which was imbued with the love of God and his creatures—a heart which was animated with the fervour

of religious zeal—aye, a heart than which a better has not been possessed by frail humanity. The *Avangas* are a very valuable addition to the moral and religious literature of the world, and fully deserve to be inscribed in characters of gold and to be carefully preserved in a jewelled casket. They are held in very high favour, not only by earthly beings but also by the Immortals of Heaven. Vithoba himself, as we have already seen, took very good care to preserve them when they were thrown into the waters of the Indrani.

As in Bengal, so in Maharastra, national literature has received its development from religious literature. Among writers of this class Tukaram occupies a very high place. About eleven thousand of his *Avangas* have seen the light of publicity. Originally he was as illiterate as Kalidas was in his early life, and did not know how to compose. But by divine favour and by dint of incessant practice he at last attained a wonderful power of composing hymns and songs, so much so that he could compose *Avangas extempore*, as if they were plain ordinary prose. Like the great Sanskrit poet referred to above, he was an inspired genius and rose to high eminence in the poetical world. Many *Avangas* of his composing have been lost in course of time, while some *Avangas* of others' composing have generally passed for his. But it is not difficult to separate the true from the counterfeit—the real from the fabricated. Besides *Avangas* properly so called, Tukaram composed more than a score of works, as the word is commonly understood. They all deal with moral and religious subjects and treat them more or less successfully. But whatever their merits might be, they considerably fall short of the *Avangas*. In fact, these form the foundation of his fame and will keep his name fresh and fair through ages unnumbered and centuries without end.

The general character of Tukaram's poetry is this, that while on the one hand it is replete with sentiments of love and devotion, on the other it inculcates good sound morality. Moved by the high standard of the morality of his *Avangas*, one of the well-known Directors of Public Instruction in the Madras Presidency, Sir Alexander Grant, observed, "To those who have read Tukaram's *Avangas*, it is useless to speak in praise of Christian ethics." The precepts taught by Jesus in His sermons, discourses and parables, high as their value is from a

moral point of view, are not in any way superior to the teachings of the Maharastra saint as embodied in his *Avangas*. And just as in the case of the divine founder of Christianity, Tukaram established the truth and adaptability of his teachings by his own example. Indeed, the Saintly Psalmist of Maharastra is one of those few mortals who have at times graced this nether world with their sweet, secret and sublime presence.

The compositions of some of the Baishnab poets have, by a mixture of love madness with spiritual sentiments, and by the union of passionate feelings with selfless sublime thought, caused a deal of moral mischief. But no such mixture of gold with tinsel, pure metal with alloy, is to be found in Tukaram's poetical effusions, and if he ever gave signs of madness it was

“ —————the divine
 Insanity of noble minds
 That never falters nor abates,
 But labours and endures and waits
 Till all it foresees it finds,
 Or what it cannot find creates.”

Like the waters of the sacred Bhagirathi, the *Avangas* are sweet, soothing and soul-moving. By imbibing such inspiring sentiments one's thirst is allayed without raising any undue excitement or creating evil passion. Tukaram, however, is not a first-class poet in point of originality of character or for high flights of imagination; but there could be no doubt that as a disseminator of good practical morals and equally good practical manners, he is entitled to hold a very high place among Indian poets.

Bairagya (aloofness from worldly concerns), *Benaya* (amiability), and love of God and his creatures are the three essential parts of Tukaram's character. For these qualities which received their full development and manifestation in him he will ever remain a model to his countrymen. At a time when Maharastra assumed a dry, stern and sallow look owing to the utmost predominance of pompous ceremonial works, Tukaram opened the lively living fountain of *Bhakti* and *Prem*. While the Pandits in their pride of learning were in a manner creating and destroying "seven Brahmas," so to say, by having recourse to the subtleties of *Nyaya* philosophy, simple, humble and amiable Tukaram harped

on more easy and popular subjects and began to circulate *Bhakti-katha* and *Prem Prasanga*—sweet, entrancing and soul-moving songs of love and devotion. He had only a smattering of Shastric learning or knowledge of logic and other abstruse sciences; and yet on hearing his wise persuasive words and teachings, the worldly-minded man refrained from indulging in lust of lucre, the arrogant sage got his pride of learning humbled, and the dry-hearted logician became steeped in the nectarine stream of love and devotion. By the single force of *Prem Bhakti* he caused the hearts of the people to melt. His teachings had a spell and charm which seldom failed to produce the desired effect. Tukaram, it is true, did not possess all the qualities which are necessary for an originator of religion or of a religious sect; and that is why only a few outside Maharastra know much about him. But any saint on earth might well envy his deep devotional feelings, his firm implicit reliance on God, his love of all created beings, his utter indifference to worldly affairs, his remarkable amiability, and, last though not least, his noble pride which aped humility. The present-day Hindus might not be a match for some nations on earth in point of military might and prowess, but they are inferior to none in the strength of the emotional part of human nature, for sympathy, kindness, love and devotedness. As long as *Bhakti* and *Prem* will have their hold on people's minds, so long will Tukaram's name, so far from disappearing from India, remain enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, there to receive divine honors as a super-human being for all time to come.

SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY.

Bengal.

"LOVE BEHIND THE PURDAH."

(A STORY OF MAHOMEDAN LIFE.)

WHY is Yusuf looking so sad? His movements are languid, his step is heavy, in his speech there is a ring of sorrow. There he sits with elbows resting on a table, his head between his hands, his fingers peeping out from the depths of his luxuriant, dishevelled hair, his brows knit, his lips parched, his large black eyes fixed meditatively on the ground. Sorrow has made her home upon his young face, the light careless buoyancy of youth has deserted him, while sometimes a rebellious sigh manages to escape from his compressed lips. His eyes are big with hot liquid pearls of sorrow, his lips twitch and tremble. He is in one of his love-fits. It is the old story over again—youth wedded to love, love allied to delicious misery.

While Yusuf sits thus, lost in brown study, his uncle enters the room with the exclamation. "Hello! my little philosopher, what makes you so thoughtful?" Yusuf starts up like one galvanized, blushes deep red, stammers out some mutilated answer, and his heart begins going pit-a-pat,—as if his uncle had read his thoughts. Before Yusuf could recover his balance, his uncle rescued him from his embarrassment by saying, "Run, my boy, and tell your aunt we shall have some fifteen guests to dinner to-night."

Yusuf hurried out to execute the order, but soon relaxed his pace and resumed his heavy languid step. Before he was aware of it, he found himself in the hall of the *Zenana*. But what spectacle is it that greets his astonished eyes? Why does his face suffuse with crimson? Why does his heart seem to stop its beats? A shy lovely girl of fifteen salutes him. Yusuf acknowledges the shy greeting automatically, and tries to say

something, but his tongue declines its office. At length he exclaims in a tone in which surprise struggles with ecstasy.

"Hameeda, you here?"

"Yes, brother,* I thought I would like to see all of you since none of you ever cares to cross my own poor threshold."

The exquisite musical cadence conveying the soft impeachment sent a thrill through Yusuf, and he hastened to reply:

"Really, Hameeda, I was scarcely a minute ago thinking of going to your place. It's awfully nice of you to have taken the trouble to come down here yourself."

This was accompanied by a glance that seemed to vibrate with emotion. Hameeda cast down her eyes, and began to pluck nervously the petals of a rose in her hand. She was sitting on a big square wooden bench which was covered with a soft thick carpet of Kashmir, in company with Yusuf's sisters. Yusuf dropped into a chair opposite to Hameeda. The silence is embarrassing. Has he no words to speak? Where are those dearly treasured love-phrases, those fanciful expressions, those impatient emotions? Have they no tongue? Foolish love, that is dumb when it should speak, and clamorous when the opportunity has fled.

The stolen glances, do they tell no tale? That electric current which passes through his whole being, when Hameeda looks furtively at him, is it inexpressive? Speak he would with all his heart and soul, but no words would come. What a misery! Still it is delicious. What a helpless silence! Still a silence for which one would barter a lifetime of speech. True, that his wistful eyes plead for his wounded heart. But does *she* understand the silent language of love? Aye, there's the rub. There lurks the cruel mystery.

Yusuf deems it impolitic to stay long.

"Where's aunt?" he asks his sister Raziya.

"Upstairs."

He rises to go, giving vent to a half-suppressed sigh. Why does Hameeda look up now? Those gazelle eyes, dark as death, decorated with those long silken ebon fringes.

"Oh! to gaze in their dark depths and dream one's life away!" thinks Yusuf.

* In Mahomedan households "brother" is the word with which cousins address those older than themselves.

Yes, why does she look up now? Why that look of silent, shy appeal (or is it Yusuf's fancy)?

"Going away so soon? Oh please, brother, stay a little longer, do," prays Hameeda.

Those liquid tones, that dulcet harmony, and the meaning therein disguised. Was it all dictated by mere courtesy, formal politeness? Or was it due to—to—some other and softer feeling? Her dark lustrous eyes were fixed lingeringly on him. Yusuf returned the gaze, a smile hovering on his lips—the look was so timid, so diffident. Their eyes met; a moment, and Hameeda's fell. She hung down her head, and her soft tapering fingers, dyed in *henna*, began to tear to smaller shreds the already deflowered rose. How supremely lovely she looked in that shy posture—the attitude was a study for an artist.

"Excuse me, Hameeda, for half a minute. I have a business on hand, but I shall be back presently."

With these words he quitted the room. His step was light, his face radiant. . . .

11

It was summer season. The clear metallic notes of the clock had just proclaimed the meridian of the night. The cool, silver refulgence of the moon illumined the whole scene. Trees, animals, men, all were hushed in profound slumber. A pleasant breeze seemed to fan them to a sweet dreamless sleep. So perfect, so deep a calm prevailed that you could hear a pin drop or a leaf fall. At times it was outraged by the resonant snore of some heavy sleeper, or the loud unmusical howl of the watchman, or the exasperating bark of some suspicious dog; after which silence resumed its empire. On a small circular lawn some four or five beds were spread, their white sheets glimmering in the clear moonlight. The atmosphere was redolent of sweet-scented flowers, and the cool, mild current of the breeze wafted about the rich, entrancing fragrance of the rose. It is a fact attested by experience that our inward feelings clothe in their native hue all external phenomena. Thus although the scene was lovely beyond description and would have communicated happiness to most hearts, there was Yusuf tossing feverishly on his bed, racked with pain, tormented by a nameless, undefined sense of restlessness, his heart inaccessible to joy, dead to everything of beauty, his soul

a prey to harrowing thoughts. He turned restlessly from side to side, closed his eyelids with his right hand to shut out the wild medley of ideas that came flocking into his head, wooed slumber in every possible and impossible posture, suddenly sat up in his bed, then lay down again, rested his feverish head sometimes on his pillow, sometimes on his arm, or started up on his feet and began walking as one in a dream ; but do all he would, he could not disengage his mind from the contemplation of Hameeda's splendid beauty, her thousand inimitable graces, her sweet words, her shy arch looks, her lovely image that never faded from his memory. There she was wherever he looked—Hameeda in the delicate petals of the rose, Hameeda in the tall flowery trees, Hameeda in the bright chaste moon, Hameeda in the luminous twinkling stars. Every beautiful object in nature suggested visions of her. Hers was the one obsessing passion that had monopolised his mind, his heart, his very soul.

And what an acute pang it cost him to think that Hameeda could not be his. He sighed, he groaned, he wept, and if you had asked him the reason why, he could not have told you. There was an aching void in his heart which no species of happiness under the sun could fill up. There was a ceaseless throbbing pain in the very marrow of his being. He was conscious of it, but he could not define it. He could give it no name. No language in the world could. If we were to translate the thoughts that surged within him, they would run in some such strain as follows :—

“ Custom ! false, hollow custom ! that monstrous institution, but too often perverted to the vilest purposes, that rank undergrowth which chokes and destroys the noble plant of heaven-sent religion, that hideous abortion of human intellect but too frequently made to override God's high commandments. Oh, how I detest our blind, slavish, cowardly submission to its evil empire, in spite of our settled conviction that it is riddled with a thousand abuses, that it is reeking with no end of nauseating absurdities. It is a horrid incubus that weighs down Indian social life. We know it, we feel it, but we dare not uplift our voices against it, much less defy it. It is the most telling evidence of our moral cowardice. Hameeda and myself ! how indissolubly our hearts are linked together ! Language is but a poor vehicle to convey the immensity of our love. But cruel customs must raise impassable barriers between us. I must be yoked to one who is utterly

indifferent to me. Why? For the very excellent reason that I was betrothed to her when I was a mere child and she a sucking babe. Hameeda must be enslaved to Hamid, that unmitigated brute, because she was betrothed to him while she was still an infant. This is custom—India's blighting curse. How many lives have been wrecked, blasted and ruined under its foul octopus growth? How many hearts, abodes of love and bliss have been turned into tragic sepulchres of murdered hopes and strangled joy. Customs indeed! They are the barbaric relics of a barbaric, bastard civilization, that's what they are. Oh, how my heart swells, my blood boils, my very soul rises in revolt at India's cowardly bondage to these pestilential customs. They fly in the face of reason, of common-sense, of God's behests, of the most elementary principles of humanity. But still a departure from them is received with a yell of derision, a breach of them is met with a relentless volley of fatuous execrations. Opposition is gagged, criticism scouted, reason is submerged, the voice of pity is brutally silenced. And all this, when every blessed soul is conscious of its utter absurdity. . . . But do what I would, the steel net is closing round me and I see no loophole of escape but to flutter helplessly and die, a monument of ruined hopes, unfulfilled desires. . . . Dear custom, I thank thee."

III

"What does the idiot say?" roared Hameeda's father, as her nurse bent double with age and respect before her master.

"Please, Sir, she says nothing," bleated the crone.

"Says nothing? In the name of wonder whatever do you mean, you old fool?" demanded Hameeda's father.

"Good Sir, I meant no offence. I pressed the girl for an answer. She would give none. I persisted. She sobbed for an hour in reply."

"Sobbed indeed! I will give her something to sob for in right earnest, by my beard, I will. Sobs! as if I was going to guillotine the obstinate little fool. Humph! see if I don't marry her to Hamid before she is a week older, or my name is not Rustam Khan," thundered Hameeda's father, fiercely, stroking his bristling moustaches.

"Honoured Sir, be not too hard on the little girl. She is

still but a child, and I am sure will yield in due time to gentle persuasion."

"No persuasion. I am determined. Tell her 'tis my will; and my will is, and shall be, law. I will have no refusals or, by Allah, I'll give her a sound drubbing. Oh the infamy of these degenerate days—that a silly chit of a girl should have the cheek to beard her own father. Oh heavens! where do thy thunders sleep? Oh earth! why dost thou not open and swallow up these shameless, rebellious wretches! I don't know what the world is coming to"

"It isn't much good exciting yourself. If you drive the girl to desperation, you may as well reckon with the possibility of her blank refusal while the wedding ceremony is in full swing," urged the nurse.

"I shan't be cowed by these thinly-veiled threats. If ever I seriously apprehend any such scene, I can easily enough avoid it by skipping over the customary ceremony that requires her formal consent. Go, tell her it is to her interest to submit with a good grace, otherwise I am prepared to go to any length in the matter. I'll teach her to defy her own father, I will."

IV

Yusuf is quite right, but custom is very inexorable. Hameeda must give her hand to Hamid—her father wills it. That is enough. Not a word more or she would call down on her head her affectionate father's ungovernable fury. Yusuf must wed Safiya. Not a syllable or he would earn his guardian-uncle's undying hatred—why not wed his beloved uncle's own beloved daughter? Who ever heard of such colossal impudence, such barefaced defiance of patriarchal dominion? No, Yusuf must wed Safiya—so the death-knell of the young man's fondly cherished hopes has sounded. He dare not brave the terrible wrath of the Olympian gods—he a poor two-legged, featherless mortal. His uncle's hatred spells for him life-long misery, for is not his uncle his autocratic guardian and almighty patriarch? This in itself is proof conclusive of his eternal infallibility and omnipotence. No, no, all is settled, Yusuf must wed Safiya. "And it is all for the best," so people say and solemnly shake their wise heads. With what philosophical fortitude they can bear the misfortunes of others and advise! And then, again, he is after all

Yusuf's own beloved uncle, no sworn enemy; and Safiya is Yusuf's beloved uncle's own beloved daughter—what more does the hair-brained youngster want? No more wild foolish talk of romance and love—old obsolete idiotic emotions begotten of sickly sentimentalism and diseased psychology. Surely, we have outgrown by now such silly phantasies of unbridled youthful imaginations. For what is love but a disease and it must be cured? And good old custom must cure it. All ideas of marrying people you love are outlandish, absurdly English; away with them. All attempts to ensure matrimonial happiness by such morbidly sentimental means are impious and exotic; down with them. No, no, all is settled, Yusuf must wed Safiya, Hameeda must transfer her allegiance to Hamid. And why not? Has not Hamid acquired an indefeasible right of ownership by more than twelve years of continuous possession, while the Indian Limitation Act considers only three years' possession of *chattels* and *moveable* property sufficient title of ownership. And then, to clinch matters, Hameeda's father was only holding her in trust for the benefit of young Hamid. The beneficiary must have his own now that he has come of age.

V

Afzal (Yusuf's cousin and intimate friend) enters Yusuf's bedroom. The sun rides high in the heavens, and Yusuf is still in bed. What a lazy-bone! And then how profoundly he sleeps with a Kashmir shawl stretched over him.

"Yusuf! Yusuf! I say Yusuf, get up, in the name of common-sense do. How horrid of you. Sleeping still, and it's ten o'clock," cries Afzal pulling the Kashmir shawl aside.

"What an excellent actor you are. Ha! ha! ha! Stage was your proper sphere. I wonder what earthly purpose it served you to stand first in the university in B.A., when your natural bent of mind was for figuring before the footlights. But I may tell you it's no good playing tricks with me. Play them off on some more accommodating fool . get up . get up . . . " laughing and trying to pull him up.

No answer still Yusuf's hand was stiff and cold. A deathlike pallor sat upon his handsome face. His beautiful dark curls clustered in sweet confusion on his forehead, but it was white as marble. A faint smile, peculiar to him,

played upon his beautifully chiselled lips, but their native, rosy colour had deserted them. He looked like a sleeping beauty cut in white marble.

The laughter died away. A vague, undefinable sense of fear began to creep over Afzal. It grew on him. An icy chill smote his heart. He stood there transfixed with intense horror, bound by a horrid spell, as the terrible truth began gradually to dawn upon him. Then all at once he threw himself on Yusuf's prostrate form in a paroxysm of frenzied sorrow, crying :

"Yusuf, dearest Yusuf! O speak to me, for God's sake speak, speak to your loving Afzal . . . O God, can it be true? Is it possible?"

Still no answer.

At this time a letter reclining in a conspicuous place on Yusuf's table caught Afzal's eye. He flew to it with a sudden access of emotion, and with nervous, feverish fingers, tore it open, trembling all over like a stricken willow, and read as follows :—
Dearest Afzal,

I have had more than my share of life's misfortunes—Oh, too much for my brief twenty springs. You have been the faithful depository of my confidences. To you have I sometimes poured forth the pent-up sorrow of my bleeding heart. To you I now address my last words. You know full well how I have always loved, worshipped, adored the queen of my heart, my dearest, most beloved Hameeda, and how she has always shyly reciprocated my pure passion. We were two bodies animated by one soul. She was the very essence of this world's happiness to me. I lived for her, and now I die for her. The silken link that binds our loving hearts is firm as steel and will endure till eternity . . . No earthly custom, no tyrant's flint-hearted caprice has power to weaken or dissolve it. Hameeda has been driven to the shambles by her brutal father. She, a priceless pearl, has been thrown before a filthy swine—married even without the pageant formality of consent, the spectral privilege which even a pestilential custom does not withhold from that species of dumb animals—called girls. But her heart, if it has not broken, beats still true to me.

This fleshy tenement may succumb, but the divine, eternal soul is invincible. Custom, force, patriarchal autocracy, all conceivable engines of tyranny are powerless, utterly impotent.

against one's iron will. They cannot dictate to the heart. They cannot subdue it. All the hellish devices of bestial coercion have been employed to force her into the eager arms of an abominable ruffian, whom she heartily loathes and detests. Oh my God ! have I outlived all this ? Now that she has been torn away from me, I feel that life is one, long, hideous nightmare. If I have no power over others, I have at least power over myself. In death I hope to find a remission from all earthly distress and mental crucifixion. It will be a jewelled paranthesis of happiness to close my eyes in eternal sleep.

Dearest Afzal, let me assure you, life is not worth living without love. It is an insipid, wearisome, witless farce if not enlivened with love. Loveless life is like a dirty, stagnant pool, filthy with greed and lust of gain. Why should it not be like the singing crystal streams, pure and sweet, murmurous with love, that gaily dance down the green hillsides and lose themselves in rivers and finally in oceans ? If life be brief, why should it not be like a brilliant shooting star or dazzling meteor ? Why like a smoky, smouldering miserable fire, ignominiously blown out by the cold blast of death ! Love something, love a dog but love someone. Do not make life a cramping drudgery, an eternal immutable round of monotonous routine. Do not degrade yourself by dragging on the existence of jaded mill-horses . . .

But I am becoming giddy. I have already swallowed the fatal dose, and must make haste in bidding you farewell forever. Farewell, my beloved companion of happy childhood and ruined youth, farewell. Let me pay you the tribute of some tears. You will perhaps feel lonely without me when I am no more, but this feeling I trust will soon wear off. Who ever remembers one for long after one's death ? Grief, the most violent, tones down by degrees. Time heals deep, gaping wounds . . .

Farewell, dear Afzal once again—forever. I enclose herewith another letter for dearest Hameeda. Place it in her own hands and tell her not to do violence to herself. It is my dying wish.

Farewell once more. Remember me to others. . .

Ever yours,
YUSUF.

FAIYAZ ALI.

Aligarh.

THE MONTH.

FROM the utterances of responsible statesmen it appears that the Allies are not prepared to conclude peace at the present stage, while Germany and her friends would be glad to bring the war to a close, but on what terms the Chancellor has not chosen to indicate. The nut is yet showing signs of unimpaired molecular structure; notwithstanding the grip of the nippers on either side since July, and notwithstanding admitted heavy losses in men and inability to maintain ground on the western front, the enemy is concentrating his resources on the Rumanian frontier. Rumanian advance is checked, and the dominant sentiment in the German mind just now seems to be that the prestige of the great Power, apart from more substantial considerations, calls for exemplary punishment of the daring little State that has challenged the might of the Eagle through what is called "greed," as if it was a motive of which the Central Powers were innocent when they provoked the war. Rumania is resisting the pressure both in Transylvania and in Dobrudja with remarkable pluck and skill, and the Allies will no doubt help her to the best of their ability.

The effect of the pressure from all sides on the integrity of Greece has been disastrous. Unable and disinclined to join in the war, the King yields wherever he cannot resist. He could not show his resentment of the Bulgarian encroachments, nor is he able to refuse the demands of the Allies, to whom his fleet has been delivered, lest it should do any mischief. The State is divided against itself, and Venezelos

has set up a provisional government at Salonika, which the Allies have recognised for war purposes. Thus a part of Greece has joined the Entente, while the King remains neutral.

It was at one time announced that Germany was getting a number of super-Zeppelins ready for raids on England from the beginning of October, but no such aerial monsters are reported to have appeared. On the other hand, submarine activity has unexpectedly increased in the Atlantic, and so very near the American coast that President Wilson and Mr. Lansing are once more perturbed over the audacity of the Teuton. With all the attempts to demonstrate to the world the possession of almost inexhaustible staying power and combative resource, the subjects of the Central Powers do not seem to be sanguine about gaining any advantage from the present war. If their last state will not be worse than the first, it is about as much as they can hope for. Such, at any rate, appears to be the sentiment prevailing among the socialists of Austria, where the Premier has been shot dead by a socialist. That a personal event of that sort can influence the course of the war is scarcely probable. Nevertheless it may only be the first of a series of occurrences the significance of which cannot be ignored in the state of public feeling. It is announced in England that the war requires every young man that can be spared, and such is no doubt the case in every European country involved in the war.

A HIGH COURT and a University were promised to the new province of Bihar and Orissa so as to make it self-contained. The High Court is opened, while the University has not come into existence. A Bill has been introduced in the Imperial Legislative Council to sanction its

**The Patna
University.**

creation, not in the Provincial Council, because other similar Bills will follow for Dacca, Burma, and Nagpur, and it is considered desirable that for the sake of uniformity in general principles the same Council should deal with them all. As the present Bill will create a precedent, the principles laid down in it are likely to be warmly contested. The object of the Government was to start universities of a new kind—teaching and residential. But it does not seem possible to adhere strictly to that ideal in large provinces where existing colleges are scattered and cannot on that account be affiliated to universities of the older type in other provinces. The Patna University will affiliate two kinds of colleges—local and external—and they will be differently dealt with. The officers of the local colleges, as also of the University, will be subject to the control of the Vice-Chancellor, while he will be only the chief visiting and inspecting officer for the external colleges. The Syndicate, again, will control the courses of study, the examinations, and all matters of education in the local colleges, while they will be responsible only for the supervision and inspection of such matters in the external colleges. Another feature of the new institution will be that the Senate will be only a deliberative body and its resolutions will not be binding on the Syndicate. These principles are bound to evoke criticism, as indeed they did in the Legislative Council. If the Education Member did not uphold them all, the reason may be that they must be first discussed in Select Committee rather than that he stood sponsor to a Bill framed by others and he did not personally approve of all details. One honourable member inquired whether the future policy of the Government would be to introduce “national universities on national lines,” or to perpetuate the existing system—in other words whether the universities would “deal with the develop-

ment of national literatures," or they would merely "equip clerks for Government offices and provide professional careers for a few." It seems that the existing universities are not of the right sort, because they are not founded on a linguistic basis, and they artificially group together "a few Bengalis, a few Ooriyas, and so on, with a Chaucer-loving English Professor trying to imbue his pupils with a knowledge of ancient English, an Indian patriot very deeply interested in reviving the dead languages for the benefit and glorification of his Motherland, and a Directorate smelling sedition everywhere and keenly jealous as to whether the supply has exceeded the demand, and continuous friction between European and Indian, as to whether one or the other has his proper share in the administration." What did this criticism mean? Would the honourable member like all new universities to be managed by Indians only and to devote themselves to the development of vernacular literatures? Apart from this criticism, the Government too will not be able to realise the ideals which it recommends for sometime to come, because of financial difficulties.

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LORD MINTO told the public that Sir S. P. Sinha would not have remained in his Council if in the Press Act of 1906 no right had been reserved to an aggrieved printer to appeal to the High Court against an order of forfeiture passed by the Local Government. Two famous cases have arisen under the Act, not to speak of minor ones which did not go up to the High Court. The Chief Justice of the Calcutta Court pronounced the language of the principal section of the Act to be as wide as human ingenuity could make it and the High Court's power of interference to be merely nominal. The Chief Justice

The Indian
Press Act.

of Madras expressed similar opinions last month in the case in which the security given by Mrs. Besant was declared by the Local Government to be forfeited. In neither case did the aggrieved person obtain any relief. But the opportunity given to the High Courts to express their helplessness, if nothing more, has had the effect of securing for public opinion the weight of judicial pronouncements regarding the nature of that piece of legislation. The three Judges who constituted the Special Bench at Madras have unanimously pronounced that some, if not all, of the articles condemned by the Local Government were calculated to bring the Government by law established into hatred and contempt, though Mrs. Besant or the author of the articles most probably did not intend such result. The Courts are concerned only with the "objective" tendency of the articles and not with the "subjective" intentions of the writer. Thus the aggrieved person has not been pronounced to be altogether innocent. But the nature of this piece of legislation, as explained by the High Courts, is so extraordinary that it is not likely to remain long on the statute book in its present form. The demand of security from a printer, or his exemption, in the first instance by a Magistrate is an executive act and therefore the High Court cannot pronounce any opinion on its wisdom. Indeed the Magistrate is not bound to record his reasons when he demands a security. To cancel an order of exemption once passed may or may not be a just procedure : anyhow it is an executive act. If such cancellation is wrong, the aggrieved person's remedy, it seems, is by an action against the Magistrate, and not an appeal to the High Court. When the security is forfeited, the High Court has merely to consider whether the Local Government was justified in imputing to the publications concerned the tendency described in the Act. Mrs. Besant proposes to

pursue the remedy of an action against the Magistrate. She raised the question whether the Government of India had jurisdiction to pass an Act which restricted the liberties of the subject in so great a measure, but the Judges did not express a unanimous opinion. This objection to the Act was perhaps suggested by the Privy Council's opinion in the case from Burma in which a certain Act of the legislature of that province was pronounced to be *ultra vires*. The Courts have lent their weight to the apprehension that the Act makes it extremely hazardous in this country to keep a press. There are, however, ever so many presses the owners of which have not been frightened by the danger of losing their property. When people embark on doubtful undertakings, they have to be careful; when they are defiant, still more so.

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SIR M. VISVESVARAYA'S addresses to the Representative Assembly of Mysore are always inspiring.

* Ideals of
Mysore.

His address at the last Dasara closed with these words: "We must begin work at once with a changed outlook and new ideals. In these days of open door, free communications, world competition, it would be unpardonable neglect on our part to omit to organise the resources and working power of our people in every walk of life." He has certainly begun work already in the direction indicated, but perhaps the people are slow to appreciate the "changed outlook and new ideals." The Department of Industries and Commerce was much handicapped during the year by the difficulty of obtaining machinery and plant. A sandalwood oil factory has been established at Bangalore, and the establishment of a larger one at Mysore is under consideration. A steam-heating plant for making jaggery has been installed, and the purchase of plant for a soap

manufactory has been ordered. The schemes under consideration of the Department include a cotton mill to be started at Mysore, a woollen mill in Tumkur, the preparation of charcoal by wood distillation, and the establishment of an industrial workshop. Private persons were also assisted in the erection of plant and machinery. "Money has to be spent liberally," says the Dewan, "to train the people and to give them financial and other help till they are better able to look after themselves." The Government will pioneer a few large industries: smaller ones may be expected to arise through co-operative effort, partnership, or joint stock enterprise. A net-work of committees will be, and indeed has partly been, created to rouse the economic conscience of the people. The development of the resources of the country includes water storage schemes, agricultural improvement, and the exploration of minerals of economic value.

The establishment of a few factories will not satisfy the Dewan; he would see a change in the whole spirit of the people. The efficiency of the administration itself, he acknowledges, depends in the last resort on the energy, apacity, and vigilance of the people. Compulsory education has been introduced in 27 centres and will be introduced in 41 more during the current year. The new University will not only promote higher education in a larger measure than heretofore, but will foster a spirit of self-reliance among the people. The account given by the Dewan of the various schemes of rural improvement is very instructive reading. Nearly three-fourths of the population of the State would appear to be served by village committees, more than 8,000 in number. In nearly one half of these villages, the system of devoting half a day's labour every week for tidying up village sites and carrying out works of communal benefit has been followed.

Panchayats have been appointed to attend to the annual repairs of tanks and regulate the distribution of water. Educated villagers are being trained to undertake the construction of minor tanks, and instructions have been issued for their guidance. A larger number of village munsiff's courts have been established. Every department seems to be receiving some impetus from the energetic Dewan, and the officers and people alike must be catching the contagion of his consuming zeal.

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THE intimate relation between religion and society is generally to the advantage of both, but not always to the advantage of either. As long as it is desirable to continue customs and

The Muslim Home.

creeds as they are, their mutual support is helpful, but change is the essential condition of life and progress. A change in a social custom is often hampered by the sanction given by religion to the existing usage, while religion is often credited with responsibility for a social defect which may have had a different origin altogether. If Muslim society allows polygamy and keeps women in seclusion in any part of the world, the Prophet of Arabia is held responsible for it. As a matter of fact his teachings might have improved the position of women where it was worse before, and restrained polygamous license. The misrepresentation of the Prophet and his teachings has often been corrected before, and we have now before us a little volume in which H. H. The Begam of Bhopal enthusiastically pleads the cause of her religion and seeks to free it from unmerited blame. Her Highness claims that the "Prophet Muhammed, the only Benefactor and Emancipator of the weaker sex, gave us a position, religious, social, and intellectual, which a woman prior to his advent could not even dream of." It would be interest-

ing to know whether any other great religious teacher ever interested himself on behalf of women to the extent the Prophet of Arabia did. The present position of women in different parts of the world is not an answer to that question : the difference may be due to other influences, and not the teachings of religious leaders. Some of the sayings of Muhammed, quoted by the accomplished Ruler of Bhopal, are as follow :—

1. The rights of women are sacred ; see that women are maintained in the rights attributed to them. 2. Fear God in regard to the treatment of your wives, for verily they are your helpers, you have taken them on the security of God. 3. Do not boast of the precedence which God has given to one of you over the other ; the men shall have a portion of what they earn, and women also a portion of what they earn. 4. Look out for a woman that hath virtue ; if you marry her from any other consideration, your hands will be rubbed in dirt. 5. Associate kindly with women, for if ye be averse to them, it may be you are averse to a thing wherein God has placed much good. 6. The best man among you is he who is best to his wife ; and I am the best among you in respect to my wives. 7. Let not the faithful man hate the faithful woman ; if he hates some disposition of hers, let him be pleased with another that is in her.

When the Prophet said, “ Marry what seems good to you of women, by twos, or threes, or fours,” he did not introduce polygamy, for more than four could be married before his time and he restricted the liberty to four ; and he added, “ But if ye fear that ye shall not act equitably, then one only.” He warned his followers that though he himself dealt equitably with his own four wives, most husbands would not be able to do so : “ Ye can never act equitably between women ; but turn not with all partiality

to one, nor leave the other like one in suspense." Divorce may be easy among Muslims, but the Prophet said : " The most hateful of lawful things in the sight of God is divorce." It is acknowledged by all that the Muslim law of inheritance is remarkably just to women.

**Progress
in
Baroda.** AN administration must be judged by the measure of happiness enjoyed by the people, using that word in the best sense. Neither social legislation nor educational experiments may convey a faithful idea of the merits of a government on the whole. Nevertheless they are interesting features, and their object is to promote the well-being of people in certain directions. During the year under review in the last Administration Report of Baroda, a member of the Legislative Council introduced a Bill for the prevention of the sale of marriageable girls ; the consideration of the Bill was deferred until a satisfactory definition of " sale of brides " could be framed. Another member introduced a Bill to raise the marriageable age of boys to 18 years, and to abolish the system of exemptions under the Infant Marriage Prevention Act. The report notes that the number of offences under this Act is steadily going up : the largest percentages of convictions are recorded amongst the lower and backward classes, and thus the fines fall upon the ignorant and poor, more than upon the educated and richer classes. The report adds that steps will have to be taken to improve this state of things.

The attitude of the people towards compulsory education does not appear to have been more satisfactory than towards the prevention of infant marriages ; for the fines for non-attendance recovered during the year amounted to no less than Rs. 48,868. The compulsory age limit for girls was raised from 11 to 12 and this partly accounted

for the rise in the number of girls at school. The State provides a separate girls' school "wherever there are more than 40 girls of the school-going age." Ten Sanskrit schools were educating 400 students. In addition to the maintenance of these schools, Sanskrit learning is promoted by the grant of prizes to the extent of Rs. 18,000 annually. The examination held in the month of *Sravan* is confined to traditional methods of learning, but non-Brahmans are admitted to the schools and the examinations. It may be instructive to notice that "Saguna Upasana" was one of the subjects for competitive essay-writing. This is not surprising when it is remembered that an examination for priests has been instituted in the State and they are trained to do their duties according to the Shastras. Itinerant religious preachers were attached during the year to certain temples, and their duty was to go from village to village and enlighten the villagers on religious and social questions. "Critical and explanatory books on common religious rites and ceremonies" are officially prepared in Baroda, and the policy and principles of the department in charge of Religious and Charitable Institutions are explained to the people through suitable literature. The principle seems to be that the Government should deal impartially with the conservatives and the representatives of progress.

A unique institution, due to new ideas, is the Garoda School, where the priests of the Antyajias or depressed classes are taught Sanskrit and the proper way of performing religious rites and ceremonies. Special schools have been established for Antyajias and forest tribes, and 11 per cent. of the former are now at school. While these are some special features of Baroda administration, the Dewan's remarks on the need of reform in other directions are not less valuable.

**Talk
of
Peace.** VISCOUNT GREY delivered a most important speech at the luncheon of the Foreign Press Association in the presence of the Ambassadors and Ministers of all the Allies. In the telegraphic

summary we miss the insistence on Prussian militarism being crushed by a victory : the Allies would apparently be satisfied with reliable guarantees that future generations will not be subjected to trials such as have been forced upon the Allies in the present war. We may take it for granted that Belgium will be amply indemnified, but the summary of the speech is silent on the indemnification of the other Allies. One would suppose that the future lies in the hands of future generations. But treaties may go a long way towards anticipating future contingencies, and if all the great Powers of the world agree that neutrals must take part in compelling observance of treaties by force, it is quite possible that small wars at least will not be common in future. Every war will be waged all the world over, which may mean that no war will be provoked. But admittedly the use of force cannot be dispensed with.

THE men that return from the front must have awful stories to tell. They can never forget—

The wounded wailing in the sun,

The dead, the dust, the flies

The filth and stench of war,

The corpses on the parapet,

The maggots in the floor.

Nevertheless, they will remember and tell how—

Men suffered undismayed,

And tried to smile and smile the most

When they were most afraid ;

And laughed before the grave,

And jested in their pain.

We have taken these lines from Mr. A. P. Herbert's *Half-Hours at Helles*, originally contributed mostly to *Punch*. In these verses are depicted the Turks as well as British soldiers and officers. No one can read them without feeling quickened sympathy for the brave men who suffer and smile amid sufferings under strange skies. Perhaps one of the best ways of showing this sympathy with the soldiers of the Empire is to read these verses, which are published by Mr. B. H. Bakewell, Broad Street, Oxford.

WE congratulate Mr. K. Vyasa Rao on the reprint of his vigorous articles on the Press Act, published by Messrs. S. Varadachari & Co. It is a timely publication.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PLEA FOR THE INTRODUCTION OF ISLAMIC
HISTORY IN INDIAN UNIVERSITIES.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—One of the really strongest stimulants for the growth and development of Hindu-Muslim unity in India is the close study by the two communities of each other's past in a true light. Why we love England, not merely because Englishmen happen to rule over India, no, it is the study of English classics and the immortal names of Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Macaulay and Tennyson that bind us to England with loving intellectual strings. Why we love Persia, not merely because the Parsis live in India, or on account of its previous connection with our country, no, but because Firdausi, Saadi, Hafiz, Rumi and Omar Khayyam impel us to venerate the land of Iran. If the Classics can do so much, cannot History do something at least? Is it not the study of English history that has opened the eyes of Indians and taught them to demand their rights from their rulers? Did not the history of ancient Greece give hints to Romans and does not the history of Roman colonial government furnish modern England with important lessons in the art of ruling alien nations? It is indeed an admitted fact that the history of any nation or of any great movement, in its true perspective, is never without its lessons for the serious student. One is, therefore, quite at a loss to understand why the whole range of Islamic history should have no charm for our Indian Universities.

Some might argue that the Muhammadan period of Indian history already forms part of the history course in Indian schools

and colleges, but they utterly fail to realize that the Muhammadan period of Indian history is but an episode in the brilliant narrative of Muslim achievements, and therefore it can hardly enable one to understand what Islam has done for the civilization and culture of the world. Even the college education of a graduate, with history as one of his subjects, does not give him an idea of the growth and development of Muslim power, of what the Ommeyyads of Damascus and the Abbasides of Baghdad, the Fatimides of Egypt and the Saracens of Spain, did. He does not know how and when Tarik crossed the Straits that still remind the world of his adventure, or who Abdur Rahman-ad-Dakhil was and how, by establishing peaceful government in Andalusia, he set up the torch that subsequently gave intellectual light to modern Europe, what learning and art flourished in Cordova and Granada, and how, since the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, that country has remained barren of intellectual outturn, though there was a temporary glamour under Isabella and Ferdinand and Charles V. "An eternal gloom," to use the eloquent words of Condé, himself a Spaniard, "envelops the countries which their (Moors') presence had brightened and enriched. Nature has not changed; she is as smiling as ever, but the people and their religion have changed. Some mutilated monuments still dominate over the ruins which cover a desolate land, but from the midst of these monuments, of these cold ruins, comes the cry of 'Truth, Honour and Glory to the vanquished Arab, decay and misery for the conquering Spaniard!'"

During the five centuries that followed the death of the great Prophet there was produced among his followers a civilization far in advance of anything in Europe. The Muslims established universities which excelled all those of Europe for several centuries. Some of the universities in Spain were visited by Christian students who thus acquired Muhammadan learning and culture and carried them into Christian Europe. Philosophy, theology, law, rhetoric and philology were studied with great zest. Dictionaries were compiled. Libraries were formed, some containing thousands of volumes. In mathematics the zero is the invention of Muhamed-ibn-Musa who also was the first to use the decimal notation, and who gave the digits the value of position. Algebra (from Jabr-o-Muqabila) is practically the creation of the Arabs. They developed spherical trigonometry,

inventing the sine, tangent and co-tangent. In physics they invented the pendulum and produced work on optics. They made progress in the science of astronomy. They built several observatories and constructed many astronomical instruments which are still in use. They calculated the angle of the ecliptic and the precession of the equinoxes. Their knowledge of astronomy was undoubtedly profound. In medicine they made great advances over the work of the Greeks. They studied physiology and hygiene and their *materia medica* was practically the same as it is to-day. Many of their methods of treatment were also the same as they are at present. Their surgeons understood the use of anæsthetics and performed some of the most difficult operations. At the time when in Europe the practice of medicine was forbidden by the Church, which expected cures to be effected by religious rites performed by the clergy, the Arabs practise the true science of medicine. In chemistry they made a good beginning. They discovered many new substances and compounds, such as alcohol, potassium, nitrate of silver, corrosive sublimate and nitric and sulphuric acid. In manufactures they outdid the world in variety and beauty of design and perfection of workmanship. In textile fabrics they have never been surpassed. They made glass and pottery of the finest quality. They knew the secrets of dyeing, and they manufactured paper. They had many processes of dressing leather, and their work was famous throughout Europe. They made tinctures, essences and syrups. They made sugar from the cane. They practised farming in a scientific way and had good systems of irrigation. They excelled in horticulture, knowing how to graft and how to produce new varieties of fruits and flowers. They introduced into the West many trees and plants from the East, and wrote scientific treatises on farming.

Their commerce attained great proportions. Their caravans traversed the empire from one end to the other, and their sails covered the seas. They held, at many places, great fairs and markets which were visited by merchants from all parts of Europe and Asia. Their merchants had connections with China, India and the East Indies, with the interior of Africa and with Russia and with all the countries lying around the Baltic. They developed a style of architecture which was characterized by the round and horse-shoe arch, the dome, the tall and graceful minaret,

and the richness of its interior ornamentation. In everything connected with their buildings they showed the most exquisite taste and appreciation of beauty, and their architectural remains are still the wonder and envy of the world. Such is the testimony of impartial Christian historians like Thatcher and Schwill, of Saracenic greatness in art, science and literature, and in all that goes by the name of Civilization.

But what does the student of the Muhammadan period of Indian history know about it? So long as he has to study this period from books like the *Mediæval India* of Lane-Poole, that romantic jumble of taunts, hits and satire on Muslim sentiment, wherein the slightest mistake of a Muslim monarch has been made the theme of a splendid rhetoric, or the history of India compiled by Mr. Marsden, he would certainly never cherish any regard for what has been done by Islam. On the contrary he would certainly remember it as a period of downright oppression, butchery and fanaticism, brought about by the advent of a militant faith. The best antidote against such poisoning would be the study of Islamic history. And in this connection I would, therefore, suggest that our Indian universities should encourage this study by drawing up a graduated course and including it as one of the alternative papers in history for the F.A., B.A. and M. A. Examinations. The premier university of Calcutta already has an alternative paper on this subject, but only in the M.A. course. And up till now the Allahabad University too had the same, but it is unfortunate that it should have dropped it for 1918 in favour of the Napoleonic Period. Can any right-thinking person say that the history of Napoleon, whose present prototype is the cause of so much misery all over the world, would be a fair substitute for the whole range of Islamic history? Will not our Indian publicists interested in the Hindu-Muslim *entente* take up this question with their characteristic energy?

Yours faithfully,

G. M. D. SUFI

Benar.

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VICTORIANISM.

ALONG with a great admiration for the achievements of the Victorian era, we find in many literary quarters a paradoxical undercurrent of intense depreciation for two of the vital elements of civilized life as exhibited in that era—its Art and its Femininity.

Very often the stigma is specifically aimed at "early" Victorianism. But it is not infrequently extended to a later period—to "Mid-Victorian" and even, in general terms, to "Victorian" times.

It may well be examined whether the reproach is justified—whether the daily surroundings and the feminine environment of a Darwin, a Tennyson, a Carlyle and a Gladstone, were feeble, futile and sentimental.

That, we imagine, is the gist of the reproach. The Victorian is said to have lived among embodied feebleness and heaviness in design, from imbecile valance to sprawling carpet. The Victorian lady is thought of as a brainless, boneless mollusc, always to be seen in a feeble faint on the feeble curls of the sofa.

I propose to enter a caveat against this conception.

It is easy to reply to the sceptically inclined, like me, that special instances like Jeanie Carlyle, Charlotte Brontë, Elizabeth Sterling, Lydia Becker, Helen Taylor, are special

instances—not to be considered otherwise than as exceptions proving the rule. But is Mrs. Caudle an exceptional type? Is Agnes Copperfield a *lusus naturæ*? Was Venetia always fainting on sofas—or Corisande, or Sybil, or Lytton's Vittoria, or Mrs. Gaskell's Cynthia, or even the multitudinous and commonplace heroines of Mrs. Henry Wood? It seems to me that Lydia Languish was the product of an earlier age—an age for which the censors of Victorianism have generally nothing but adulation—the age of the Regency.

Amelie Sedley, it seems to me—Amelie Sedley and Thackeray between them—are responsible for the distracted idea that Britain in Victorian times was half peopled by kindly nincompoops. The whole art of Thackeray was insincere. *Esmond*, which is sometimes praised as an almost superhuman and perfect acceptance of the spirit of a past age, is as glaring and obvious a piece of insincerity as ever was any Wardour Street romance. One may safely defy anybody of ordinary sympathy and insight to read two pages of the imaginary narrator's vapourings without recognizing that it is a fake, and a poor fake at that. Thackeray was incapable of perceiving the nobility of the ladies of his time. He did not know them, except as lay-figures; did not believe in them, except as adventurers. How could he depict them? How could Thersitas have written the *Iliad*? Lytton could draw Nydia, and Ione, Vittoria and the *Coming Race*. He must have had models. Yet Thackeray never saw them, and we are put off with Miss Sharp and Miss Sedley. Even Trollope could do better than that. Even Miss Wetherell could do better than that. Take *The Wide, Wide World*, which most people would consider the acme of feebleness and sentimentalism. Ellen is clearly a prig, though a tough one. But what about Nancy? She is independent, original

and enterprising enough—and she was evidently drawn from life.

Take the mass of the literature of the period—take the children's books, the burlesque works, the ephemeral things (for these reveal, as nothing else does, in their unpretentiousness and self-mockery, the inner mind of a nation). Do we find the dwarfed brain and the feeble will exhibited as the characteristic of the British girl? I doubt if anyone will say so. In one popular child's book of the very beginning of the period (*Tales of the Pemberton Family*) the mother insists on her little girl's watching her bled, in order to strengthen her nerve: insists on it with a tender and firm argument, which, while we may disapprove, we cannot but respect. At the gayer end of the scale of emotion, in *Young England Coming Out*, the inmates of a high-class girls' school are depicted with the most effervescent spirit, the most independent courage and the most caustic wit. Do we find the lackadaisical puppet in *Punch*? Not much; but a bright and breezy damsel who likes salt-water and horses, and can give as good as she gets.

"But they did an awful lot of embroidery! And they learnt such trivial things at school! And they were so superficial!—so terribly superficial!"

So patronizingly laments the modern Pharisee. She has a mind hardened to crudity through being steeped in dogma, of the scientific variety: this she styles being thorough. She has an outlook narrowed to owlshness by concentration on a single subject: this she considers being profound. She has an opinion on the government of Ireland or on what she sentimentally terms the white slave traffic: this she calls being cultivated.

It is neither profound nor cultivated.

Embroidery can be overdone. But is addiction to embroidery any more cramping than devotion to hockey?

The modern will answer glibly that hockey is "healthy exercise." Is it then, after all, the physical health of a human being that is the most important thing? Surely, that is the limiting, the low, the confined dogma. The harmony of finger and eye, the infinite patience, the friendly intercourse of embroidery are, perhaps, as valuable qualities as a strong muscle and a vigorous lung. They are certainly more valuable than a nice taste in cigarettes.

Yet that is the real *gravamen* of the charge against the Victorian girls' schools. They embroidered. It seems to be forgotten that physical exercises ("calisthenics") were deliberately cultivated, that walks and gardening—the best forms of healthy exercise—were universal; and that embroidery, if called *stoyd* or something Russian, would be hailed as an ideal means of developing the practical and æsthetic faculties.

Really, what else was the fault of the girls' school? People, when 'cornered' with the question, murmur desultory phrases about Italian, and music, and "globes." Good gracious! Is it to be thought unpractical and sentimental to learn an important European language? Is it unscientific to know how the world revolves and how the sun slants? Were the Greeks, the educators of the world, wrong in attaching a supreme importance to Music?

It is very probable that scale-jangling was (and is) inflicted upon children who had no aptitude for the piano. But life is a lesson in uncongenial tasks. Football is inflicted to-day on innumerable children who hate and detest it. In sober fact, nothing is so soul-deadening as the modern boy's school-course. The monotony of cricket in summer and football in winter, coupled with the monotony of lessons, leaves the expanding spirit with no leisure or energy for the cultivation of broad imaginative interests. The boy of the past collected with enthusiasm

and discrimination. He ran models, he made country expeditions. The boy of to-day has no individual, peculiar occupation, over which he can work and dream. He is forced into a dead groove of cricket and football, from which only a fortunate few—those who attend the obsolete high-class day schools—escape. So we will not complain of the girl's hour at the keyboard.

If Italian, music and geography are not seriously detrimental, if arithmetic, grammar and a good written hand were soundly taught, as undoubtedly they were, what was really wrong? What was so "superficial" about it all?

It did not touch politics, or that odd thing called "citizenship" (which is wholly alien to English minds)—but neither did the boy's curriculum. It did not concern itself with the classics—but they are precisely what the modern fanatic for education desires to eliminate. The cardinal omission appears to be supposed to have been what is eloquently called "science." This mainly consists in creating fumes and noxious smells in test-tubes. It is understood to create a habit of accuracy in observation and correctness of deduction. In what way does it do so any more than the practical subjects taught in the Victorian schools? Is arithmetic a loose and misty mode of thought? Is 1.7963 an admissible answer to a sum which ought to work out at 1.7967? The girl who is trained to note the exact moment when the kettle is fit for making tea, and the precise meaning of a speck of mildew in summer, has not very much to learn from a pair of scales in a glass case.

It is supposed to give precision! The performer who knows to a forty-five thousandth of a second how long to dwell on a demi-semi-quaver is to learn precision from knowing the formula for methyl-ethyl-formyl-aldehyde.

It is supposed to confer a capacity for correct deduction ! The cook who supposes that grease will not soil the carpet, or who imagines that it is immaterial how long a fowl is left in the oven before incineration supervenes, will not be improved in capacity by heating zinc with sulphuric acid in a retort.

I have not the ghost of a quarrel with science. At school I found chemistry very amusing, and I believe (but will not depose on oath) that two science prizes came my way. It was much more congenial to me than either copying plaster *acanthus* leaves in pencil and frustrated cones in chalk (termed Art)—or than practising scales with a husky voice or clumsy fingers (styled Music). All I observe is, that, although entertaining, it is not essential.

A cool, clear outlook on life ; a patient pursuance of aim through failures and baffled endeavours, disappointments and mistakes—a habit of noting similarities—these are characteristic of the scientific temper at its best. But it is not necessary to study chemistry or heat to acquire them. Pottering among the alkalis will not do it.

If the aim of education is to produce a perfect character, to develop the best in an individual, then the Victorian lady's education pretty nearly succeeded. Can we imagine more delightful persons than those we knew in our youth ? They had two faults, it may be admitted. They were not above giving way to the natural passion of tears, and they tight-laced. Perhaps the two defects are connected.

Perhaps, again, the tearlessness of the modern is apt, like the tearlessness of Campbell's *Outalissi*, to become tiresome. The Greeks frankly cried when the crisis of life was acute ; the gallant French cry ; the divine Jew cried. The Japanese poet exclaims, touched by religious ecstasy :—

"What is here I know not—

"But my breath is still,

"And the tears trickle down."

As for stay-lacing, that with the cognate crime of the crinoline, comes under the head of Art.

And so far as Art is concerned, it is impossible to defend the early, and difficult to extenuate the middle, Victorian. His Art *was* atrocious. It is not necessary to be a connoisseur of pictures to appreciate this great truth. Leaving pictures out of the question, which we may and ought to do—for nobody in England now looks at them—it is quite clear that the Englishman of 1837-1870 moved in a dreadful environment. Railways were blackening the face of the earth. Blunt-nosed flowers mutely appealed for abolition from floor and carpet. Mahogany wound itself into inane curls, like the tails of expiring fossils; curtains were dusty sarcophagi. Where things should have been firm and straight, they broke into heavy curves, like an elephant's caper; where they might have been light and graceful, they were patted back into dulness. It was a riot of bad taste.

But Art is decidedly second to Conduct as a factor in human life. If our favourite uncle is kindly and cheerful, we will not complain that his waist-line is ample and that he wears loud checks. People can be happy in the midst of bad taste; they can even be refined, difficult as it sounds. The influence that—

".....Can make the worst wilderness dear,"
can do a good deal for the wilderness of artistic atrocity. It can glorify the sham flowers, the glass shades, the curly chairs the pinched draperies, the glaring magentas.

Still, the heavy Art of those thirty-three years did embody a heavy ideal. Victorian times admit of a sharp division into four periods: those typified by 1837, 1860,

1883 and 1897. We may consider them as extending from 1837 to 1848, from 1848 to 1870, from 1870 to 1887 and from 1887 to 1900. They are divided by the great revolutionary year 1848, the great war year, 1870, and the great colonial year, 1887, and in Ideal and Art there is a distinct break between each

The blue-coated, white-trousered England of the early Victorian period was busily putting to use its steamboats and its steam carriages. It was consolidating its Indian achievements; it was jealously watching, across the channel, the astutenesses of Louis XIX. Aristocracy had retired from active life: the middle classes were rapidly amassing wealth and beginning to set the standard of manners. It was a thoroughly materialistic period, with Peel as its priest and Macaulay as its prophet. The efflorescence of the period of George IV—the careless and picturesque exuberance of the Byrons, the Scots, the Sheridans, the Moores, with their Highland and Oriental magnificence, their chieftains, their bulbuls and their minarets—had dwindled to the thin piping of Wordsworth and Southey and the homely commonplace of Dickens. The commercial classes had won a great victory in the passage of the Reform Bill—and though they never made the most of it politically, they thenceforward, and for fifty years, took the lead in the nation. Their ideals, the purely nationalist ideals of the manufacturer and the shipper, were now in the soaring ascendant. The nation was absorbed in buying cheap and selling dear. Famine gave a keen edge to the appetite for material betterment. Steam was begging to be utilised—a new djinn, promising palaces to the wayfarer. What chance had Art? What chance could Art, or Beauty of any kind, have with a people who were industriously engaged in destroying the beauty of their dwelling-place? The direful industrial

system was incalculably extended; the dead, brick factories replaced the living home centres of industry. The heart of the nation was sound, but a blight of soot had settled on its outlook.

In the Mid-Victorian period (1848-1870) the cloud had lifted. The fierce work of the early Victorians—their prim absorption in ledger and coal and bank-balance—had brought about a very general increase in prosperity and material comfort. The refined culture of the aristocrat had pretty thoroughly permeated the commercial classes who now competed with him in the work of governing. Intercourse with the Continent, with its broadening influence, became common, and Albert Smith could discourse to an appreciative ten thousand of his travels to Mont Blanc. The horizon had widened; there was more to see and to appreciate. It became fashionable to make picturesque pilgrimages to romantic Scotland; Irish famines ceased; Ruskin began to write, and in short, England stepped out of the counting-house into the open air. Still growing rapidly in riches, by a kind of automatic acceleration, she had no longer need of the conscious struggle of the thirties and forties.

But it was a heavy time. Its prosperity was a plethoric one. The fifties, with their panoply of horse-hair and mahogany, of lumpish gilt picture frames, of heavy chains and seals, of heavy port and boiled mutton, showed that the skimpy thirties had not exhausted the possibilities of artistic sin. It was not until the sixties that beefy prosperity began to soften into grace. And that grace was a somewhat Batavian one. Tempered by gilt clocks, flowery textiles and pork-pie hats, it can only be said to be an improvement on what had gone before. A marked feature of this period is the fast-increasing influence of Germany. Lord Esher has recently, as the editor of

Queen Victoria's Letters, been at pains to deny that the Queen was whole-heartedly in love with Germany. He rests the denial principally on the ground that Bismark did not like Her Majesty, which is about as reasonable as to say that Bismark was pro-English because he appreciated Disraeli and Odo Russell. But if she had such predilections, the result of them was almost entirely beneficial. It was a great factor in breaking down the prim narrowness of the early Victorian outlook, to be introduced to the broad theology of Lessing and Ewald, and to be inoculated with the romance of Schiller and the Rhine. The German of those days was still an idealist and a dreamer. His dry commercial period was yet to come. In the sixties, German influence played on the English character with a force only inferior to that of France.

It is difficult to see what precisely was the influence that revolutionized the mental attitude of England in 1870. The Franco-German war scarcely explains it. I think it is undeniable that from 1870 onward there is an air of naturalness, of independence, of clearness—in a word, of freshness, in England, such as Europe had scarcely seen since the days of Greece. One would say it was the fall of the meretricious Third Empire—but distinct signs of the change are visible as early as 1867 or 1868. Perhaps the truth is that a generation had grown up which was reared on Ruskin and Carlyle. The profound sense of majesty and the hatred of shams which were Carlyle's, the return to the straightforward delicacy of Nature, which was Ruskin's contribution to the thought of the century, had been working in the leaven of England for thirty years. They had produced a generation which in dignity, in simplicity and in freedom, spiritual and political, is, I believe, unmatched in our history. That generation flowered in its wonderful acme the "æsthetic" days of

1879-1886. Those seven years are the summit of the English centuries.

No great painting, or architecture, or music marks them. In their home life—in the general diffusion of a delicate taste and a self-respecting courtesy—it would be difficult to find their equal.

Such a halcyon period could not last. The age of Anstey, of Sullivan and Gilbert, of Arthur Stanley, of George Macdonald, of Burne Jones, of Christina Rossetti, gave way to the age of Shaw and Kipling: and the late Victorian was succeeded by the final Victorian period. This one may reckon as ushered in by the First Jubilee of 1887. It was in the unbridled intoxication of that brilliant year that the delicate poise of the Seventies was forgotten. In the realisation of the extent and the grandeur of its possessions, the nation's head was turned. The note of refinement was replaced by the note of blasé. Of this age, and of the Edwardian age which succeeded it, the two last-named authors are the leaders.

Mr. Shaw and Mr. Kipling have this in common, that they love to pose and patronize. The late Victorian despised pose and resented patronage. But a submissive public had grown up, devoid of moral stamina, whose one demand was to be amused. However the entertainer poked them in the ribs or pulled their noses, he was welcome if he was entertaining. Of this tendency to be striking, even if you struck hard, Mr. Kipling and Mr. Shaw are the protagonists. The one appeals to the baby who likes conundrums, the other to the baby who likes a rattle. Both proceed on the same principle of artistic approach.

At the same time scientific dogmatism had succeeded in establishing the maxim that everything was equally and necessarily publicly the subject of question and dissection. But the very foundation of all art and of all

happiness is the emphatic assertion of the contrary. There are things which are not proper to be questioned, and things which are not fit to be discussed. In consenting to discuss them we are not emancipating ourselves, but enslaving ourselves. "Let us see what happens when the powder is exploded," says the drunken soldier. He explodes the powder, but he does not see what happens.

It may be a pity that free enquiry should be so discouraged; but it is in the nature of things.

In grubbing in the dust-heaps of maternity, in proclaiming that fair is foul and foul is fair, the pseudo-scientific sociologists, novelists and dramatists—(needless to say we have not here in mind the two distinguished persons above mentioned)—succeed merely in rubbing away the outlines of ideal character, and in reducing their disciples to hopeless bewilderment. They lead them into an arid waste, brooded over by fog, where nothing has any meaning, and nothing has any value, because everything can always be contradicted.

Mr. Ashby-Sterry pointed out years ago one significant little fact that showed how the standard of thought had been lowered. People dropped the word "lady" and began to talk about "women." As Mr. Sterry remarked, the gracious word "lady" counted consideration, delicacy, independent dignity, whilst the term "woman" implied nothing beyond the mere fact of sex. Nothing will persuade the impartial observer that the latter word has suddenly become invested with the charm of the former. All that has happened has been that the people who are content to call themselves "women" have gone some way towards accepting the coarser ideal which is implied in the word which connotes merely the physical fact.

It is impossible to revolutionize morality and to induce the world hurriedly to see beauty in what it has for ages

seen contemptible weakness. What can be done is to blur its sense of beauty. And that the modern realists have gone far towards accomplishing, helped, one must suppose, by the spirit of mockery and self-assertion which characterize so much the popular humorous literature in Europe and America.

So far have they got now that the idea of beauty is openly contemned. The High Church curate casts up his eyes at the tuneful hymns of Dykes and Barnby, and sneers at them as "sickly sugariness." The sculptor turns out something closely resembling the god of the ancient Letts—"three whale-cubs conjoined by boiling"—and secures an awestruck admiration in all the newspapers. The decorator daubs tables and walls with a vivid suggestion of a glutton's nightmare—and gets good money for it. The musician maunders in strident unintelligibility—and every critic is terrified of missing a new Wagner. The painter—but we all know our cubist. And the politician "puts these grave matters to the proof," and goes to war : war more hideous than the mediæval imaginings of hell ; war more frightful in suffering than the tortures of the poor old Inquisition.

It is something, in these wild days, to have known the nineteenth century. It is something to have lived in the Victorian age of sanity and balance, when a capering newspaper would not have swayed the policy of an Empire, nor a slit skirt have been flaunted in the streets of London—an age when the Englishman's house was still his castle, secure from the meddler and the bureaucrat : when it was still honourable to be sweet, and still desirable to be modest.

T. BATY.

Japan.

BEAUTIES OF INDIAN MUSIC.

SIDE by side with those lofty systems of philosophy which have extorted raptures of admiration from the West - those leviathan works on religion which have overawed all foreigners with the immensity of their size and bewildered them in the labyrinths of their theological subtleties—those delicate and all-comprehensive codes of morals which have made all life sacred and proved the brotherhood of men as a hard fact in creation -those stupendous and encyclopædian epics which delineate, in a most charming and exquisite language, the chequered vicissitudes of the most ancient families of India, and at the same time impart a kaleidoscopic view of the multifarious achievements of the Hindu race since the dawn of creation- those magnificent works on astronomy, mathematics, medicine and other secular sciences which even now command the respect and evoke the admiration of the learned - India elaborated, developed and brought to a high pitch of perfection all that goes under the name of fine arts. Nowhere on the face of the earth has the domain of these arts been explored so extensively, ransacked so thoroughly and exploited so widely as in India.

The present article deals with only one of these arts—the music, which has been elaborated with consummate skill and brought up to a high degree of perfection

Music may be called divine in other countries, but in India it is literally so. The holiest of feelings are associated

with it. An Indian's angle of vision towards it is not that of a professional artist who seeks its secrets to better his material prospects, but that of a pious, devoted and ardent votary who worships, kneels and bows at its altar animated with a desire to secure emancipation from the world's maelstrom of *Karma* and to unite himself in indissoluble oneness with the Supreme Spirit, the *ne plus ultra* of all existence, the ultimate rockbed of all phenomena, the infinite ocean of bliss, the final goal and destiny of all evolution. To him music is that subtle invisible force which uplifts the human soul to the sphere of divine harmonies, far above those barriers of the gross physical world that shut out the higher realms of perpetual happiness, undying life, perennial felicity and everlasting peace. With this sacred mission, with this lofty purpose in view, the Indian music starts on its journey. It emanates from the holy of holies of the souls of those divine beings and sages who were not of the earth earthy and who, in compassion towards the suffering humanity, vouchsafed to it this precious gift as an un-failing means to attain liberation. Music is thus the panacea for all the ills humanity is heir to, a talisman to exorcise the spirit of the *Karma*, an 'open sesame' to fling open the treasures of bliss divine; a safe and enduring bridge to cross the river between this 'vale of tears', this dungeon of misery, trial and turbulation and those regions of eternal sunshine, perennial bliss, everlasting peace, never-ending life, where suffering ceases to be suffering, where the revolving wheel of birth and death ceases to revolve, and where there is bliss divine in its ever radiant exuberance.

Indian music starts with seven primary notes which may be indicated by the letters S. R. G. M. P. D. N. These seven notes constitute the warp and woof of the

whole beautiful drapery of the Indian music. They combine and blend with each other in an unending variety and hundreds, nay thousands, of fine and enchanting tunes, each distinct in itself, come forth to enrapture the soul of man.

* The *modus operandi* of this combination may be briefly described thus :-

* The seven primary notes at first produce six major combinations which are called the *ragas*. Each *raga* has five minor combinations called *raganees*, each dominated by its distinctive force. The number of *ragas* and *raganees* is therefore 36 in all. But these are only the principal measures of combinations which are most distinct in their individualities. Out of these arise a numberless variety of minor tunes which are all inspired and informed with the distinctive force of the above-mentioned principal tunes. For the sake of easy reference and identification each *raga* or *raganee* or their evolutes have a separate name which serves to call them up to mind. The peculiarity about these various tunes is that they cannot be sung out of their prescribed season and time.

For each *raga* or *raganee* there is a particular season and a particular time of the day or the night. This rule cannot be transgressed with impunity and is, in fact, based on more than a mere superstition or idiosyncrasy. An expert in acoustics can explain the various vibrations in sound and the force and distinction of their outward expressions at different hours of day and night in different seasons. The effect of light in its varying degrees and that of darkness, upon the sound vibrations, from a scientific point of view, is different. Some vibrations are in harmony with their environments and so easily expressible outwardly, and others antagonistic to them, thus offering

resistance in their outward expression. These subtle considerations underlie the rule as to the seasons and the hours of singing of the Indian tunes. The subject deserves to be studied scientifically and ought to receive a larger measure of attention than it has hitherto received. It may be noted in passing that the Indian year has six seasons made up of two months each, namely : —

- (1) Basant—Spring—March and April.
- (2) Greshma—Summer—May and June.
- (3) Barsha—Rainy Season—July and August.
- (4) Sarad—Autumn—September and October.
- (5) Hemaul—Early Winter—November and December.
- (6) Sisar—Late Winter—January and February.

The following diagram will show the names of all the principal *ragas* and *raganees* and the seasons and the hours of the day and the night when they are to be sung.

RAGA	RAGANEE	SEASON	HOURS OF DAY OR NIGHT.
I Bheron		Autumn	Morning
	1 Bharavi	Do.	Do,
	2 Bairati	Do.	Last part of day.
	3 Madmadhavi.	Do.	First part of day.
	4 Sandhavi	Do.	Do.
	5 Bengali	Do.	Fourth part of day.
II Malkosh		Late Winter	Fourth part of night.
	1 Todi	Do.	Noon.
	2 Gouri	Do.	Fourth part of day.
	3 Gunkalka	Do.	First part of day.
	4 Kambhati	* Do.	Third part of night.
	5 Kakumbhaka	Do.	Fourth part of night.
III Hindol		Spring	First part of day.
	1 Ramkali	Do.	Fourth part of night.
	2 Desakhi	Do.	First part of day.
	3 Lalita	Do.	Do.
	4 Belabal	Do.	Do.
	5 Patmanjari	Do.	Second part of day.

RAGA	RAGANEE	SEASON	HOURS OF DAY OR NIGHT.
IV Dipaka		Summer	Noon.
1 Desi		Do.	Do.
2 Kamodani		Do.	Do.
3 Nata		Do.	Fourth part of day.
4 Kedara		Do.	Noon.
5 Kanhara		Do.	First part of night.
V Sri Raga		Early Winter	Fourth part of day
1 Malsari		Autumn	Noon.
2 Maru		Early Winter	Fourth part of day
3 Dhanasari		Do.	Noon.
4 Basari		Spring	Second part of day
5 Asavari		Early Winter	Noon.
VI Megh Malar		Rainy Season	Fourth part of night
1 Tanka		Do	Night.
2 Malar		Do.	Last 3 parts of night
3 Gujar		Do	Morning
4 Bhupali		Do.	Night
5 Bibhas		Do	Fourth part of night

Each of these tunes is sweet, charming, melodious in its own way and appeals with a peculiar force to the heart of a hearer. It awakens the slumbering sentiments of the soul and fills it with an ecstasy of joy that comes from the eternal source of being and bliss.

It is indeed more than a mere sensuous treat to hear these tunes played and sung by an Indian expert. The very depths of the soul are stirred up and one feels as if the physical limitations that imprison his higher self are dissolving away and a subtle consciousness is awakening, that he is more than a mere bundle of bones and flesh, and that he is a part and parcel of an infinite Almighty Spirit which is all life, all knowledge, all bliss.

Another peculiarity of the Indian music is that all these tunes have been endowed with imaginary personalities. Indian imagination, in all its tropical exuberance

has afforded most charming embellishments to these personalities

The following descriptions of a couple of *raganees* are given by way of concrete illustrations. Bharavi, one of the five *raganees* of the Bheron *raga*, is represented to be a fair-complexioned, large-eyed damsel who is clad in a white *sari* and a red-coloured corset and has a garland of Champa flowers thrown round her neck. She is seated on a crystal-made stool worshipping the crowned head of the Mahadeva and singing with the measures of time well kept.

Malai, one of the *raganees* of the Megh Malar *raga* is described as below --

Malai is a female of extremely delicate white limbs and exuberant youth, and looks surpassingly lovely and charming. She has a lovely neck and a charming voice struggling with the anguish of separation with the utmost fortitude. She engages herself in playing on a guitar (*vinai*) held in her hand, well remembering the good qualities of her lover but her face is covered with tears.

These two descriptions are given by way of specimen. Each of the thirty-six *ragas* and *raganees* is similarly described. These descriptions would look merely fanciful and figments of the poet's imagination to an ordinary man but they have a world of meaning to those who are conversant with the secrets of the Indian science of poetics called *sahitya*. It is on the ground of these personal descriptions of the *ragas* and the *raganees* that *sahitya* steps in to shake hands with the *sangita*-music to heighten its charms and to crown it with the wreath of perfection.

Sahitya explores the whole domain of feelings, fixes the boundaries of their orbits and then proceeds to determine the variety of forms under which each feeling manifests itself. The classification of feelings is broadly ninefold, viz. —

(1) The erotic sentiment, (2) the humorous sentiment, (3) the pathetic sentiment, (4) the heroic sentiment, (5) the harmonious sentiment, (6) the wondrous sentiment, (7) the wrathful sentiment (8) the terrific sentiment, and (9) the disgusting sentiment. Each of these sentiments requires for its full manifestation five attendant sub-feelings or causes which are (a) the central or predominating feeling, (b) the abiding or stimulating cause of that feeling, (c) bodily movements or gestures promotive of that feeling, (d) psychic actions and affections aiding the predominating feeling, and (e) certain minor feelings transient in their effects. Under the operation of these causes each sentiment manifests itself in a man or a woman, and those who have minutely studied these outward characteristics instantly recognize what sentiment is predominant in a man or a woman. Each description of *raga* or *raganee*, when read in the light of the knowledge of these characteristics as determined by *sahitya*, unfolds a world of meaning and leads a man to determine what sentiment is predominant in the *raga* or *raganee*, and what would be the appropriate subject to be sung in it. In order to make my statement intelligible and clear to all, an examination of the descriptions already given is made below in the light of the *sahitya*.

The first description of the *raganee* Bharavi shows that there is a young, beautiful woman whose husband is away. She is passing the interval of her separation by worshipping the Mahadeva and is full of pious and serene thoughts. There is nothing worldly about her. The predominating sentiment here is peace, harmony and devotion. This determination of the predominant sentiment leads to the determination of the subject which would be sung in that *raganee*. The subject found out is all that relates to peaceful or devotional feelings. * Pieces

relating to sentiments other than that of harmony and devotion would be incompatible with the spirit of this *raganee*.

The other description also refers to a young beautiful woman whose lover is away. She is not filled with the feelings of devotion as Bharavi, but with those of anguish arising from the separation of her lover. The predominating sentiment is not here peace and devotion as in the previous case, but heart-anguish which falls under the painful aspect of the erotic sentiment. Pieces indicative and suggestive of this painful sentiment ought to be sung in this *raganee*. Any other subject would not suit it.

It would thus be clear that the personification of the *ragas* and the *raganees* is highly fraught with significance. It is through it that the ruling sentiment of a tune is discerned and the subject compatible with its spirit is determined. This appropriateness of subject for the various tunes, though observed in ancient India when musical knowledge was at its height, has now fallen into disuse and the charm and beauty of the Indian music have thus to a great extent disappeared. In this time of the renaissance of Indian arts and literature the matter is receiving some attention, but more enthusiastic and earnest endeavours should be made to revive the old practice, as its absence is apt to rob the Indian music of its best charms and attractions.

Dholpur.

KANNOO MAL.

POETRY AND POETS OF TO-DAY.
— — — — —

WE have chosen a subject large enough to make us quail at our own audacity. Frankly, it is too large for us to grasp unless we narrow it by adding to our title the explanatory words 'As they seem to one who loves poetry of all the days of Time.'

In early youth our ardent affection glows for the poems a-pulse with their creator's breath, fresh from the poet's lips. We, tingling with young life, relish poetry hot with the warmth of inspiration just as we like fruits warm with the flush of the sun's kiss upon them. The newly written poem gratifies the palate of our minds and quenches the thirst of our imagination, quickening emotion and exciting inspiration in a way and to a degree that no poetic fruit of the Past can appeal to us, however greatly we love and reverence the treasure-stores of a succession of yesterdays.

If we live to turn the corner—middle age—we pass out of the walled fruit garden, in which it was our delight to speed hither and thither to pick whatever our fancy chose, into a shaded pleasance of "cool lawns and grassy plots" and are content to take our ease therein and receive fruit brought to us, fruit plucked over night and put into a refrigerator. We have not lost our liking for the sun-warm lusciousness of the berries and *drupes* brought to us by the younglings who run about to-day as we ran

yesterday, but we have acquired a taste for the subtle flavours brought out in fruits by their waiting to be eaten.

We have lost the first fresh rapturous enthusiasm for poetic flavours ; but it may be that Time, in blunting the edge of the growing mind's appetite, has given us a discrimination of palate that can only be developed by experience and force of comparison. We contrast the freshly-gathered fruits with the stored delicacies. We have lost the keenness of anticipation ; we have gained a retrospect. We taste to-day's gatherings and ruminate over those of many yesterdays.

We can also arrange and tabulate. We used to ask nothing about a book of poems but the author's name. We fell upon it, we fastened upon what appealed to us most. We cared not what the subject might be. Now we sift and classify ; accept and reject, before we have had time to test the effect upon our mind. *Bridges* is brought in. Leisure and mood are lacking for stately movement and delicate austerity. We waive him aside for the rollicking *abandon* of a *Kipling* and are at once afire with his ardent patriotism and eager to obey his high call to all our energies. Another time we might be "not at home" to the rousing personality of our Rudyard Kipling, but be ready to receive the mannered charm of a *Meredith*. We love to dream when wide awake, and, in wakeful moods of fantasy, we hold out both hands in greeting to *W. B. Yeats*. But there are fits of reverie when we are readier for *R. S. Hawker*, *A. S. Cripps*, *Father Tabb*, and *Mackworth Dolben* than for the clouds and mists of a *Yeats* ; or there are hours when the mingled dignity and loveliness, clarity and subtlety of *Alice Meynell* are what we crave for, and when a sonnet from *EAST & WEST's* well-known contributor, the *Baroness de Malortie*, soothes and, at the same time, lifts us up.

We may think back wistfully to the time when no poet whom we loved could be *de trop*, and we are ready to admit that it is because we have lost our "first fine careless rapture" that we do not set our doors wide open for poets of to-day to pass in and out when they will. But we have also a lurking conviction that, if the poets of to-day gave evidence of genius that passes bounds, we should be as much under their sway as we were in our youth, and continue to be now, under the dominion of the great Hebrew poets, of Shakespeare, of Dante, and of some few others who touch the springs of our being.

To a certain extent we are limited by the bounds set to our minds by the poetry that appealed to us when tastes were being formed and whose influence developed our intellectual character. To some degree the atmosphere, through which we receive impressions, was created by the inspiration of the Past, and it may make us insensible to some of the charms of the Present ; but the great poets who stand outside the bounds of time, locality, and race do not need us to be breathing a special atmosphere or be environed by certain circumstances. Their arrowy thoughts cleave the air of every clime, reach the hearts of all nationalities, in every age. They pierce through to aim upward and beyond all earthly conditions, showing that there is a way from earth to Heaven, and that there are wings to bear the spirit thither, where it will find fuller development.

The nearer the minor poets of to-day and of all the days come to transcend the bounds as the Poets of all Time overpass them, the more will they attract and dominate us.

We must remember, while we are brooding over the poetry of To-day or of a bygone Day, that not Genius alone dominates us. She is helped by Art. There are

many minds that would never be reached by Genius unaccompanied by Art. For it is not only the thought—the inspiration of the poet—that strikes our minds and sways our emotions, it is the manner also in which those thoughts take shape, the quality of the words that clothe them. Some judges maintain that the true test of poetic value is the effect of verse on the emotions, and that the sphere of Poetry's dominion is that of the heart and feelings, not of the head; the realm of sentiment not of intellect. If they are right, more depends on art than on inspiration; on the way an idea is put forth than on the idea itself. But if this were the only test, the veriest ditty, so expressed as to touch and move popular sensibility, would be of higher value than the finest thought, clothed in the austere dignity of a sonnet, or other poetic form, uncaptivating to the multitude. It is, however, indubitable that a noble thought, wrapped in a cumbrous or ill-fitting word garment, excites no more attention or interest than a page of heavy prose would arouse; while clothed in suitable language, it will pierce the attention of a world of readers with the force of an electric current.

Experientially, then, we form our opinion that the *thought* embodied in a poem gives that poem *rank*, the *expression* of it gives it *distinction*. Genius, in other words, gives it immortality, Art gives it the body by which immortality is recognised and proved. Granted that poetry appeals primarily to the ear, having been designed to seize the sense-gate of hearing, in order to captivate the imagination and sway motion, this onslaught and capture is but a means to an end. The outworks are taken in order that a thought, or idea, may be enthroned in the memory and govern by its influence faculties and character, exercising a certain rule over the personalities touched by it. The nobler a thought and the

more extensive its power over man's spiritual, intellectual and moral being, the more fully does poetry fulfil its mystical, prophetic and practical office ; the more nearly does verse in any form attain to be poetry ; the more closely does every kind of poetry approach its Ideal.

Poetry, to be a true claimant of the name, must reveal something of the realities that life holds for man, and must help to make him conscious of his powers by exciting him to use them. All true poetry has a vein of mysticism in it. Poetry is also prophecy, not necessarily foreseeing but giving insight into those things which remain sealed to the uninspired and to those out of inspiration's reach. A true poet is a prophet, a revealer of secrets, as was each of the Hebrew poets of the Divine Library, as were the great Greek poets, Dante, Shakespeare and some of the great Indian and Spanish poets.

But these Prophets and Mystics would not have impressed their hearers as they did impress them if they had not expressed their thoughts in words worthy of their theme, so worthy indeed that, from age to age, memory retained the cadence of them, and passed it down from generation to generation. On the other hand, had the beauty of the words exceeded the worth of the thoughts, the form would have perished gradually as flowers wither plucked from the living stem. Poetic essence is the sap, poetic language is the foliage of the plant, the petals of the flowers.

For this reason a harsh rhythm, with discords in its harmony, will survive a suave melody that has nothing but tuneful notes to give it life. A topical song, an operatic lyric is borne along the current of popular feeling and dies with the breeze that stirred it.

We incline to think that much of the typical verse of to-day is too harsh and ugly to be borne along by any

current more important than a draught of local emotion or ephemeral excitement. It is harsh and ugly because it is descriptive of harsh and ugly things. And at the other pole of to-day's metrical literature are sweet and facile translations of the obvious and graceful in Nature and Art. Pleasant to read and easy to remember—till they are displaced by something that possesses poetic body and soul, spirit and substance.

Let us recapture the music of a Master of Form, Robert Louis Stevenson. He bids

" Sing clearer Muse, or evermore be still
Sing truer or no longer sing !
No more the voice of melancholy Jacques
To wake a weeping echo in the hill ;
But as the boy, the pirate of the spring,
From the green elm a living linnet takes,
One natural verse recapture—then be still."

Now follow some of his descriptions of " The House Beautiful " and own that there is music in the words, and yet that the wizardry of the suggested thought compels more homage than do the words, and acknowledge that it is the simplicity of the poem that gives it power :

" A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit
And poplars at the garden foot :
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within."

Surely, here we have the artist's power of " making a picture." Let us go on to the prophet's vision :—

" Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,

- And the cold glories of the dawn
- Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;
- And when the wind from place to place
- Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
- Your garden gloom and gleam again
- With leaping sun, with glancing rain."

The poet's eyes see over the rim of actuality that bounds the artist's horizon. Both visions are real, but only the poet-prophet can make plain men see the glory suffusing the commonplace.

You will say, perhaps, that R. L. Stevenson can hardly be called a poet of To-day. His earth-day's sun set some years ago. True, but R. L. Stevenson lived before his time in many ways. He *modernised* his day, to use a word in present use, and may claim to be contemporary with John Masefield. Here is one of Masefield's pictures called *Twilight* :—

"Twilight it is, and the far woods are dim, and the
rooks cry and call.

Down in the valley the lamps and the mist, and a star
above all,

There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at
an end,

Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear
long ago in the past,

Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that
death cannot last ;

Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has
defiled,

Beautiful souls that were gentle when I was a child."

In a double sense this poem takes us into a twilight peopled with shadows.

In *The Shepherdess* we have a double portrait by Mrs. Meynell :—

“ She walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white ;
 She guards them from the steep ;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
 And folds them in for sleep

She roams maternal hills and bright,
 Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
 The chastest stars may peep
She walks—the lady of my delight -
 A shepherdess of sheep

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
 Though gay they run and leap
She is so circumspect and right
 She has her soul to keep
She walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep.”

Is not this an exquisite little pastoral-reverie ?

Another poem of Alice Meynell called *To the Beloved* appeals to every heart that loves with an intensity that fears to lose the least note, or vibration, of the music quivering from the heart-strings of two hearts in contact with each other by sympathy :—

“ Oh, not more subtly silence strays
 Among the winds, between the voices,

Mingling alike with pensive lays
 • And with the music that rejoices
 Than thou art present in my days

My silence, life returns to thee
 In all the pauses of her breath
 Hush back to rest the melody
 That out of thee awakeneth
 And thou, wake ever wake for me !

Thou art like silence all unvexed,
 Though wild words part my soul from thee

• • • • •
 Most dear pause in a mellow lay !
 Thou art inwoven with every an

• • • • •
 Darkness and solitude shine, for me

• • • • •
 It is the very soul of life
 Listens for thee, listens for thee

O pause between the sobs of cares ,
 O thought within all thought that is
 Liance between laughters unawares ,
 Thou art the shape of melodies,
 And thou the ecstasy of prayers !

Our poet-laureate, Robert Bridges, is avowedly
 artist first, poet after. He says in his memoir of Digby
 Mackworth Dolben, when contrasting his estimate of the
 poetic faculty with that of Dolben, that what led him to
 poetry was "the inexhaustible satisfaction of form, the
 magic of speech, lying as it seemed to me in the masterly
 control of the material ; it was an art which I hoped to
 learn."

That he has learned the art, none will doubt who read his poems long or short. It is as pure delight to read some of them, especially the shorter ones, as it is to gaze on finely chiselled sculpture. But it must be confessed that some of it leaves us as cold as if we had not only been looking at, but touching, marble. For ourselves we like best his poems treating of Nature's loveliness with the simplicity which is akin to that simplicity of Nature herself when she teaches truths profound by means of the homeliest of her flower-children. Take for example his poem called *The Idle Flowers* in which he shows seeds of nearly all the wildlings flower-lovers love in verse after verse of captivating charm. Even those unhappy persons who call flowers of the field "only weeds," and pass them by unheedingly, would be arrested by them as imaged by Bridges :—

" Bugle that blushes blue
And woodruff's snowy gem
Proud foxglove's finger bells,
And spurge with milky stem

Shock-headed dandelion,
That drank the fire of the sun
Hawkweed and Marigold,
Cornflower and Campion."

And who, that knows our English woodland water-courses, does not see the accuracy of

" The woodland willow stands a lonely bush
Of nebulous gold."

Indian readers will hardly fail to be wooed and won by his *Asian Birds* Too long to quote in

entirety, it is barbarous to divide it, yet we must be barbaric.

“What have I seen or heard?

It was the yellow bird
Sang in the tree he flew
A flame against the blue.

Another! Hush! Behold
Many like boats of gold,
From waving branch to branch
Their airy bodies launch
What music is like this,
Where each note is a kiss?”

And he describes “the delicious notes bubbling from their throats.”

“Full and sweet how they are shed
Like round pearls from a thread.”

This poem of Bridges sends us to “The Lark” by John Bannister Tabb—

“He rose, and singing passed from sight
A shadow kindling with the sun,
His joy ecstatic flamed till light
And heavenly song were one.”

And here is another touch by Tabb upon the string divine:—

Bartimaus to the Bird.

“Had I no revelation but thy voice—
No word but thine—
Still would my soul in certitude rejoice
That love divine
Thy heart, his hidden instrument, employs
To waken mine.”

We are already risking the loss of our readers' patience, and must restrain ourselves. We dare not touch upon war-poems. We need to give the whole space of an article to Rupert Brookes, the Grenfels, Henry Newbolt. We will just take a few words of W. B. Yeats which we would crave leave often to make our own :--

" But I, being poor, have only my dreams ;
I have spread my dreams under your feet ;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."

We have left untouched the sonnets of To-day, although they form a pronounced feature now in English poetry. We have refrained lest, having once laid a finger on them, we could not check the impulse to cull line after line from them. Rupert Brookes's strike notes which vibrate the more influentially because of his personality and the whole-hearted sacrifice of his young life.

And other notes are struck in the sonnets of the Baroness de Malortie which recur to memory after the first reading and echo and re-echo with musical persistency. Her sonnet on *Prayer* was published too recently in the pages of *EAST & WEST* for there to be need of quoting it. We will only recall it by repeating the three first arresting lines :--

" O wondrous hour ! that lifts the veil of Night
When Angels change their guard, and flaming wings
Fly upward with our prayers beyond the light."

If we have succeeded in expressing our meaning, surely the quotations we have made will serve as evidence that both Genius and Art have given us much of the poetry of to-day between the poles of harshness and

prettiness of which we spoke. There is music to catch attention and stir emotion ; there is thought to lengthen the transitory effect into a more permanent influence. There is a vivid observation of phenomena and an insight into the spiritual realities within and beyond phenomena. And, what seems to us one of the most urgent claims to excellence, there is a simplicity that seems to point to depths that cannot be made clear by prolixity or grandiose language. We may be unfalteringly loyal to the great poets of the Victorian reign and yet honour those to whom honour is due in this Georgian period.

JEAN ROBERTS.

Oxford.

LETTERS FROM A WAR HOSPITAL IN FRANCE.

(Continued from our Last Number.)

DEAR FRIEND,

THIS story comes to you a little late, for it was written nearly a year ago.

It is the story of Marius, whose mother is a widow in Marseillès. He is an only child, and he says that he will not take a wife as long as his mother lives. "One may have more wives," he says, "but only one mother." It seems that he "talked with a girl" for five years, and gave her up because she would not go home to live with the mother. When war broke out, Marius was twenty-one, looking on eagerly to the end of his military service at the depot up in the hills. They have a sort of proverb which expresses the wearisomeness of barrack life, and the soldier's disgust with it. *Et vivement le soir qu'on se couche, et demain qu'on se lève.* It was not so bad for him, because nature has given him the sort of charm which wins kindness, even from sous-officiers. Nevertheless, he was looking forward eagerly to the days of freedom; the little room waiting empty for him at home; the day's work with a few sous in the pocket; the Sunday fêtes along the shore, when the boys fish for the *dejeuner* and the day ends with dancing, songs and games in one of the little country *estaminets*. "It does not cost much, not like going to loaf in the cafés in town, and one has the good air." But the day was a dull one to Marius's friends if he were not there, and when he did not go, the others stayed at home.

He wrote a card to his mother when France was called to arms: "We are mobilised. Going to the front. Don't worry, I shall see you soon again."

On the 13th August 1914 the 3rd regiment of the line was pushing its way across the frontier into Lorraine. The armies were making war in the old way. The battles of the trenches, the gas attacks, the curtains of fire, all these were still outside of human experience. The 3rd regiment of the line was one of those who bought the knowledge of the futility of the old methods and they paid dearly for what they bought.

They had occupied a village the night before, they pushed on too far. When they found themselves surrounded by a withering German fire they put the bayonets to the guns for the charge. When the notes of the "Marseillaise" change into the hurrying bars of the charge, the French soldier ceases to be a man. Something comes into his veins more strong than wine, an elixir of life that makes of him a force, unseeing, unknowing, irresistible as the forces of nature. There have been occasions in manœuvres or sham battles, where a blundering commander has given the order, *En avant! à la baïonnette*, to a company that was behind another, and the soldiers have passed over the opposing ranks of comrades like a storm of hail over a wheat-field as devastatingly as unconsciously. "The trumpets call, all at once you're running."

But a bayonet charge, by its very nature, must be short, can cover but little ground to succeed. "If you try to charge over more than about three hundred kilometres, you're all dead before you get there," they say. That was the task the 3rd regiment of the line set itself that August day; they charged the German guns from very far away. The soldiers were still wearing the old red trousers, the trousers that are only seen now around the hospitals. So the next day from a distance that field looked like a garden of poppy flowers.

Marius and the comrade at his side went down together. And the firing went on, the French aiming high because of their wounded, the Germans anyhow. Marius turned over on his side, gripped his rifle, and fired all the ammunition he had. But he was bleeding profusely from the leg and he could not reach to get the dressing out of his knapsack, so by and by he put his finger in the wound to staunch it. They were trodden underfoot as charge and counter-charge swept by.

With the falling of darkness the firing stopped, but the thirst came. Marius had lost his water-bottle in the rush. He

called for a *brancardier*, called for water, until his throat dried up, and he could call no more. The comrade who had been crying to him to kill him because he suffered too much, stopped crying and died.

It seemed to Marius that he had a red-hot iron in his body. He tried to drag himself along the ground with his hands, and failed ; but he lay sheltered a little by his knapsack and pack, and they stopped some of the balls. Of the three that found him, one grazed his forehead, one entered above the thigh, and ploughed its way diagonally down through the body, one rested just above the sciatic nerve.

It was moonlight. A long night.

And the next day he still lay there, the 14th of August, his twenty-second birthday.

Towards night came the ambulance service, and he managed to raise his arm a little to show that he was still alive.

The four of them took him, one by the legs, one at the head, the others by the fronts of his *capote* and carried him to the stretcher.

When they got him to the ambulance it was full, so they left him on his stretcher by the side of the road until they could return. Whilst he lay there a German aeroplane flew across, dropping shells.

When they came back they took him to a hangar near by in the village, where were fourteen others in like case. The doctor had twice to make a temporary dressing before the Germans began to shell the hangar, and the *brancardiers* carried their wounded out again to an auto-ambulance and laid them there in haste as best they could.

That was the place to see wounds, men with their bodies torn to pieces ; men covered with blood and filth ; half men. " I was not fit to be touched with a stick," Marius said.

The road was bad ; it rained. Some died by the way ; sometimes they got to some kind of a hospital and had the first cares given them. That was before the days of well-equipped sanitary trains and quick transport for the wounded. By some hazard, more or less, Marius was sent to his home town, to Marseilles. When they put him off at the station, someone he knew was there, and he sent a message to his mother : " Wounded in the leg. Not serious." But the next day when she went to the hos-

pital he was unconscious. And so it was day after day. The priest came to put the crucifix to his lips, and then they put him on the operating table. "He will die as easily there as on his bed," the doctor said, "and there's just a chance."

He lay there three hours with serum pumped into his veins to keep the heart going. From the abdominal wound they took splinters of metal, cloth, sand, dirt, "by the spoonful."

A year afterwards he came to us to be healed of the internal wound that will not heal. He has had fourteen days of war and fourteen months of suffering in the hospitals. Every morning he goes down where the waters are and has his wound washed out. Always it is painful, sometimes it is agonizing. When it has been too bad, he lies on his bed afterwards, and one tries to keep the visitor away. That is difficult. He has that indefinable charm that wins affection, and that is inexplicable. Everyone is very gentle with him, even the Major. The women and girls who help in the hospital hang around his bed and bring him dainties to tempt his capricious appetite. The little mademoiselle who comes in the mornings to help with the dressings is pitifully devoted to him and breaks her heart every day in leaving him.

In the sunny afternoons he wanders restlessly about the hospital under the great trees. He does not enter into the occupations of the other men; he does not try to employ himself. With a few people he will talk, restlessly and excitably, of his few days of war and of his hospital life. He has been shut up too long with his pain, and his heart is broken as well as his body.

One night he had an attack of pain at the hour when the men were gathering in the ward to go to bed, and a little black-bearded man came over and soothed and coaxed him as his mother might do. It seems they had lain in the same ward in Marseilles during six months. "How many friends you have," I said, for his sorrow makes him feel lonely.

"But if they could stop the pain," he said pitifully. He is expecting his mother to stay a few days near him, at the villa which looks over to the kind hills across the river. On the vine-shaded terrace, or under the great chestnut tree beyond, he spends many a peaceful afternoon petted by the two kind old people who make their summer home within sound of the rush of the brawling river.

"Another day and then two and a half hours, and she will be here."

Sometimes when he is feeling better than usual he plans how he is going to live on the little pension they will give him with the "Médaille Militaire." "It is not much, but at least I shall have life." To be well again, that is the great thing. "It may take five years even, but if I am well again ——"

When his mother comes, the doctor will decide if he shall stay here longer, or go away. That will be another hospital, another doctor, another operation.

One day he wrote down the little story which narrated his two weeks' experience of warfare, and he ended it with a verse which he, or he and a comrade, added to a song sung in the hospitals the first Christmas of the war.

The story begins with his name and regiment and military depot. Perhaps the place names are not all spelt perfectly.

".....Wounded the 14th August, 1914, Montcourt, Friday, at five o'clock, in a bayonet charge on that village. Stayed on the field of battle without any care until the 15th August, at 5 o'clock. Always good courage, good hope. From there sent to C——, stayed one day one night on a little straw. Taken away in the night under a bombardment to the village of E——, stayed there one day on a stretcher, quite near the station. The 17th August, Monday, sent to a hospital of the South which by chance was Marseilles. Arrived the 20th August at 4 o'clock evening at the St. Charles station."

The songs must remain French as they were written. There is one verse from each of the two songs at that time popular in the hospitals —

" Puis on est blessé,
Le sang vous inonde.
L'on se trouve seul
La nuit dans un bois
Et on crie aussi
Sans que nul répond.—
Mourir loin de tous,
Sans même une croix !
Mais soudain dans l'ombre
L'on dirait que l'on bouge,

Un homme s'approche,
 Et tend les bras,
 Il porte sur lui
 L'espoir de la Croix Rouge,—
 On lui dirait, Merci—
 Mais on n'y pense pas."

The other, more imaginative, goes to the air of a popular song. "Voici la lune."

" Dans les champs, dans les vallons,
 On entend grondent les canons,
 Partout la guerre.
 Gisent des blessés, des morts entassés,
 Jonchant la terre—
 Mais voici venir la nuit
 Au loin le canon s'est tu,
 L'ennemi s'enfuit.
 Un rayon de clarté
 Vient pour éclairer
 Une Sœur de charité,
 Voici la lune
 Petit soldat
 Dans la nuit brune
 Une femme est là
 Consolant les infortunes
 Dans les champs noirs
 Voici la lune,
 Rayon d'espoir."

K. W.

INDO-ENGLISH LITERATURE.

— — —

WITH the spread of Western culture in India, there arises a question of growing importance. Is it a healthy sign that our countrymen show a tendency to make their mark in English letters? For hundreds of years India has been the home of genuine poetic fervour. A country that has produced Kalidasa, Kumban and scores of others, may well claim an honoured place in the region of literature. But it is regrettable that at the present day the output of Indian literature is so small, considering its traditions. One is inclined to ask whether this is due to the fact that our talents are wasted away in trying to shine in a foreign language?

Much has been said and written of the materialism of our age and the consequent fall in poetic ardour. But if we turn to the literature of England, we fail to see the truth of this statement. Within the last quarter of a century some of the most distinguished names may be found: for example, Meredith, Oscar Wilde, Stephen Philips, Watson, W. B. Yeats, etc. In the realm of prose and drama, we notice such great persons as Hardy, Bernard Shaw, A. C. Benson and G. K. Chesterton. Certainly, we can state with perfect assurance that the future literary historian will place some of these names in the front rank. But what of our country? When compared with this literary energy of England, our output dwindles into

insignificance. It is time that we cease to live on our past and consider the causes that have led to this deplorable state.

The fact that the medium of education has been English has unnecessarily thrust the vernaculars from their deserved place. There is an impression, especially among our students, that we can excel in English literature. Half a century of our efforts in this direction has made it manifest that for a thorough grasp of English idiom and English sounds, one must be born to the tongue. When noting these efforts of our countrymen and countrywomen, three names stand foremost—Toru Dutt, Sarojini Naidu and Rabindra Nath Tagore. Toru Dutt, perhaps the most talented figure in modern Indian literature, spent a considerable part of her short life in England and France. Sarojini Naidu had the finishing touches of her education in King's College and Girton. Even Tagore, the most conspicuously Indian of the three, owes much to his short stay in England. But judging even these with the highest standards as Matthew Arnold would require, we may state, for example, that Sarojini Naidu's songs and lyrics are totally eclipsed by Swinburne's. Even Tagore's English translations, in spite of their strong flavour of Elizabethan literature, cannot claim a high place in English literature. But our Bengalee brethren bear testimony to the fact that his name will ever reign supreme in their own literature. And it cannot be denied that if ever there has been a born poet, it is Tagore. Poetic genius is not absent in India, but it is misdirected.

We cannot lose sight of the fact that the study of English literature has had, and must have, a potent influence on our literature. It has given us a wider outlook on life: the keynote of passion and joy, so characteristic of English poetry, has been introduced into ours. Our literature,

which was once mainly religious in tone, now includes every department of human thought and feeling. Interchange of influences between great nations will ever yield happy results. Nor can we deny that the East and the West have still to understand each other ; for India and England are knit together by the inscrutable decree of Providence. Owing to the peculiar adaptability of the Indian intellect, the study of English literature has spread remarkably in India ; but we must confess that as our temperament is, to a great extent, of a different cast, we cannot readily enter into all the moods of English literature. It is often stated that our literature, if it be in English, will reveal the spirit of our country to the West. It may do it, but we pay a dear price for it ; for our productions are bound to be second-rate. When we employ a foreign language, we are prone to be artificial both in thought and diction. Edmund Gosse deserves our gratitude for the timely rebuke he gave to Sarojini Naidu. What with her splendid gifts she could have accomplished if she had exercised them in Bengalee, we can easily imagine. Not even the most learned of English poets were able to write Latin poems of the same excellence as their English pieces. And if the English were to study our vernacular literatures and transfer their essence to theirs, how different would be the result ! If a Fitzgerald were to rise to-day and immortalise in English verse some of our masterpieces, it would be a boon indeed.

In poetry we may attain a certain degree of merit, for in it the poetic feeling is as much important as the diction. But literary prose requires a thorough knowledge of the subtleties of the language, in fact such a mastery of it as a foreigner can rarely achieve. That is why there are very few Indians to-day who can write good literary prose.



It is worthy of note that the works of two of our greatest writers, *viz.*, Rabindra Nath Tagore and Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, are mostly in Bengalee. It would be a salutary change if our young men will, instead of attempting English verse seriously, try to grasp the spirit of Western literature and express it in their own vernaculars. If the literary talents of our countrymen are devoted to the promotion of the vernaculars, India will no doubt raise a literature worthy of her ancient civilisation.

Madras

G. V. KRUPANIDHI

A PICTURE.

Her chin in 'interlaced fingers caught,
And eyes so sad and weary and pain-worn
Into the distant scene she gazed and thought
She saw 'mid falling leaves and all forlorn
The face she dearly loved and late had lost.
A little face inset with eyes of brown
And dimpled mouth and cheeks and hair wind-tossed
And soft smooth brow that vainly tried to frown.
And in the murm'ring of the breeze she heard
A bell-like voice which still had seemed so sweet ;
And in the stillness broken not by bird
Or man, she framed a fitting tomb and meet,
And even as she thought she breathed a sigh
And hoped to meet her in the distant by-and-by.

Calcutta

REGINA GUHA

SHE SAW SHAKESPEARE.

[Mistress Margaret Meredith from whose papers these impressions have been gathered, was the wife of an Elizabethan country clergyman, one of those scholarly divines who, like the "judicious" Hooker, George Herbert and Dr. Donne, were as remarkable for the simplicity of their lives as for the profundity of their culture. Margaret herself read Greek and was no mean Hebrew scholar. She and her husband enjoyed the favour and friendship of their noble neighbours the Pembrokes of Wilton, near Salisbury, especially of the fair and learned Countess "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." All her days were passed in the quiet little villages nestling under the bare Downs. Every spring she saw the blue-bells carpet the copses with azure glory and she picked cowslips in the fields. Yet three times it was granted this home-staying little Vicaress to behold Shakespeare in the flesh! Thrice blessed, happy Margaret, you did not live in vain.]

"I remember the day in the year 1601 when all the tombs and pillars of the fair Cathedral Church of Sarum were hung with sable draperies. The body of the old Earl of Pembroke was brought thither to be laid among the dead in a vault beneath the stones of the choir. It was a solemn day of mourning, albeit Nature was pranked out in the green and gold of the spring time, and the blossoming hawthorn hedges gave a bridal look to the world

My Lord's servants, the company of players he had maintained, bore his coffin. My Lord Bishop Cotton, he who had nineteen children by one wife, read the burial service over my Lord. The rooks cawed without us, they wheeled about the spire, and the sunlight, coming through the chancel window, lay in gorgeous lines of ruby, amethyst and topaz on the stone floor. And there, among those gathered together to honour the dead and to mingle their tears and sighs with those of the bereaved, I first beheld Master William Shakespeare, greatest of dramatists who had come out of London for that purpose.

That most wondrous face of his drew my eyes like a magnet, and when once they had lighted on it withal, they could scarcely look away.

Was it because I knew of the transcendent genius burning within that the aspect of Shakespeare's outer man affected me so deeply that I reeled as if I were drunk with wine? Methought the white dome-like brow towered above all others; that the eyes with their calm, grand outlook could see, if they so listed, into the hearts and souls of those around him. The sunlight flooded Master Shakespeare's head, and his scant hair and pointed beard, fine as silk, shone like the golden hilt of his sword. His surely was a mightier head than Jupiter's and had performed greater miracles than giving birth to the goddess Minerva, for had not the Prince of Denmark, the Jew and the Merchant of Venice, the lovers, Romeo and Juliet, Beatrice and Benedick and a score of other figures, delightful and tragic alike, entered the crucible of his brain, mere puppets of thrice-told tales, and come forth all fresh and alive, touched by the divine fire and equipped with immortality."

* * * * *

"Ere he left Wilton, yet another glimpse I caught of Master Shakespeare. He was strolling beneath the beeches of Sir Philip's avenue with my young Lord Pembroke, his arm flung about his neck.

'Methinks their love for each other passeth the love of women,' said I to myself, 'Certain it passeth the love of Mistress Mary Filton.' I crouched behind the velvet trunk of a great copper beech and then I heard declaimed by Master Shakespeare, from a paper that he held in his hand the first lines of the exquisite sonnet:

'Thou art thy mother's glass and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime.. ' .

There was a clear sweet rhythm in the voice of Shakespeare that thrilled to the very heart. 'This will be a finer galaxy of love sonnets than Petrarch's or my sainted uncle Philip's *Astrophel and Stella*,' I heard my Lord Master Herbert say, after he had hearkened entranced. 'It must indeed be so, with aught that cometh from thee, thou miracle, Will Shakespeare. We know that it will transcend everything and outlive the world.'

And so they moved on along the path of chequered shade and sunlight till their voices died away in the still, mild air."

THE THIRD TIME.

"At the first performance of *Twelfth Night*, December, 1603.

Wilton was snow-bound. The pure white mantle enveloped the fair house and park, and lay as high as the door knockers in the little town. King James and Queen Ann the Dane, driven out of London by the raging plague, were being entertained with splendour by my Lord, our neighbour the Earl of Pembroke. There were banquets, balls and masques, and one evening we were bidden to the play. 'Twas to be the merry new comedy *Twelfth Night* of Master William Shakespeare.

The great hall was lit by torches and the King sat, quilted and padded in amber-coloured taffetas with his hose in rucks about his ankles, within the ruddy glare of the blazing logs on the open hearth. Behind his chair stood the Jester Archie in cap and bells, and at the end of the first act His Majesty did vow with loud guffaws that Archie had been completely outshone by the fool on the stage.

My Lady Arabella Stuart, a host in herself for beauteous looks and wondrous jewels, was seated at the Queen's right hand. None in the brilliant company laughed more gayly at the most humorous, dainty comedy than this hapless fair lady doomed later to cry her sweet eyes out in a dreary prison. The Spanish ambassador attracted much notice as he was somewhat of a novelty. He had been bidding for popularity among the ladies of the court by gifts of Spanish gloves and rare perfumes. Yet, methought he was only a coxcombish person, full of exaggerated airs and far inferior in gallantry and grace to that flower of fine courtesy my Lord Pembroke, who did the honours of his house with so

great a dignity and charm of manner. My Lord's steward, Master Massinger, in his velvet livery and gold chain moved hither and thither, busily attending to the illustrious guests. His son Philip, the dramatist, had come down from London where he was familiar, I warrant, with the lounge in great St. Paul's, the ordinaries and theatres round about, and with the Globe in particular. Before the curtain went up on *Illyria*, Philip whispered in his father's ear to prepare him for one of his office being mercilessly ridiculed and scurvily used in the play that we were to see.

Oh matchless magic, indisputable sway of genius! Behind that curtain was but a rough label to say 'twas *Illyria*, but no sooner had it risen than every man and woman in the hall of Wilton House was transported to that very country. On this so plain and simple stage labelled *Illyria* the Master in his *Twelfth Night* fantasy held up the mirror to all Nature.

Not one that was there but could, methought, have taken something to himself from the wit and wisdom and pearls of truth that fell from the players' mouths. The lovely Lady Arabella may have marked specially the lines :

' Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved '

and she may have heeded the wise advice, on which later, to her undoing, she acted not :

' Let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him.'

The play being over, a rumour went about the hall that Master William Shakespeare was present among the company of players behind the scenes. The King forthwith asked his host to present to him the great dramatist, whose works he had sense and taste enough to admire and study ; he, in this respect, being of a more nice discrimination than mighty Elizabeth.

So the audience tarried in their places whilst my Lord Pembroke led Master William Shakespeare forth by the hand up to where His Majesty sat by the hearth.

And thus I saw those two again together, and till I die the picture they made as they advanced to the King's chair through

the torch-lit hall where the bright eyes and jewels of so many fair ladies flashed and shone in rivalry, will never be effaced from my memory.

My Lord of Pembroke seemed as if of a purpose to take on a humbler air beside his friend. For all his pride of carriage and richness of raiment, methought, my Lord's eyes said plainly, 'See, I am but a sorry beggar compared with him.' And yet I beheld the invisible golden thread of that love 'passing the love of women' which had inspired the immortal sonnets, yoking these two together on the roll of Fame. Side by side they kneeled, the wondrous genius, who was for 'all time,' and the Earl, who for polished courtesy and grace, was one of the chief ornaments of his age, and both did homage to the boorish King."

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

London.

GRIEVANCES AND THE PROVINCES.

WHEN the policy of decentralisation is carried out to the extent recommended in a famous despatch by Lord Hardinge's Government, provincial political conferences will perhaps discuss more subjects of local interest than is the case at present. Most of the resolutions passed by these conferences relate to grievances repeated all over India. Sometimes while a measure of general application is condemned, special local illustrations of the hardships caused thereby may be adduced. Thus the Ahmedabad and Berar conferences, held a few weeks ago, complained of the working of the Defence of India Act generally, but with special reference to the prohibition of Mrs. Besant's entry into Bombay and the Central Provinces, respectively. The Bombay Government has not yet explained to the public why the presence of that lady in the presidency would endanger the public peace or safety. The Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces has courteously explained that his policy, approved by the public, has been to disallow violent political agitation during the progress of the war, and his information warranted the belief that Mrs. Besant would have indulged in such agitation if permitted to enter the province for attendance at the theosophical and political conferences. It appears that the Reception Committee of the latter conveyed an assurance to the Government that she would not speak at their meeting.

If such a guarantee was at all necessary, there was no one to ensure her silence on politics at other meetings. The Government had therefore to prohibit her entry into the province altogether, or on condition of her avoiding politics in her speeches or to prohibit her attendance at political meetings only. It was, perhaps, open to the Government under the Defence of India Act to make the prohibition conditional or partial. But apparently the Chief Commissioner received his information at a time when the only effective order that could be passed was one of entire prohibition. If so, how does the matter stand now ?

Some of the educational grievances advanced by the Ahmedabad Conference may be heard more or less all over India. But departmental interference in the selection of text-books for secondary and elementary schools, and use of the vernaculars as a media of instruction "as far as possible" were subjects on which a good deal of discussion had been focussed prior to the conference in the Bombay presidency. An elastic phrase like "as far as possible" commits the conference to nothing very definite. It would be quite consistent with the resolution to insist upon high school students reading vernacular as well as English text-books on certain subjects, and answering a certain number of questions in such subjects in the vernaculars at the public examinations, and to allow teachers to use any language as the medium of instruction, at their discretion. The details are best handled by persons of educational experience. It is, however, clear from the resolution that the "medium of instruction" may be made a plank in the political platform, if professors join hands with politicians.

As has already been remarked, most of the subjects discussed at the provincial conferences are of general interest.

to all India. As President of the Ahmedabad Conference, the Hon. Mr. Jinnah formulated the greatest or the most radical grievance felt by "Young India," which phrase includes, I believe, the whole of the National Congress, or at least a part of it which cannot be ignored. This grievance is that the affairs of a country with a population of 300 millions and more is "practically under the control and management of an alien bureaucracy, not responsible to the people of the country, under no control of the people who pay taxation." It is added that the Secretary of State may have no personal knowledge of India; the knowledge of his Council may not be up to date; and in practice the control of the British Parliament over the Secretary of State is nominal, while his control over the Government of India is real. Supposing that all these additional drawbacks are removed, the fact would still remain that the British Parliament is not elected by the people of India and it sits thousands of miles away from India. It is therefore clear to Mr Jinnah that "India will no longer merely obey, but wants to manage her own affairs: the soul of Young India has been roused and it yearns for political freedom." The Bombay High Court has recently explained that language of this kind "may be wise or may be foolish," but it is not seditious. I have often wondered why political writers and speakers should go to jail or pay large sums of money to lawyers in order to learn the meaning of sedition, and whether a few clear illustrations may not be added to the sections of the Penal Code concerned so as to place the meaning of the law beyond dispute. Macaulay was nothing if not clear, and the Code with which his name is associated contains ever so many illustrations. Why should not our congresses and conferences ask for some illustrations like the following? "The present system of government is anomalous"—this is not sedition, for one

need not hate or condemn an anomaly ; in fact, the British people rather like anomalies. " The Civil Service is an able and high-minded body of persons, but we can do without them, or if we want some of them, they must execute our mandates and not dictate to 300 millions of people"—this is not sedition, for one can bid good-bye to others with the best of feelings—and the recognition of their good and great qualities is distinctly complimentary. " The Secretary of State knows little about India, and Parliament knows less. It is the glory of the British nation to emancipate others wherever its flag floats : Parliament will cheerfully let us manage our own affairs if we earnestly assert that we yearn to be free"—this is not sedition, but flattery. " The European Civil Servants have no permanent interest in this country : they are attracted by the high salaries offered, the highest in the world, and as soon as they earn their pension, they are only too glad to retire and poison the minds of their countrymen at home against those whose salt they eat"—this is clearly sedition, for it denies that the presence of Europeans in India is providential, and it excites hatred and contempt against them. It is easy to select such typical illustrations from newspapers, and if they are inserted in the Penal Code, one need not go to jail or pay counsel in order to learn the law of the land.

" Wise or foolish "—who has ever defined wisdom or folly ? Mr. Jinnah thanks the British Government for having replaced autocracy by a bureaucracy : he will be more grateful if the bureaucracy is replaced by democracy. But every " cracy " must, in the first place, be capable of discharging the task entrusted to it. Democracy would mean government by the " 300 millions and more," whose subordination to the bureaucracy is said to be an anomaly. How many of these hundreds of millions are fit to control the management of the country's affairs ? In the present

circumstances we can only have an oligarchy, whether Indians predominate in it or Europeans. Home Rule, or the schemes supported by the political associations and conferences, would at present set up only an Indian oligarchy. That form of government may be suitable in certain circumstances, if it can undertake the responsibilities of good and efficient government. When the politicians, with seeming self-abnegation, agree to resign the control of military affairs into other hands, they really concede that they cannot undertake the responsibility of defending the country and protecting the peace. They would be ready to keep the purse in their own hands. It is admitted that the people at large have no sense of patriotism and if companies of soldiers of all castes are to be formed in war time in Bengal or Southern or Western India, only the educated classes will enlist. These classes will supply officers, but how many soldiers will they provide? In peace time the less-educated or uneducated sections may enlist in every province, if there is need for their enlistment. But the present war has disclosed what sacrifices a nation may be called upon to make in times of emergency. Unless the people at large are actuated by that kind of patriotism which they admittedly lack at present, it is premature to speak of democracy, and an oligarchy which would merely administer finances, without undertaking a much heavier responsibility, may indeed be wise, in the sense that it is calculating, but when one important factor in the calculation is left out, even assuming that the oligarchy will command the respect and confidence of all classes, it will betray only a lack of the sense of humour. That is the present situation. It may change at some future time, but we cannot count chickens before they are hatched. Whatever ideals may be cherished by individuals, the Ahmedabad

Conference, as a whole, gave its support to the scheme of reforms put forward by 19 members of the Imperial Legislative Council, and recommended it to the National Congress for consideration. That scheme does not come up to the democratic ideal, though it would mark a great advance towards that ideal.

A glance at some of the other resolutions passed at Ahmedabad will show the common features of the politics of all provinces. Permanent or long-term settlements of land revenue on the basis that it is a tax, the separation of judicial and executive offices, reform of forest administration, improvement of the sanitary condition of villages, changes in the methods of assessing and revising the income-tax, suppression of the drink habit as in Russia, the expansion of the co-operative movement, more accommodation and sanitary conveniences for third-class railway passengers, the reduction of the official control over municipalities and local boards as in England, the extension of the system of volunteering to all Indians—these and other subjects are not of mere local interest. It is probable that when each provincial Government is allowed to deal with the grievances in its own way, there will be more diversity in the programmes of the provincial conferences. But another result of provincial autonomy will be that invidious comparisons will be made between the attitudes of different rulers and a spirit of rivalry may be introduced among the officers and legislators of different provinces. Sympathetic imitation may be of even more frequent occurrence—just as the Government of the Central Provinces has not allowed the Bombay Government to remain alone in keeping out Mrs. Besant's political activities. As there is a bond of sympathy between one provincial Conference and another, there will be a similar bond of

sympathy between one provincial Government and another.

As a rule, the political conferences address their resolutions to the Government. There is, however, one notable exception : it recommends the Swadeshi movement to the people and appeals to them to give preference, whenever possible, to Indian products over imported commodities even at a sacrifice. A similar appeal may be made in several other cases ; for example, the improvement of the sanitary condition of villages or towns is not entirely a question of sparing public funds. It depends to a large extent on the habits of the people, and there is no reason why the conferences should not appeal to them to be a little more attentive to their own welfare. Perhaps such appeals are to be made by officials, while the more popular Swadeshi appeal is made by the leaders. Of course, the officials will not ~~make~~ the latter, and the leaders at least ought to

“ POLITICS.”

KALANDAR SHAH.

THE STORY OF A SHRINE.

IN the north-west corner of India, in Sindh, is a small town by the name of Sehwan. For 11 months of the year it lies apart, desolate, surrounded by the sandy plains, wrapt up, so to say, in dreams of its former greatness. From afar, the old fort of Sehwan shows like a high, broad hill. This hill has been chosen for more than 2,000 years by conquerors and warriors of all times and races as a convenient spot for forts, watch-towers, and castles, and by building the new one always on the ruins of the last, the hill has taken large dimensions. The first of whom one knows with certainty that he has built a fort here, is Alexander the Great, called Sikander by the natives. During his famous journey down the Sutlej and Indus valley, which ended so fatally near Karachi, he stopped here and built a citadel. The villagers will tell us even to-day, with bated breath, that Sikander, in the shape of an enormous snake, is reposing in the depth of this hill and that when this snake moves, the whole hill and the surrounding country shakes. The Hindus were at that time masters of the country, and after having partially destroyed Alexander's fort, they rebuilt their own. One dynasty followed the other, until in the 10th century A.D. Mohamed Kasim, after passing the Khyber, built here the first Mohamedan fort, the remains of which are still to be seen : walls built with tiles of the deep turquoise blue that cannot be imitated to-day ; graceful pillars and arches, with the remains of massive cupolas. In the 12th century three holy dervishes came on their journey from the trans-Himalayan country, through Sind. They belonged to the philosophical sect of the Sufis, who in

opposition to the grossly materialistic Mohamedan views preached an ideal pantheism, combined with an high ethical standard. They are characterized by complete absence of fanaticism, which otherwise is one of the special features of Islam. God, the Incomparable, the Incomprehensible, lives in each, and can be felt and seen by everyone in the depth of their own hearts, whether Hindu, Buddhist or Mohamedan.

The three friends found ardent believers among the mixed population of Sindh. One of them, Khair-ud-Din, remained in Rohri, where he is buried ; the second, Shams-ud-Din, wandered as far as Ahmedabad ; the third Lal Shahbaz, called Kalandar Shah by the people, settled down in Schwan. His reputation as a miracle-working saint spread all round. Hundreds and thousands came from all directions to hear and see him ; the most fabulous legends were told, heard and believed with veritable greed. He seems to have been a harmless saint who, with mild benevolence, spread an atmosphere of confidence and peace around him.

He lived simply and in strict retirement and chastity ; publicly he was only seen at big feasts and gatherings where he blessed and taught the hundreds. A tame lioness was his inseparable companion. How different are the lazy, good-for-nothing fakirs, who boast of being disciples and—trading on the sacred name—impose upon the simple and credulous people. In Sindh he took the name of Kalandar Shah, under which he is known up till now. In the house of a Hindu, by the name of Parumal, he is said to have raised to life a dead boy, the eldest son. Even now this family exists in Schwan, and the eldest son is always called Parumal ; they are constant attendants at the shrine. After the death of the saint, who was called a " Pir," a beautiful mausoleum was erected over his remains with many cupolas and minarets, which is kept in good order and careful repair and is of great fame among all the Mohamedans in Sindh and beyond. Kalandar Shah's disciples form a sort of friars' order ; they are called Kalandar Shah's fakirs. They live in celibacy and poverty, without a settled home, and wander begging through the land, from Kashmere in the north to Gujarat in the south and Rajputana in the east. They are a greedy, dissolute lot, devoted to bhang-eating and smoking, which produces a state of drunkenness and wild ravings, which is looked upon as religious ecstasy and regarded as highly inspirational.

These fakirs are supposed to number over 10,000 ; two to three thousand of them assemble once a year at the annual fair in memory of the saint at Schwan.

The *mela* was to take place from the 17th to 20th August, and some of us availed ourselves gladly of the opportunity to watch it all, given by the kind invitation of the officials. The chief characteristic of the *mela* is the *dhamâl* or dervish dance, executed by the fakirs. Ladies would not be safe by themselves and even the gentlemen have a strong police escort ; for ecstasy, fanaticism and unbridled license reach their climax at these *melas*.

At the station we were met by some of the native officials, who waited with *garis* and camels. How blasé looked our camels with their long lids, half-open eyes, with their contemptuously pursed lips and arrogantly thrust-out neck ! Brightly coloured and embroidered saddles with long dangling tassels were on their backs, and their unshapely necks were decorated with necklaces of beads or shells. Ladies generally ride astride like the men. Now they rise, swaying and gurgling ; the great height at which one is seated, the quick rhythmical movement, the silent, afar off, shimmering, sandy plain, with palm-trees and fields dotted here and there—and in the foreground the little town with its old, half-ruined buildings and mosques and the stately picturesque shrine—all this increases the feeling of the unreal and mysterious that always surrounds the traveller in India ; one realizes that one is in the region of the *Arabian Nights*. At the foot of the hill, in front of an old heavy gate-way, between two rock walls, we dismount. A wild phantastical scene spreads before us. One can still see the traces of the old foundations, portly walls of the various old forts. When the rain tears deep crevices and channels in the old tile and brickwork, the villagers still find coins, ornaments, weapons and other articles belonging to a far-off time, that seem to bring us a ghastly reminder of the lives spent here ; now and then bones or whole skeletons are found. The brickwork shows remains of various styles of buildings, betraying the time or dynasty during which they originated ; most of all we see the intensely green or blue tiles, with white arabesks or Arabic letters. Through the dark, narrow passage and a broken gateway with fine arch we found ourselves on a sort of plateau at the upper part of the hill,

on which the present Government bungalow is built, a comfortable 5-roomed house with flat roof and broad verandah all round ; the outhouses to the south contain munshis' and servants' quarters, kitchen and stables. The officials and police escort are eager to conduct us to the scene of the *dhamāl*. After having got rid of the dust of the journey and having refreshed ourselves, we descend the hill again and, crossing a sandy plain, enter the town. On this plain a temporary broad road had been formed, lined on both sides by gaily decorated thatched huts which were inhabited by dancing and singing girls, who hoping for rich gain had flocked here from all directions. Clothed in shining silk and gold stuff, covered with heavy gold and silver ornaments, they sit already now, at 10 o'clock in the morning with apathetic faces, dull, sombre, with antimony-blackened eyes, on their bedsteads that are spread with carpets in flaming colours - chewing betel, or with the hukkah or a cigarette between their red-stained lips. One could see they were still exhausted after last night's orgies and dissipations ; the spectacle is repulsive. How different they look in the evenings when, excited by *blang* and stimulated by the admiration of hundreds and thousands of men, they turn their lithe bodies in rhythmical movements faster and faster, with incredible gracefulness and swiftness ; their feet move so fast, one cannot follow the steps with one's eyes, and the jingling and tinkling of their ornaments make a pleasant accompaniment. Others sing with nasal and guttural voice ; the performance is not melodious ; but we cannot but admire the enormous flexibility of the voice, and the melodramatic effect with which they pour forth their epics or lyrics, partly containing popular tales, partly erotic and religious sentiments.

All around us is the hum of thousands of voices of the Mohamedan and Hindu pilgrims. The *sawars* (mounted police) make a path through the multitude, and now we wind through the dark, narrow, evil-smelling, but picturesque streets of the old town. Most of the Hindu houses are built of the tiles of the old ruins that seem to be indestructible ; the front consists in most cases of finely carved, age-blackened balconies, pillars and turrets. Here we meet the famous Parumal, who is head of the family at present, and who invites us to attend the procession this afternoon, when he and his eldest son take, as usual, the heavy cover of gold cloth to the shrine of the saint. Now we hear more

and more distinctly the dull rhythm of gigantic drums, accompanied by peculiar, half-barking, half-shouting voices. Now we turn the last corner, and see through the narrowly sloping street the square in front of the famous shrine, not larger than 35 square feet, on which a multitude of many hundred fakirs, almost naked, and decorated phantastically, whirl in mad dance, with the indefatigable cry: *Kalandar ji mast*—(that is literally. "The madness or drunkenness of Kalandar). Instead of descending the street, we are led up a rickety staircase on a fine old wooden balcony, where chairs are placed for us, and peons with fans behind, and from there we have a splendid view of the teeming, writhing mass of raving humanity. Round about, on balconies, verandahs and roofs, is a crowd of spectators both Mussulman and Hindu. Each of the performers seems to have chosen a peculiar mad trick of his own, through which he means to distinguish himself and to excel the others. One has decorated himself with red rags, a second one with ostrich feathers, a third one with shells. All have long, matted, much-dyed, hair. In their hands they carry iron rods, or rings, or bells, or the great conch shell from which they draw heart-rending tones. Others have reed flutes, or penny whistles, or tambourins, or cymbals, by means of which they accompany their monotonous cry rhythmically. A sort of magnetism seems to emanate from this wild mass: one has to gaze and gaze till one feels almost stupefied. Here and there we see in the midst of the mad fakirs pious admirers, who fan the perspiring mass, or sprinkle them with rose water. Till sunset they fast, but afterwards they compensate themselves by carousing and feasting as the guests of the inhabitants and the pilgrims. In the evening the cobbles of the square are wet, like after a heavy downpour, and most of it is, no doubt, the sweat of the hysterical dancers. Many of them dance from 4 to 5 hours without interruption; often they faint or get epileptic and hysterical fits, which is looked upon as a high degree of ecstasy; many are temporarily absolutely bereft of their senses. While crowds of the dancers disappear within the dark portals of the shrine, fresh crowds swarm from above on to the square to take their place, so that it remains crowded until the late afternoon. Over the entrance to the shrine hang numberless big and small bells, which the worshipper touches while passing under them so as to make them sound. With their foreheads they touch the

two high marble pillars, which are therefore of a shining black in some places after the usage of centuries. At first one enters a small square courtyard, and beyond this is the inmost shrine where the grave of Lâl Shahbaz is. It is surrounded by an iron railing of highly artistic design ; above is a roofing of heavy silk, from which dangle glass-balls, bells, tufts of hair, rags, rag dolls, small cots, etc. The tomb consists of a marble sarcophagus, on which is chiselled the name and the life story of the saint with a fulsome eulogy ; on the lower edges are texts from the Koran. Of the grave proper the visitor can see nothing, for it is covered with many valuable cloths and covers that lie one on the top of the other. Last year the pile had risen to such an extent that it almost reached the roof ; 800 were removed and sold for high value to the believers ; for the fact that they had covered the grave of the saint gave them great sanctity and miracle-working power ; blessing and healing will be bestowed on the owner. Of the money so obtained, necessary repairs were made.

The worshippers present money and other gifts to the *fakirs* that guard the shrine. Besides, many have a little keepsake for the saint, so to say, in the shape of articles of clothing, ornaments, toys, etc. All articles connected with children are given by women who have been imploring the saint to bestow the blessing of fruitfulness. In the shrine, between the pillars, squat many *mullahs* or *fakirs* reading or reciting the Koran, or sunk in meditation ; often they tell the public legends from the life of the saint, or visions, or experiences, that they have had in connection with him ; everyone expects 'presents.' In the shrine, which is of octagonal form, are many mysterious nooks and niches, in which the believers like to hide, for holy or unholy purposes. By means of a spiral staircase that leads through bat-haunted corners and crevices, we ascend to the minarets, from where one has a glorious view over the old town, the historical hill and far away the shining desert, with the silver band of the Indus in the furthest distance, bordered by palm trees and, here and there, the mango and plantain groves in luscious greenness, with the surrounding rice and wheatfields. Truly an enchanting picture, which seems to call and beacon, as if it wanted to encourage us to find here the key to the secret that lends such a nameless charm to the desert. But underneath us, in the courtyard, the mad fanatical ecstasy continues.

Through a dark passage we get to the lioness' cage ; for in memory of Kalandar Shah a lioness is always kept here. The old queen of the wilderness looks at us with dark brooding sphinx-like eyes, calm, immovable and yet significantly, as if she had learnt in the 30 years of her captivity the meaning of the shibboleth of the Indian people : *Kismet* and *Maya*.

In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the processions begin which are undertaken by those who have a special vow to fulfil. In memory of a special favour of the saint they have to present him—or rather the *fakirs*—with money or articles in kind ; above all, they have to invest the grave with a new and valuable covering. We went to look at Parumal's procession, which is always the most splendid, and for which we had received a special invitation. The procession started from his house, first through the narrow streets, then it made the circuit of the town, and stopped at last at the shrine. At a spot where the narrowness of the road permitted it, chairs were placed for us. Hundreds, yes, thousands, crowded past us or pressed around us, every inch was taken possession of by spectators ; sometimes the roofs break under the weight of the onlookers. At first we heard the sound of drums, *murlis* (flutes) and *turis* (trumpets) coming nearer and nearer. The musicians were young men and boys of the Langha caste, decorated in a strangely phantastical way. After them came several hundreds of the dervishes, jumping, dancing, singing, and behind them some of the best dancing and singing girls, moving in a slow rhythmical measure. Every 2 or 3 minutes they stopped dancing and singing ; in front of us they stopped quite 10 minutes, displaying their art at the greatest advantage according to their lights—gazing with languishing eyes at the two Sahibs, and expecting rich presents from them. Two sisters, with fat ungainly forms and faces, and extravagant dress and jewels, tried to outshine the others. Though not at all pleasing in our eyes, they were great favourites with the people. Their dancing was good, and the breathlessness of their singing astonishing ; but their voices were hoarse and croaking. Each of the fair ones had her own train of satellites and musicians that accompanied her, and often joined in the singing. The contents of these songs is without exception erotic or religious, and closes with a boast of their own charms and arts and praise for the generosity of their patrons. By far the best in every respect

was the "nightingale of the Punjab," a young dancer, who combined with exotic beauty, infinite charm and gracefulness. Her performance was artistical and dramatical, and was heightened through the tragic expression of her beautiful face. As a rule she takes up to Rs. 1,000 for each performance; but in order to save her only and dearly beloved child from a slow wasting disease, she had come from the Punjab to offer her prayers and gifts and to practise her art gratis, solely to gratify and please him. Poor soul! Her pleading eyes and absorbed expression told us how much in earnest she was. Then followed, closely veiled, the women of the family, looking like white mummies, carrying offerings in their hands. After them came the eldest son, dressed like a *fakir*, riding on a pony, carrying the precious cloth of gold. All the men belonging to the clan accompanied the procession. Similar ones, but smaller, followed, those of Mohamedans preponderating.

Instead of following them, we now went on the wide, open *maidan*, where in huge half-circles planks had been raised amphitheatrically as benches, about 20 rows, one rising above the other. The road leading there was lined with many small booths and stalls exhibiting fruit, sweets or other articles of food, toys, etc.; then there were primitive merry-go-rounds, Russian wheels, fortune-tellers, snake-charmers, magicians, jugglers, and so on. In the great round, boxing and wrestling matches took place, and all kinds of athletic feats were performed; then mimics, pantomimes and little dramatic performances followed—all humorous and often really excellent in their naivete and spontaneity. Order and discipline there was none; the whole crowd laughed, shouted, jostled each other. Often the various artists ran away in the middle of their performance, because it struck them to begin something else or because they dreaded failure. We were told that 30,000 people were present. Divers racial types and costumes could be seen among the spectators; the clever, corpulent and clean-looking Hindu merchant, the Europeanized Babu with spectacles and umbrella and exquisitely creaking patent leather shoes, the respectable Mohamedan with baggy trousers and huge turban, the poor villagers, and among the stately-bearded Zamindars, dressed in national grandeur, the most splendid of all was the Pir of Rohri, for whom a sort of private pavilion had been erected. He is the guardian of a similar

shrine, where the friend of Lal Shahbaz, Khair-ud-din, is buried. Innumerable worshippers and admirers crowd continually round him, touch his feet with their foreheads and beg for his blessings. At sunset we left the place; only with difficulty the *sowars* could open out a way of retreat for us through the thousands. Arrived on our hill, we once more surveyed the scene. Immediately before us the crowded, oddly-shaped houses of the town, and most prominent among them the shrine, whose general outline and slender minarets began to be lighted up with thousands of tiny oil lamps; on one side the amphitheatre, wrapped in a veil of dust, penetrated by the last shafts of light from the setting sun, among which could be seen the first rockets of fireworks rising into the evening sky; for without a display of fireworks no *tamasha* of any kind is imaginable to the Indian. On one side, desolate dark ruins, silhouetted against the orange and flaming red of the west, where the slender sharp sickle of the new moon was swimming like a delicate silver boat. Over all, the peculiar charm that can only be felt in the Orient. The half plaintive, half demoniacal sounding music, the faint roar, of thousands of voices, a dry hot dust-laden, spicy atmosphere now relieved through the river breeze which was springing up, and far, far, stretching away, the mysterious yellow-bluish desert in an indescribable mellowness of undulating lines out of which we could still distinguish the proud slender heads of the date-palms and the round, strong outlines of the mango trees.

Oh Hindustan! thou old and ever new country, with thy mysterious pulsing life, half hid and half revealed, and always calling one to look for new impressions and experiences, who would not dream of thee—long for thee!

H. E. RHIEM.

Germany.

"RELIGION, POLITICS AND COLLECTIVE LIFE

A REVIEW

UNDER the above heading I find published in the October issue of this Review a contribution from Mr. G. C. Whitworth, I.C.S., (Retired)—apparently a trenchant criticism of some views on the subject of Indian nationalism, advanced by writers in our monthly, the *Prabuddha Bharata*. Needless to say, we welcome every 'critical discussion of such a momentous problem, but what is to us a matter of great pity is the loose, perfunctory way in which Mr. Whitworth has chosen to represent the position of the writers he has come forward to assail in his article. Such misrepresentation of others' views may, of course, be the honest outcome of a failure to understand them, but all the same a criticism confidently launched forth on such a basis amounts almost to an injustice.

From the way Mr. Whitworth makes his article bristle with chapter and verse it is evident that he is a regular reader of the *P. B.*, but it is exactly for this reason that it is still more to be regretted that any misconstruction on his part should recall in this case the proverbial story of that member of an audience who, at the close of a long and laborious discourse on the Ramayana of seven cantos, boldly put it to the minstrel: "And Sita? Of whom is he the father?"

For each of the four main contentions, which Mr. Whitworth develops in his article with so much ability, is, at least, as much uncalled for as this famous critical thrust into the Ramayana plot.

"In the first place," runs the first contention, "the conception of politics is entirely erroneous. The term as used in the *Prabuddha Bharata* seems to mean modern German politics. So we hear of worldly lust for power and wealth (19.223), of Europe red in tooth and claw (224) and of a treacherous form of secularism and materialism (20.225)." What we find by actually examining these references to chapter and verse is that the first two carry us to statements made in the *P. B.* about the political type of nationalism and not about politics, and the last reference lands us into a long discussion about religion based on the authority of the intellect helping to breed this "treacherous form of secularism and materialism"—obviously a subject which no stretch of fancy can identify with any definition of politics. So, if Mr. Whitworth's chapter and verse prove anything, it proves that he could not follow the writers whose views he criticises, for, when they are speaking of political nationalism, he thinks they are speaking of politics—and even unwittingly of German politics!

To condemn political nationalism is not the same thing as condemning politics, and even to reject politics as a foundation for nationality is not to condemn it. Politics must have its place in human life as one of its collective pursuits, and nobody is silly enough to condemn politics *quâ* politics or to condemn it specially as something liable to abuses, while every good thing in this world may be equally liable to abuses. But Mr. Whitworth first projects out of his fancy a ghost into the darkness and then fights it thus: "And if politics must be rejected as a foundation

for nationality because of the liability to abuse, what are we to say of religion? Is it not equally liable to abuse?"

Now, politics is rejected by writers in the *P. B.* as a foundation for nationality, because, however good it may be in its own sphere of human activity, it *makes a bad foundation* for life, whether individual or national. Instead of trying to follow how the writers in the *P. B.* decide between the respective claims of religion and politics in this respect and their reasoning, Mr. Whitworth improvises what he thinks a fairly good reason for those writers deciding in favour of religion, and then devotes a page to smashing down this self-invented reason—a kind of Sisyphean labour, which affects not in the least the argument of the writers in the *P. B.*

Then comes a definition of politics, attempted by the writer himself, which amounts to an identification of politics with collective life. "Politics rightly regarded may be said to consist primarily of thought and action for the benefit of others. As soon as a man's sympathy and consequent action extend beyond his own wants and those of his family, he enters upon politics." Therefore, as soon as a speaker in public sympathises with, and consequently seeks to harmonise the religions in his country, say India, which deal with the spiritual needs of people other than himself and his family, he enters upon politics and his speech becomes political! In fact, according to Mr. Whitworth's definition of politics, everything which concerns a whole country as distinguished from the individual and the family, becomes by that very fact political!

But for this undisguised confusion between politics and collective life, Mr. Whitworth is not to blame. For collective life in any Western country to-day is from top to bottom a creation of politics, and it is no wonder that in an atmosphere of growing state-socialism, collective life would

come to be defined and valued in the terms of politics. But if we bear in mind the historical development of States, we must admit that the State even in a modern country is *primarily and essentially* an organised embodiment of all the *material* power and secular authority which the collective life of a country is capable of. The fact that this State in modern times happens to absorb, especially in Western countries, all the functions and initiatives of collective life, secular and spiritual, is more of an accident in history. In India, for instance, the State could pledge itself not to interfere with the purely spiritual pursuits or spheres in collective life. Now, politics "rightly regarded" means the pursuit of, and the participation in, the life of the State, and even though collective life may choose to have all its interests looked after and protected by the State, it does not necessarily mean that politics and collective life consequently become one and the same thing in the real sense of an identity. The State fundamentally relies on and justifies itself by the power and authority it can exercise over the physical basis of human life. It is its fundamental interest to keep that power and authority not only intact but also in proportionate strength relatively to the power and authority of neighbouring States. Every State is, therefore, naturally and primarily given to developing and consolidating its material power and efficiency. So politics is essentially pledged to this dominating policy of material advancement. But this is not in itself a necessary evil for any scheme of collective life. Rather, it is a necessary safeguard in every successful scheme. But when this safeguard of State efficiency or political efficiency is extolled to the position of the governing end in collective life, an end in itself to which every other interest in that life must be subservient, the natural result is the undue absorption and determina-

tion of the whole collective life by politics—a phenomenon which gives the cue to Mr. Whitworth for his complacent identification of politics with collective life. But it is exactly this phenomenon of politics outgrowing its legitimate function and importance and shaping all other ends of collective life to suit the fundamental purpose of its own material efficiency, that has been described as political nationalism by the writers in the *P. B.*, and when they protest against this form of nationalism, they do it from a correct view and conception of politics, which however reads “erroneous” to Mr. Whitworth simply because he is himself the victim of an exaggerated notion of politics and its function in human life.

And so Mr. Whitworth follows up with his second contention: “But if the *Prabuddha Bharata* is wrong in the narrow construction it puts on the term politics, so also is it at fault in its use of the term religion. The error here, however, is of a different kind and consists in using the term in two different senses, or at least in failing to distinguish between two different aspects of religion. Religion may be regarded as concerning the relation of the individual human soul with the supreme divine soul, or as controlling the relations of man with his fellowmen. Religion under the first aspect may help to mould the character of religion under the second, but it can touch communal life only through the second.” And when the *Prabuddha Bharata*, the argument goes on, extols renunciation, asceticism or the non-attachment of mind to domestic relations and sense-enjoyments, it practically confines religion to its first aspect, which failing, therefore, “to touch communal life,” cannot be accepted as the foundation of any form of nationalism. If, on the other hand, religion is not confined to its first aspect, but allowed to assume also its second aspect, then it will be

properly perceived that "in relation to nationality the two things, religion and politics, meet together and become in effect one." "So when it is asserted that nationalism must be founded on religion and not on politics, the great fact is overlooked that the silent essence of religion already is, and ought to be, in the politics, and that it is not their rejection but their purification that is necessary."

Evidently, the whole argument bases itself on an analysis of religion into two of its aspects, only the second of which makes religion a factor in the building up of communal life. But in this aspect religion identifies itself with politics, so there is no sense in rejecting politics and accepting religion as the foundation of national life. The fallacy in the whole reasoning lies in the conception of the second aspect of religion, that is, religion "as controlling the relations of man with his fellowmen." This conception seeks to imply that religion in this aspect controls, say in national life, the relations of man with his fellowmen in the same sense as politics is actually found to control those relations. But in fact the control or authority of religion in Western national life is something abstract or theoretical, while the same in the case of politics is concrete, having well-defined and established channels for its exercise. Neither will it do to say that the authority of religion becomes concretised in national life through the pursuit of politics, for we have already seen that the first and foremost object of politics is to maintain the material efficiency of collective life, while religion would necessarily seek to subordinate such material efficiency to its supreme end of spiritual efficiency. No conception of politics can dissolve this inevitable difference in the political and the spiritual adjustment of the material and spiritual ends of collective life. In speaking of religion "as controlling the relations of man with his fellowmen," and thereby

building up national life, Mr. Whitworth is setting forth merely an abstract general principle which from its place as such is quite free to affect the concrete processes of our national life. So he speaks of the "silent essence of religion" already working in politics, the question still remaining for us being to purify the latter more and more by the former. He clings all the while to his own idea of religion as a silent inspiration working through the individual or the collective mind—as a principle to be applied by that mind in its concrete spheres of conduct for judging what is righteous from what is unrighteous. But it is exactly here that he misses the pivotal point in our discussion of religion as the nation-builder. The point is not how religion should inspire and affect the processes of our collective life as a mere principle working behind them, but how religion is to be brought out amidst those processes, evaluating and organising them with an authoritative voice given to it in the very corporate constitution of our national life. There is a good deal of difference, to be sure, between religion as an idea guiding and inspiring us from the pulpits or from the inner chamber of our hearts or at most as a mere holder of the seal that has to give to the decisions of the State the formality of a religious sanction, and religion coming out as the regulative centre of the actual machinery of our nationality, so that its authority, instead of remaining hypothetical and implied, becomes categorical and articulate so far as our national aims and pursuits are concerned.

And it is perfectly immaterial how we theoretically analyse this religion as the nation-builder, analyse its abstract aspects and phases, for we are not going to build on any theory of religion, but on religion as actually manifested in the collective spiritual life of a country in all its peculiar significance for humanity. This religion, as a

synthetic unity, holds together all the diversified spiritual interests and pursuits of a country, just as the politics of a country holds together all the diversified political interests of a people. And if national unity can be established round the rallying centre of such politics, it can equally be established round the rallying centre of religion as this synthetic unity. And in India this synthetic unity of religion is not a mere abstract ideal, not a mere dream of the intellect, but an actual achievement, a concrete revelation, a universally recognised truth. Here the collective spiritual life of the people has actually evolved this rallying centre of their spiritual interests, which are only waiting, therefore, to be organised round this centre. But Mr. Whitworth, though apparently a constant reader of the *Prabuddha Bharata*, seems to have no perception for this historical fact, but falls back gropingly on abstract ideas about religion, trying to select some such aspect of it as may stand behind the collective activities of a people and inspire them, as if these very collective activities do not include pursuits of religion in all its aspects. The question is not how religion is to be brought behind the collective life of a people, but how the spiritual interests and pursuits of that life are to be made to govern all the other interests and pursuits, and in this question there is no room for all that abstract analysis of religion and that casting about for a nation-building aspect of religion to which Mr. Whitworth devotes five or six pages of his article. That which is to become the nation-builder is not any special abstract conception of religion to be applied to the collective life, but it is the actual pursuits of religion in that collective life. So when the *Prabuddha Bharata* deals with the various conceptions of religion, individualistic or altruistic, ascetic or socialistic, sectarian or universalistic, it is simply explaining the many aspects and phases of religion a

developed by human practice, and it is an unwarranted assumption to think that it is thereby pointing out any special aspect of religion which is to serve as the foundation for nation-building in India. But it is precisely on the basis of such an assumption that Mr. Whitworth launches upon a criticism of the religious ideas discussed in the *Prabuddha Bharata*.

The third contention of Mr. Whitworth relates to "the frame-work of the nationality which it is proposed to found in India on the basis of religion," and his verdict on this proposal runs thus: "The picture is too suggestive of a cart set on three wheels all fixed at slightly different angles." But all this awry looseness, again, does not attach to the scheme really discussed in the *P. B.*, but to its misrepresentation as given by Mr. Whitworth to the readers of EAST & WEST. Here too Mr. Whitworth does not understand what the writers in the *P. B.* mean by an organic system of the collective ends in the life of a nation in India and how it is to be represented and worked out in this scheme of "the frame-work of the nationality which it is proposed to found in India." Mr. Whitworth's principal mistake lies in thinking that the whole thing is a paper scheme, and not a scheme lying actually, though indirectly, implied in the very process of evolution which our collective life is undergoing before our eyes. We have already established in our country a powerful political state in the life of which representatives from the various communities and sections of the public are seeking to participate. Now, what mainly remains to be done yet is to have these representatives backed by a real organisation of the people on their true national basis, that is, on the basis of their collective spiritual interests. Unless and until this is done, the representatives of the people on the political councils of the country cannot

provide themselves either with real authority or with a definite chart for interpreting and protecting the supreme spiritual interests of the people through a proper representation of their real political interests. And as the political Government of our country has wisely left it to ourselves to organise our collective spiritual pursuits and interests conformably to their peculiar significance and importance as governing all the other pursuits and interests of our national life, it is evidently necessary that apart from the central political state and the representatives it draws from the people, there should be a central spiritual body of organisers—somewhat analogous to what India had in the ancient days of the Rishis—who would regulate and supervise the whole work of national organisation. Such a scheme embodies not only the line of least resistance under our present circumstances, but also the only possible line of advance kept open for our collective life by our past history which cannot be ignored in our present task of nation-building, except on penalty of dismal failures. It is not possible to elucidate this point here more fully. But what we have said would suffice to indicate that the summary verdict Mr. Whitworth has been pleased to pass is unjust because he has not gone deep enough into the real issues to understand properly this scheme of our national life.

The fourth and last contention of Mr. Whitworth relates to "the means by which through this nationality the rest of the world is to be one day saved." That the real proposition put forward in the *P. B.* has been misunderstood by Mr. Whitworth is evident from the way he uses the term "nationality" and "saved." What the real proposition means to argue is briefly this :

*When the Indian nation is built up on the basis of religion, that is to say, on the basis of its governing

end of "practising, preserving and preaching the synthetic spiritual ideal" evolved in her history, her contribution to the evolution of the rest of the world will naturally lie through a process of spiritualising the national life of other countries. As to the exact nature of this process, the *Prabuddha Bharata* has only made a sort of conjecture or suggestion. For it says in an article to which a passing reference has been made by Mr. Whitworth: "How this transformation would precisely come, it is beyond all human foresight to predict. Before religion can be reinstated in all its glory, Europe must have to pass through a political death. So complete is her self-surrender to the pursuit of politics that she must see the utmost end of it, and worldliness, individual or national, leads but to one grim end. But the new Europe that will rise from the ashes will have a real baptism in Christ, and the wisdom of India will nurse her back to her new life." (*P. B.* Dec., 1914). In this statement, quoted in full because it is evidently working on Mr. Whitworth's mind behind all the show of argument he has made, the term "political death" does not mean "national death" in accordance with the views of the *P. B.*, for here the Western countries are not themselves "throwing off their natural vitality," as Mr. Whitworth argues, but are rather carrying it to its fatal climax. The surmise about political death therefore implies only the mutual destruction of political power. The European countries are not said to be going to die *as nations*. So the picture of India as a nation leading all the other nations of the world is overdrawn by Mr. Whitworth, and his sarcastic remark—"Now this conception too much resembles the German ideal of a super-nation or the Jewish ideal of a chosen people, both of them ideals which turn all reality upside down"—falls quite wide of the mark. *

Now, apart from this issue about the probability of political death, Mr. Whitworth's real contention is that it is unintelligible how, according to the *Prabuddha Bharata*, India is going to pursue its national aim of spiritualising the rest of the world. "How," he asks, "those nations are to be saved which have adopted the unrighteous cult of political nationalism? Not, of course, by *that* nationalism, and even when politically dead, it does not appear how Ramakrishna's life is to furnish them with a new nationalism. If it could, it would be an Indian nationalism, and all the countries of the West would become mere provinces of India. This, again, gets too near the German ideal, and need not be taken seriously." Now, the two wrong assumptions under which this whole argument labours are (1) that political nationalism does not admit of being modified in its essential bearing on collective life and therefore would have to be supplanted by spiritual nationalism, and (2) that the spiritualising influence of Indian nationalism necessarily involves the political annexation of other nations as part and parcel of the Indian nation! Are not these assumptions absolutely unwarranted? What is there unintelligible in the idea of having the political nationalism of a western country leavened by spiritual ideals—the idea of influencing a Western democracy to gradually restore the real authority of their religion in that political scheme of their life which seeks to suppress it? And it was this idea which Swami Vivekananda talked about to his countrymen when he said in a lecture in Madras, "Aye, we will then go to every country under the sun, and our ideas will before long be a component of the many forces that are working to make up every nation in the world. We must enter into the life of every race in India and abroad; we shall have to *work* to bring this about."

It is easy to condemn in one article, if one so chooses, a whole series of views appearing in a journal from month to month and year to year, for all you have got to do then is simply to pass the hasty critic's brush haphazardly over as many points as you want to tar, but it is impossible to prove or undo the whole mischief done by such a process in one article, and I have already taken up more of your valuable space than I intended, although I have had to leave out many minor points in Mr. Whitworth's criticism which reveal the same fault of misconstruction on his part. He seeks in our writings fanciful incongruities which he patiently develops to amuse your readers; he fancies us rejecting politics as a foundation of nationality because of its many abuses, and hurries off to produce a long inventory of religious abuses, from Spanish Inquisitions and German Kaisers to Tibetan prayer-wheels and Indian Thugs; he reads a *Varnasramic* "flightfulness" into our ideals of social service, and then enter the Maharaja of Durbhunga and the horror of infanticides and untouchables! In fact, he first misunderstands right and left, brandishes handfuls of disconnected references, and then arranges his gleanings from our writings into a bright literary cinema of amusing absurdities. Even the last film of this cinema with which the article dramatically concludes, seems to betray a regrettable tendency to misrepresent, for the two garbled quotations, which are set against each other for the sake of effect, appear inconsistent simply because they are garbled and wrenched off from their setting. Let me conclude with an humble invitation to Mr. Whitworth to accept the hospitality of our *P. B.* columns, where instead of jumbling together all the points of his criticism in one article, he may leisurely take them up one by one, and I assure him that he will have our cordial attention to the utmost, as also our sincere gratitude whenever any wrong

conception of ours becomes rectified through such discussions.

*Mayavaty, Himalayas,
1st November, 1916.*

EDITOR,
The Prabuddha Bharata.

TO --

When all the winter world is dumb,
And all the birds are flown,
The drear dark days, the frost-bound days,
Will come when you are gone.

And I shall sit, and I shall dream,
And in the fire will glow
The Cities and the Palaces
We lived in long ago.
The islands fringed with silver palms;
And spires of far-off snow.

Dim purple valleys that we loved,
And amber darkling streams,
Grey uplands where our souls have roved,
I'll find them in my dreams.

The temples gleaming on the marge,
The secret mountain shrine,
The altar where the incense smoked,
The sacrificial wine.

The gate by which a sentinel
Awaits your soul and mine.

So in the days, the hard dark days
 When I am left alone,
When summer's flowers are brown and dead
 And summer's birds are flown.
The dreams that slept while you were near
 Will wake when you are gone.
And I shall find the sunrise land,
 The slope where amaranth grew,
The temples poised above the wave,
 The peaks against the blue,
The altar, and the sanctuary,
 The cup, the wine and—you.

A. E. W.

THE MONTH.

WHILE the Allies have wrested the offensive from the enemy on the western front, the entry of **The War.** Rumania into the field has created a new opening for him to make the best of his superior artillery. The British advance in the west is continuing steadily, though slowly, and the defeat of the enemy on the Ancre was a noteworthy event of last month, as was the entry of the Allies into Monastir. Germans and Bulgars are alike being taken prisoners, but the situation in Rumania, does not seem to be free from anxiety. The Russians and Rumanians are not merely on the defensive, and the advance of the Allies from the south, notwithstanding the dubious attitude of the King of Greece, must have the effect of dividing the enemy's attention and retarding his march. Nevertheless, the Germans have penetrated Rumania through several passes and are concentrating their artillery on certain heights. They are dangerously near an important railway centre, and in view of the circumstances which influenced the decision of the small State to participate in the risks of the war, the moral effect of a reverse at least would be too serious to be counterbalanced by the successes that are likely to be scored by the Allies in the western theatre in the near future. The pressure of the British and French advance is not underrated in Germany, and we are told that the whole Fatherland will be immediately converted into a huge munitions factory. Mr. Asquith too realises

what the Teuton resolution must mean, and the strain to which the resources of the Empire must be subjected. The death of Emperor Joséph will have no effect upon the war; the participation of Greek Nationalists in it may have some.

An attempt by the German navy to interrupt the communications between England and France failed signally. Submarine activity in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, however, continues unabated. The sinking of the P & O steamer *ARABIA* was, to people in the East, the most disastrous event on the sea last month. With the exception of a couple of engineers, all on board are reported to have been saved, though the attack was absolutely without warning. The cargo destroyed must have been of great value, and one may well wonder whether the enemy gets news of the intended movements of ships from India. In aerial warfare in the western theatre the enemy shows no superiority. But the raid on Cairo must have been as annoying as any that has been reported from England.

The re-election of President Wilson in the United States forebodes the continuance of his policy of forbearance indefinitely. It is, however, by no means certain that Mr. Hughes would have adopted a more heroic line of action, whatever his promises at the election might have been. His rival's victory, however, was almost pyrrhic, and the re-elected President is not likely to forget the meaning of the severity of the contest.

The Kaiser, or his Chancellor, is said to have issued instructions that Basrah must be retaken at any cost. The War Office and the Government of India must be preparing to meet the contingency. Though there has been no recent fighting in Mesopotamia, the reference to railways and water transport in H. E. the Viceroy's speech at Simla shows that the work of consolidating past gains, and of preparing for future action, is steadily proceeding.

Private efforts in the collection of funds and in providing assistance in other ways are not slackened in India. The War Sale Fete in Bombay was a conspicuous success, and may stimulate similar zeal in other provinces. The War League at Karachi is engaged in popularising the six per cent. British exchequer bonds, which are said to be "surely the safest and best security of its kind in the market."

Chiefs in Conference. THE Conference of Chiefs, which was opened at Delhi by H. E. the Viceroy on the 30th of October and which sat for five days, marks an important stage in the history of Native States and their relations with the British Government. Two similar, but smaller and less representative, conferences had preceded it in 1913 and 1914, and at these Their Highnesses the Maharajas of Gwalior and Bikaner had expressed a hope that such conferences would be held more regularly, and would eventually form part of the constitution of the Empire. From time to time suggestions had been made in the press that representatives of the ruling families or of the Native States should be introduced in the British House of Lords or in a special assembly in India. The democratic politicians had opposed the idea through the fear lest the advice of these representatives of autocracy should tend to throw obstacles in the way of political progress in British India. H. E. the Viceroy made it clear in opening the assembly, which was attended by more than forty Chiefs, that they would be asked to advise the British Government on questions affecting themselves and their own States and subjects and not the people of British India. Speaking on behalf of the Chiefs, H. H. the Gaekwar hoped that these periodical conferences, when developed on proper lines, would have "a regularly assigned and"

definite place in the constitution of the Empire." A political constitution is opposed to arbitrary dealings, and the future to which such conferences would point is one in which the Political Department would not dictate to the Chiefs individually, but could consult the collective opinion of a representative assembly of Princes on all subjects of common interest to them, so that any suspicion of the Government acting solely on the advice of Political Agents may disappear. At present the Chiefs are heard individually, and one cannot interest himself in the affairs of another, hereafter they will feel that they are members of an order bound by common interests and entitled to be heard collectively. Isolation carries with it a certain dignity, while union and exchange of views have also their own advantages. Some rulers may prefer the former, while others may appreciate the latter. It must take time before all Chiefs would cheerfully take part in a Chiefs' Parliament. In the first place, as H. II. the Gaekwar said, they are accustomed to issue commands and not to carry on debates according to ~~if~~ some rules of procedure. It is easy to imagine how a sensitive ruler may be hurt by a dialectic defeat at the hands of another. A debater must have a thick skin, while an Oriental Prince is not accustomed to hear contradiction. So far as treaties and the position of the Chiefs under them are concerned, H. E. the Viceroy assured the assembly that they would in no way be affected by the Conference. Nevertheless, some time must elapse before the experiment enlists perfect and general confidence and becomes popular, so that the assembly may become part of the constitution of the Empire and its resolutions binding on all Chiefs.

Nine questions were referred for consideration to the last Conference. Of these, three were postponed for future consideration, and one did not call for discussion. The

questions debated, on which recommendations were made, were—the ceremonial observed at installation and investiture durbars in Native States; the most suitable form of administration to be adopted in a Native State during the minority of its ruler, the education and training of minor Princes and Chiefs, the control and regulation of motor vehicles brought temporarily from Native States into British India and *vice versa* and there used and driven, and financing the proposed Higher Chiefs' College. All these topics related to the position, rights, and requirements of the Chiefs themselves and their subjects and do not affect the people of British India.

SIR THOMAS HOLLAND was very prudent in having propounded a certain number of questions to the witnesses who appear before his Commission. If they had been allowed to express their views on the economic future of the country generally, the discussion would have traversed unduly vast ground and the object of the Commission would have been defeated. Notwithstanding the definite questions put, one witness at Delhi expressed the opinion that "the prosperity of India depends almost entirely upon agriculture and minerals," and that it would be a mistake for the Government to finance or nurse any individual enterprise "until the natives of this country are equal to standing on their own feet." At present he thought they are not—the witness was at one time a director in a cotton mill, and it appears that "as soon as the European element was removed, the mill got into difficulties." Another witness said, about the average Indian workman, that he has the knack of acquiring with rapidity a certain dexterity in handling and the use of tools, but "he seldom attains the stage in which he might be termed a skilled workman."

Professor Hill of Allahabad is reported to have said that "some Indians were capable of carrying on research work, but under supervision." Perhaps he meant that at present no Indian at Allahabad could carry on research work independently. The Hon. Mr. Watson felt sure that "the skill and efficiency of the labourer depend to a very great extent on healthy, cleanly, and orderly home surroundings." If so, we need not despair about India producing an abundance of researchers as well as skilled workmen under suitable conditions at some future time, whether or not the Commission is able to make any suggestions as to the best way of remedying the existing shortcomings.

The main object with which the Holland Commission has been appointed is to ascertain what the Government can do to help the development of industries. If, therefore, most witnesses suggest what the Government can do, it would not be because they underrated the necessity of private enterprise, individual initiation, capacity and honesty, and other qualities essential to success. Opinion differs on the general policy of Government aid and the establishment of pioneer Government factories. The Hon. Mr. Watson is of opinion that "the management of a Government factory is, generally speaking, composed of units working under conditions which put a distinct barrier in the way of industrial development," for the motive that actuates the average business man is absent in the case of pensionable Government servants. Mr. Freemantle acknowledges that if the Government were to subscribe part of the capital for an enterprise, and a Government director were appointed, private money would come in with much more confidence; but in his opinion "it is not in conformity with sound principles of co-operation to pioneer new industries." It is not possible in this

note to dwell upon the various suggestions that have been hitherto put forward and the divergence of opinion on them. When more evidence is collected, it will be time to notice the general trend of opinion in the various provinces and centres of industry.

Apart from suggestions regarding future action, the evidence collected on the results of assistance already given by Government must be instructive. Mr. Churchill of Ahmednagar has been engaged in perfecting the machinery of handlooms. It appears from his evidence that he has not yet perfected a machine which may be used by the ordinary weaver, though "during the last fifteen years they had spent about one lakh of rupees in trying to perfect the machinery," and the witness was anxious to attain his object with the help of an annual grant of a lakh by Government. The Principal of the Government Carpentry School at Bareilly said that in his experience fully 60 per cent. of the students admitted to his school, even after selection, turned out failures. Generally speaking, a student was put to manual work when he was a failure at school. Mr. Kinns, as also some other witnesses, suggested the "introduction of educational handwork as a compulsory subject in all schools." Perhaps the Commission will call attention to all such evidence.

Panchayats in Dewas. VILLAGE panchayats have ceased to exist in the greater part of India, and many doubt whether they can be revived so as to give satisfaction under modern conditions and according to modern standards until rural education makes sufficient progress. Much light can be derived on this subject from Mr. B. V. Samarth's interesting report on the working of the Panchayats in Dewas State (2) for

the year 1914-15. The total number of panchayats in the State was 73, and these served 135 villages. Of the 531 members, only 165 were literate, while 14 of the panchayats could not boast of a single literate member. Nevertheless, they decided nearly 900 civil and 500 criminal cases in eighteen months, and their decisions were interfered with only in 3 civil and 15 criminal cases. Illiteracy must interfere with efficiency to a certain extent ; for example, trials must be delayed until a writer is found to record the proceedings, and the trial of cases beyond the jurisdiction of the panchayats may perhaps be attributed to the same cause. Nearly 70 per cent. of the civil cases disposed of were not contested at all ; and in nearly 35 per cent. of the criminal cases the accused persons either made no defence or compromised with the complainants. As Mr. Samarth says, shrewdness and common sense made up for want of education, and as the parties and the witnesses were presumably known to the judges personally in many cases, and the panchayats would have other sources of information besides the pleadings and the evidence, falsehood was probably less common than in the ordinary courts which sit at a distance from the homes of the parties. Some of the panchas hear a plaintiff before taking a case on the register and advise him on the merits of his case, and litigation is thus suppressed where the advice is against pursuing the matter. The prevention of litigation is indeed very desirable, but judicial tribunals must be above reproach and suspicion, and the practice of a panch giving advice beforehand can scarcely be commended. We are not surprised to learn that misunderstanding has arisen out of the practice, which should not be allowed if the panchayat system is to win the confidence of the people. Taking all the panchayats together, all castes and classes seem to be represented in them ; 32 are mentioned in the

report, and in a small State like Dewas we should hope the number of castes and communities does not exceed that figure. Factions in the panchayats are not unknown, but they are said to be "comparatively few." Complaints have been made against some panchas for using bad language, and one panchayat is said to have punished a man by parading him on an ass—a well-known form of punishment in former times, which appears to have been abolished in Dewas, as it is in British India. Want of education must be responsible for these vagaries, and they cannot be felt where the people at large are not better educated than the panchas. It appears that the people in general are apathetic towards education, while in some villages leading men come forward to provide accommodation for a school if a teacher is sent. The panchayats are said to have made fair progress in sanitation; in one of the cases a man was punished for throwing used leaf-plates into the street. On the whole the experiment seems promising.

ELSEWHERE we publish a learned reply to Mr. Whitworth's recent article on "Religion, Politics, and Collective Life", by the editor of the *Prabuddha Bharata*. It is said that Mr. Whitworth has completely misunderstood and misrepresented the articles in that monthly, though he quotes chapter and verse for every statement made by him. He is said to have mistaken political nationalism for politics and thus misrepresented the meaning of the articles. We notice, however, that the reply itself contains two quotations which minimise the importance of drawing a distinction between the two for the purposes of this controversy. The *Prabuddha Bharata* is quoted as having written that "so complete is Europe's self-surrender to

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the pursuit of *politics* that she must see the utmost end of it"; while Mr. Whitworth is quoted as asking "how those nations are to be saved which have adopted the unrighteous cult of *political nationalism*." It appears, therefore, that the distinction is not worth drawing when we speak of European politics and nationalism. Nothing but confusion can arise by using language in one sense when speaking of European society, and in another sense while speaking about Indian society. Let us suppose that Mr. Whitworth has misunderstood something or other: what is the answer to the main question raised? The reply indicates this question when it remarks that "apart from the central political state and the representatives it draws from the people, there should be a central spiritual body of organisers--somewhat analogous to what India had in the ancient days of the Rishis--who would regulate and supervise the whole work of national organisation." The real practical question raised by the controversy is whether such a scheme is feasible, in whatever sense you use words like politics and religion. On this fundamental question the reply merely observes that the scheme cannot be elucidated more fully at present. Mr. Whitworth will, perhaps, be thankful if the scheme is explained more fully in the *Prabuddha Bharata*. What spiritual body undertook the work of "national organisation" in the days of the Rishis? Family priests, Rishis, and Brahmans may have advised kings in former times: anybody can advise a Government or the people at the present day on a subject like national organisation, which seems to mean something entirely different from the organisation of caste attributed to the wisdom of the ancient sages. What spiritual body as such had a recognised place in the political constitution of India in the days of the Rishis? There must have been learned Brahmans in the advisory councils

of rulers, but the councils were not entirely composed of them, and while the Brahman councillors must have been shrewd and capable of giving sound advice, what is there to show that "spiritual" considerations dominated the advice given by them? How did the political maxims recommended by the spiritual advisers of ancient times lift practical politics above the level of the European politics of to-day?

— Most parts of the British Empire will, after the war, be engaged in considering how the waste caused by the war may be repaired. Judging from the memorandum addressed to H. E. the Viceroy by 19 members of his Legislative Council and from resolutions passed at political conferences, one may infer that India, or at least educated India, will be occupied in securing political privileges which had in no way suffered by the outbreak of the war. The Government has denied the report that Lord Hardinge had despatched to the Secretary of State any proposals on the lines of the memorandum of the 19 members, or, perhaps at all, on the subjects with which it deals. This contradiction throws no light on the attitude of the Government towards the proposals, but merely states a fact. An interviewer has published a statement that when he spoke to Lord Chelmsford, he expressed himself in entire sympathy with Indian aspirations. So it will be good if they are considered in his time.

IN his address at the last Convocation of the Allahabad University, Sir James Meston dwelt at considerable length on the remarkable fact that only a fraction of those who seek secondary education and spend some years of their

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lifetime in it go up to the university. He thought that a diversion of their energy in other directions would be beneficial to themselves. Unfortunately they do not know with any degree of certainty in which other direction it will pay to divert their energies. Syed Hussein Belgrami's address at the Madras University dwelt on three principal points. First, he thought that the dissemination of liberal education in India was characteristic of the British: the Germans, for example, would not have followed such a policy. Secondly, he thought that owing to the laxity of home discipline, the decline of the personal influence of the teachers, and other causes, the behaviour of students in some cases left much to be desired. Lastly, he advised students that self-government in some form is bound to come in India, but it would be waste of time and energy to agitate for it before the time was ripe.

